ONBOARD UFO ENCOUNTERS

PRESTON DENNETT

Onboard UFO Encounters

True Accounts of Contact with Extraterrestrials

Preston Dennett

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Quotes from the Witnesses

“It’s changed my life. To be that close to something that is not from here -- it’s changed the way I think and feel. I don’t know how else to explain it except to say that it’s on my mind, not constantly, but a lot. I think about these things a lot of the time.”----Tony

“They took thousands of people, and they weren’t bringing them back. And who would miss them?”----Pat

“I noticed a disc just hovering there…There were portholes going all around the disc. It kind of tilted downward, and I could see like a railing at the midsection of it. There were these people, but their arms were longer than regular arms. And they waved back at us.”----Ramon

“I always thought there were extraterrestrials out there. When it happened to me -- I am convinced. I am very solidly convinced of it now.”----Kim

“I didn’t know what they were. These things used to come out of my closet. I thought they were monsters. They were small, dark gray, and they were really pushy. I was a very passive child. So, whatever they’d tell me to do, I would do. They told me to get out of the bed and go. And they’d take me.”----Lynnette

“I went in their ship and looked around in it…I talked to them…They wanted to know if I wanted to go with them.”----Paul

“I was so excited. I’ve never been that awake in my life. I was so in the moment, and I remember it so vividly. I was not the least bit afraid. I was totally enthusiastic and excited and hoping they would land.”----James

“I’ll put it for you this way, honey. It was not enjoyable. I would not be in my room, but on this gurney, or on this table, like an examining table, being observed by these forms or whatever was around me…I knew I had to get out of there.”----Teresa

“I kept telling myself, ‘That can’t be what I think it is. That can’t be!’ And I had the most sickening repulsive feeling in my stomach. I wanted to go somewhere and hide. I kept shaking my head and saying, ‘No, no, no! They don’t exist. Those things just don’t exist.’”----Joe

“They appeared human. One was taller than the other. I could only see silhouettes though. I could only see them from the waist up. They didn’t look like the grays so often described. They just looked like regular humans peering out at me.”----Ron

“I was lying on a metal table. I looked up and saw this big window, and a bench in front of the window. It had round edges, and it was attached to the floor. And I thought, *what’s happening? Am I in a hospital?* ”----Andy

“When I realized what I was looking at, it scared me bad…all I could think to do was dive down to the floor and go under my bed. Just as I started to make that turn, my entire room became shockingly bright white-blue light. It was so bright it was blinding. I guess I passed out, that’s the last thing I remembered.”----Dolly

“I can tell you that the walls on the inside of this thing, from what I can recall, are absolutely smooth, like no texture to it whatsoever, like you were rubbing -- not even glass -- it was smoother than glass. Not really shiny, just silvery metallic-looking. It was absolutely smooth.”----Tim

“They sneak around in your room at night. I still have this thing where I don’t like to see the closet door open, and I really don’t like to see it open at night…Most of the time, I really don’t know what they’re doing…They mostly just seem to be interested in my reproductive system and DNA, and all that…It’s pretty bizarre and frightening.”----Ann

“Though I only saw behind me for a few moments, I remember what I saw vividly. The place we were in was enormous, more a small warehouse than a large room, and everywhere you looked, the floor was filled with bodies, some laying still, others writhing about in pleasure. Both men and women. The feeling I got was, I really, *really* wasn’t supposed to see this.”----Gary

Introduction

This book presents fifteen true firsthand cases of people who have been taken onboard a UFO and met extraterrestrials face-to-face. All of the cases are new, original and unpublished.

In 1986, I was dragged involuntarily, kicking and screaming, into the UFO field. On November 17 of that year, Japanese commercial airline pilot, Captain Kenju Terauchi and his crew saw a UFO over Alaska. The sighting made the evening news, and it was just barely compelling enough to find a way past my skepticism. Intrigued, I began to ask the people around me what they thought about this crazy pilot. Imagine my surprise when I found out that several of my friends, family and co-workers had experienced UFO encounters. In some of these cases, there was face-to-face contact, or missing time. I couldn't believe it. I felt scandalized. I loved and trusted these people, only to discover that they were keeping secrets from me. Finding out UFOs were real was like being hit by a ton of bricks. It was *not* good news. I had to re-evaluate everything I thought I knew about the world.

I became obsessed. I was determined to get to the bottom of this UFO mystery and find out the truth. I joined every UFO group, attended all the meetings, subscribed to the magazines and journals, went to conventions to hear the experts. I became a field investigator for the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) and began interviewing witnesses. I went out into the field and saw UFOs myself. Before long, I was writing articles and books, speaking at conventions, appearing on the radio, going on TV. Decades later, I'm still investigating new cases and collecting the countless pieces of the UFO jigsaw puzzle, trying to form a comprehensive picture.

There are a lot of aspects to the UFO phenomenon. It's deceptively complicated. But I have always felt that the most interesting area of UFO research are cases of direct contact. While seeing a UFO is undeniably interesting, being taken onboard a craft and actually meeting ETs face-to-face is the ultimate UFO experience. An onboard encounter reveals a goldmine of information about UFOs and the beings inside them.

Each chapter of this book focuses on one person who has had an onboard UFO encounter. None of the fifteen cases in this book have been published before.

These fifteen cases are among the most extensive in my files, and reveal, I think, considerable information about UFOs and their agenda on our planet. They also show how truly strange the phenomenon can be. Some of the cases, I think, will shock even UFO researchers. At least a few of the cases challenged my own beliefs about the nature of the UFO phenomenon. And yet, despite their fantastic elements, they are all true.

The witnesses whose stories are portrayed in this book are normal, everyday people. A nurse, a factory worker, an army officer, an artist, a sports instructor, a warehouse packer, an entertainer, a waitress, a car detailer, a school custodian, a mechanic. They are no different from anyone else except for one small detail: each of them carries the secret knowledge of having been onboard a UFO.

While onboard UFO encounters do follow a general pattern, they are also unique to the individual who experiences them. Some cases are decidedly positive, while others are frightening. One thing the witnesses agree upon, these are neither dreams nor fantasies, nor hoaxes, hallucinations or misperceptions. These are real experiences involving real people. Some of them carry the physical scars attesting to the veracity of their experiences. Some owe their very lives to their encounters.

Each witness in this book has confronted ETs directly, face-to-face. A wide variety of ET types are described including grays, reptilians, praying mantis, human-looking figures, hybrids, humanoids, and more. Many of the witnesses were able to converse with the ETs and receive considerable information.

Almost without exception, the witnesses describe a lifetime of contact, and provide numerous astounding accounts of how extraterrestrials have intervened in their lives. Seeing a UFO or being taken onboard is not an isolated event. It is something that many of these witnesses describe happening on multiple occasions throughout their entire lives.

A few important notes: of the fifteen cases, only one involves the use of hypnotic regression to recall events, and it easily stands up without the use of hypnosis. The conversations and events described in this book are all true and are taken directly and entirely from extensive interviews with the witnesses. Some of the names have been changed to protect the privacy of those involved. Other witnesses have courageously allowed their real names to be used.

What is it like to be taken onboard a UFO? Why are the ETs here? How many people are they taking? What is their agenda? The answers are in the pages that follow.

Chapter One: Star Daughter

Around 9:00 o'clock one evening in 1963, seventeen-year-old Tony Ditata walked through the neighborhood near his home in Brentwood, New York. Looking up, he saw something very unusual in the sky: a black disc about forty feet wide, with a red light spinning around the perimeter. "It was an awesome thing to see," says Tony. "It was quite large. It was at treetop level and maybe a quarter mile away."

The craft moved slowly, smoothly, and in perfect silence. Because it was so low, the craft disappeared from view behind various houses. Tony had been painting his house and had a ladder ready. He ran home, climbed to the roof of his house and managed to observe the craft for a few more moments, until it disappeared behind a house and was gone.

Tony was stunned. The object was clearly unusual. Could it have been an actual UFO?

Four years later, in 1967, around age twenty-one, Tony had a close-up sighting of a gray alien. There was a small park in the middle of Brentwood. It was a popular place in the community and attracted visitors of all types, including Tony and his friends. A hidden gully in the back of the park provided a perfect place to hide out, share a six pack and spend the evening, talking, joking and having fun. On this night, Tony and about eight other friends were hanging out. None had any money for beer, so with nothing else to do, they decided to explore the golf course, situated adjacent to the park. Around midnight, Tony decided to go home.

All the other guys, except Tony's friend, John, went to stay at Dave's house, as he lived right next to the golf course. Tony and John decided to sleep at their own homes. The others left while Tony and John sat on a park bench looking over the green and talking. They watched a man walk by with his dog. Moments later, they heard a strange jingling sound, like a dog's collar or car-keys. Looking up, about forty feet away, was a gray alien standing on the green, facing them. "It looked like it was wearing a one-piece running suit," says Tony. "It was the dull-side of aluminum foil."

Tony and John stood up, looked at each other and back at the strange figure. The ET turned away from the young men and began to move away. "It went right down the middle of the golf course. We could see the thing. It was moving fast enough that it should have been running, but there was no movement, no bounce, and I don't remember seeing its legs moving. It was like the golf course was covered in ice, or it was moving on wheels. It was moving faster than a human could run."

Tony and John watched the figure glide at high speed to a grove of three tall pine trees about a quarter-mile away. Another gray alien emerged from behind one of the trees, and the two ETs first turned to face each other, and then continued to float down the middle of the course, away from the witnesses.

Freaked out and eager to share their experience, Tony and John immediately took off to Dave's house. When they arrived, they were shocked to find that all the other kids were asleep. It had been less than an hour, they thought. Seeing everyone was asleep, they returned home. It never occurred to either of them that they might have had missing time.

Strangely Tony and John discussed the incident only once. "I used to see John up in the park almost every day," Tony says. "He was just one of the regulars in the park. I didn't see him again for three years and I walked into the Brentwood Bowling Alley, and there was John sitting at the counter. I said, 'Hey, John.' And he said, 'Hey, Tony. Seen any little green men lately?' And we both laughed, and I never saw him again."

Around that same time, Tony found a new girlfriend. One evening they went to meet her friend, "Katie." Tony told Katie about his encounter on the golf course, and learned that Katie's brother had a bedroom which overlooked the golf course. Katie's brother said that about three years ago (around the same time of Tony's encounter) he had seen a large disc-shaped object with "eleven little men walking around underneath picking things up."

Tony was amazed. He wanted to follow up the story and talk to Katie's brother, but never did.

In 1969, Tony and his new girlfriend decided to go to Lake Ronkonkoma in Long Island, New York. It was a beautiful natural spot in the woods, just a fifteen-minute drive from the city. It was a popular spot for young lovers to sit under the stars and talk or become more intimate.

"This one night," Tony says, "we're sitting out and talking, and I look up in the sky and see two white discs…these two discs seemed to be locked together, and they went from one horizon to the other inside of twenty seconds…There was no way you could miss them. They were pure white bright light, but no sound at all."

Tony estimates that the objects were several thousand feet high, and must have been quite large to be so brilliant. It was just a quick fly-by, but once again, alerted Tony to the fact that something was out there.

Years passed. He took a job at a factory. Later, he worked as a car detailer, and would help recondition cars at a Mercedes dealership in Smithtown. He got married, and lived in a home not far from the golf course, a fact which made Tony a little nervous. "I used to close the bedroom door at night, and put little things on the door knob so that if the door opened, it would wake me up."

Tony didn't understand his fear of invaders, not at first. His anxieties were sometimes severe. Silence made him anxious, as did darkness. He slept best with the lights on and some kind of background noise. He always seemed to have an unexplained underlying fear of someone sneaking up on him. At one point he went

to a doctor, who diagnosed him with PTSD. Tony was confused. There was no logical reason he could think of that he would have post-traumatic stress disorder.

Then, he started to remember something strange. He wasn't sure where the memory came from or what had prompted it to appear, or even when. It seemed like it had always been there; he just hadn't thought about it. But the memory was vivid and sharp. He clearly recalled being onboard a UFO.

He couldn't remember the act of being taken or returned, but the actual onboard segment was vivid in his mind. As best as he could estimate, the incident occurred when he was fourteen years old, a few years *before* he had seen his first UFO.

Now that the memory had surfaced, he couldn't ignore it any longer. "I remember being on a ship, being onboard," says Tony. "I'm sitting on the edge of a table with my legs dangling over. And I don't know what happened. I'm in my underwear only."

The table appeared to be about seven feet long and fixed to the floor. The room was small and lit with a mild, yellow pastel light that seemed to come from no discernible source. There were no corners, with the floor and ceiling being rounded to the walls. There was a large cabinet-like structure alongside one of the walls. The temperature of the room seemed normal.

As Tony sat there wondering about his situation, what he now recognizes as a gray alien, walked into the room. "He put his hand on my left knee," says Tony, "and he looked into my eyes. I looked into his. He was maybe twelve inches from my face. And as I'm looking at him, his right eye twitches, like a nervous twitch, and for some reason that sticks in my mind, as if to say this is an alive, living creature."

At this point, Tony felt no fear, but was having trouble understanding what was happening. "This thing was so close to my face, there must have been communication, but I don't remember any. I don't remember anything telepathic or verbal. I don't remember any sounds.

"He took me out of the room and we walked out the doorway, which was not a typical door. And it seemed like it was some kind of control room or flight deck. I don't know what to make of it. There was a desk thing. There were two other beings in the room."

At this point, Tony's memory fades and he doesn't recall what happened next. He feels certain, however, that the memory is valid.

He later had the opportunity to talk to an old childhood friend about it. His friend told him, "You always talked about aliens, UFOs and flying saucers."

"I did?" Tony replied. "Really?" He didn't recall ever talking about it to anyone. He didn't even remember it until much later.

"Yes," his friend said. "You always used to talk about that stuff."

Tony was surprised. What was going on? Had he been abducted by aliens? There seemed to be no other answer. He did some research and found that there was a local UFO group in his area. Headed by John Ford, the Long Island UFO Group held monthly meetings on Long Island. Tony began attending the meetings. He learned that his experience was not unique. He discovered other descriptions of the gray aliens that matched nearly exactly what he saw.

One evening during the UFO meetings, John Ford spoke with Tony, and learning of his situation, offered to have him hypnotically regressed to uncover any lost memories. Intrigued by the idea that there was information locked away in his head, Tony agreed.

It was the mid-1980s when Tony experienced three sessions of regressive hypnosis. The first two sessions each lasted forty minutes. The final session lasted nearly two hours. To Tony's surprise, the information obtained from the sessions had nothing to do with his childhood memory of being onboard a UFO.

Instead he was taken to another incident, a strange mystery that had occurred several years ago.

Tony and his girlfriend (soon to be his wife) often traveled to upstate New York, to the Catskills and the Adirondacks. They enjoyed getting away from the crowded city and the drive through the beautiful scenery. On this particular occasion, something strange happened. They had turned off the main interstate, and onto the side roads. When they emerged back into civilization, morning had already arrived and they found themselves behind a building, parked in a parking lot. Feeling only slightly disoriented, they decided they must have gotten lost or distracted. They went to the front of the building and discovered they were at a small diner. They went inside, had breakfast and thought nothing of it.

Now, years later, while under hypnosis, Tony found himself back on that same trip with his girlfriend, turning off the main highway. He wasn't sure what prompted him to exit the highway, but he found himself driving on a small two-lane road. Around 1:00 a.m., they passed a man driving his tractor down the road, towing a trailer. Shortly after passing him, they came upon a thick low-lying fog covering the road.

The road headed into a moderate decline. Suddenly Tony slammed on the brakes, actually standing up inside the car and on the brake pedal. Ahead of them, the road appeared to be completely submerged underwater. The car skidded to a stop.

With no memory of how he got there, he now found himself standing in a large open field. His girlfriend stood next to him and in front of them was a disc. "I don't know how to describe the size," says Tony. "It was tremendous. This thing made a 747 look like a Piper Cub. It was absolutely gigantic."

At this point, Tony saw that there were four gray aliens. Two stood on either side of his girlfriend and began to escort her into the craft, while two stood on either side

of Tony, and they followed. “They’re leading us towards this disc on the ground,” explains Tony.

An opening appeared in the craft, revealing a long, curved tunnel leading to the interior. It reminded Tony of a jetway. Tubes of yellow light ran along the base. The interior was black, and felt like rubber.

As they walked onboard, Tony could see the back of his girlfriend and the ETs walking with her. “We get to the end of this walkway,” says Tony, “and there’s a column at the end of each side, about twelve feet tall. And there’s some kind of writing on the columns, going from top to bottom, not really hieroglyphic-looking, or Chinese or Japanese, but along those lines. And this opens up to a very large open area. And not far from where we walk in, there is a being standing there.”

Powerful emotions of awe swept through Tony. The being stood eight feet tall and appeared to be wearing a robe. The room was not fully lit, and he could see that he was looking at a living creature, yet the being’s appearance was somewhat shrouded. “I can’t see what he looks like,” says Tony.

The next thing he knew, it was 6:00 o’clock in the morning and he was parked behind the diner.

The entire scenario emerged under hypnosis. Tony was shocked. He remembered the trip well, but he had never realized that his journey had been interrupted. Everything had been completely buried.

By this point, Tony was convinced that he was an abductee. He had seen UFOs twice and had a fully conscious encounter with a gray, and also recalled being onboard a UFO as a child. Now that this other experience had emerged under hypnosis, he realized that he was part of some strange alien agenda.

After coming to that realization, he began to examine some strange childhood experiences in a new light. In 1958, when he was about twelve-years-old, he went to visit his friend, Billy. That evening, they were alone in the room, sitting on the floor in front of the couch, rolling a model car back and forth.

Billy pushed the car toward Tony, and the car rolled under the couch. “There was a skirt around the bottom of the couch,” Tony said. “So, I lifted up the skirting, and I looked under there, and I could see the car. So, I put my hand under the couch and started reaching for the car, and right before the car, I felt a foot. And my hand went up in the instep, and I could feel an ankle and a leg. It was not human. The ankle and leg seemed to be thin, and I don’t want to say scaled, but just not right, not skin. It wasn’t skin. And it wasn’t a shoe or clothing. It was a naked foot…I’m looking right at the car, and there’s nothing there, but my hand is feeling this thing…I have no explanation for how this could happen. Whatever was standing there had to be standing right through the couch, as if the couch wasn’t there.”

Tony screamed, pulled his hand out, jumped up and ran out of the house.

Billy ran after him. “What’s the matter?” he asked.

“I felt a foot under that couch!” Tony said.

Neither of them could explain it.

Back at his own home, strange poltergeist-like experiences began to occur. “Me and my brother were sitting there watching TV, and this empty box comes sailing out of the room. There was no one downstairs but me and him. There was no one there. And it was like this box was kicked or thrown. It’s not like it just slid across the floor. It came sailing out of the room. The stairs were right there. And I ran up the stairs to hit the lights. We both knew there was nothing there. And we looked around and there was nothing there.”

The brothers weren’t alone. Their mother admitted she sometimes heard footsteps in the basement. A few times, she assumed it was Tony or his brother, and she opened the door only to find that nobody was there.

Tony has heard the footsteps. Late one evening, he sat there watching TV. He knew that everyone was asleep but himself. “And I hear these footsteps outside the door. It’s like you stand in front of the door, you take one foot and slide, and you take the other foot and slide it, and come to a stop. That’s what I heard.”

Tony jumped up, flung the door open and hit the hallway light-switch. Nothing was there.

Later, as an adult, other weird incidents would occur. One time, he was at the Cadillac dealership where he worked. One evening after work, he and a co-worker bought a few beers and sat down inside a 1972 Coupe De Ville. “Something hit the car,” says Tony. “The whole car shook from the back end to the front end, sideways…like a bloody rhino hit the side of the car.”

“What the hell is that?” his friend asked.

“I don’t know,” Tony said.

They both jumped out of the car. “There was no way that anybody or anything could get away without you seeing it, and there was nothing there. Nothing was there.”

For several decades, Tony lived his life without any overt sign that he was a UFO abductee. At some point, he became disabled and had to retire.

Then, out of the blue, when he was 66 years old, he had another close-up encounter with a gray. It was July 4, 2011 and he was visiting his brother’s house in Tuttle, Oklahoma. “It was out in the boonies really,” Tony says. “This was really out in the sticks. There was nothing around. There were houses, but they’re not close together.”

Tony and about twelve other people, all family and friends, enjoyed a barbecue and some fireworks. Afterward, they all went inside and watched TV.

Around midnight, Tony decided it was time to go home. He walked toward his car and pressed the key, causing the doors to unlock, and the headlights to come on. At

that moment, he saw movement from the corner of his left eye, toward the garage area.

"I turned," Tony says, "and there was a gray standing there, about four feet tall. I couldn't see from the knees down because it was standing in some tall grass. I stood there and looked at it, and it was looking at me. I wasn't afraid. It didn't seem to be."

Tony stared at the gray figure with awe and fascination. It was about twenty-five feet away. The figure remained perfectly still for at least thirty seconds. "I couldn't understand why it would stand there," says Tony, "and not just run and run away when the headlights came on. It just stood there…The head was large in comparison to the body, larger on top, kind of bulbous and coming to a point toward the chin area. Very slim arms. It seemed be wearing a one-piece, skin-tight coverall, or it was naked."

Finally, it turned and moved away toward the back of the house. "It wasn't running," he says. "It was extremely fast. I can't put into words how it moved. I've never seen anything do what this thing did. It was much faster than I've ever seen anything move, animal or human. It went toward the back of the house in the backyard. There was a six-foot chain-link fence. I saw it jump over the fence. It was like twenty feet in the air. That blew my mind."

Tony rushed back inside and stood in front of his brother and his wife and the others. They saw his stunned expression. "What's the matter?" his brother asked.

"I just saw a gray," Tony said.

"What?" they chorused, jumping up.

"I just saw a gray," Tony repeated.

"Where?" his brother asked.

"Outside," he said.

Everybody ran outside. They turned on all the lights and began searching the entire property. Tony was surprised to see one of the children walk over to exactly where the gray had been standing. He could still see the trail the gray made in the grass.

He showed his family. They were both excited and nervous to see how close the gray was to their house. They took flashlights and followed the trail, but the gray was gone.

Tony, however, was still reeling. "It just stood there," says Tony. "Why did it stand there for so long? Thirty or forty seconds is not a long time, but in that setting, it's kind of a long time. Any animal wouldn't stick around that long. The headlights come on, and if it was a deer or some kind of animal, it would have been gone. But there was no mistaking what this was. It was really close."

Despite being next to the gray, Tony cannot recall its face. "I don't remember any facial features," he says, "not even its eyes. And it was facing me, because it turned

around and went off."

Despite being unable to remember its face, Tony felt a strange kinship to the being. As they both stood there and stared at each other for so long, it was almost like there was some kind of message it was trying to communicate. "That's always bothered me," Tony says. "I just couldn't understand why was it standing there so long. And I had the thought, I know him, and he knows me. Maybe it didn't run because I know it, and he knows me. That's the feeling that I got."

Inside, they found the family dogs cowering under the beds, where they remained for the next two days.

Tony's brother doesn't like to talk about such things as ETs, but for Tony, this particular experience had far-reaching and profound consequences. "It changed me," Tony says. "It's changed my life. To be that close to something that is not from here -- it's changed the way I think and feel. I don't know how else to explain it except to say that it's on my mind, not constantly, but a lot. I think about these things a lot of the time."

There are parts of his experiences that Tony doesn't talk about much. "Sometimes I am a little bit hesitant to say this, but I have a feeling that I may have lived on another planet, in another form, in a past life…when I'm in the shower, I look down at my legs; they don't look right, like my knees are supposed to bend the other way. Where does that come from? Am I out of my gourd or what?"

Another thing he doesn't like to talk about is his daughter. He does have a son, on Earth. But he also has memories of a daughter who he calls his star daughter. Even to talk about her makes him choke up. "I have a daughter who's out there. I know I've seen her once at least. I don't remember the circumstances it was that I got to see her, or anything else connected with her, except that she's not entirely human… There are times when I feel her. I don't know what that means, but I know it's her. I just feel her. I don't know if it's thought transference or if she is actually near. I don't know."

He once saw a drawing of an alleged hybrid ET and was amazed to see that it matched his memory of his daughter exactly.

His contacts with ETs have left Tony with a unique perspective of life on Earth. "I have been and still am confused when it comes to things going on here on Earth," he says. "I really have no way to explain this, but I have a completely different look on this planet. It is only one of many and there is life everywhere. If everybody could understand and realize that we are just a very small part of a gigantic universe, full of life. There are things all around us that we might not be able to see."

Chapter Two: Pat's Gift

Born in 1943, Pat Cates grew up in Key West, Florida. One day, when Pat was about four or five years old, her grandparents took her to the circus, an event that she enjoyed immensely.

That night she was staying with her grandparents. Pat went to bed in a second story bedroom. Looking out the window as she was falling asleep, she was shocked to see a pale, gray-skinned being, bald with large dark eyes, staring at her from outside. "I thought something followed us home from the circus," Pat says. "It was watching me. No communication, just watching me."

She ran downstairs and told her grandparents. They took her back upstairs and pointed out that it was a two-story house and she was on the second floor. There was no way she could have seen anybody. It must have been her imagination.

Pat now recognizes the figure as a typical gray. But back then, with no reference for what she had seen, she didn't know what to think. The only thing she knew, she hadn't imagined it.

About one year later, at age six, Pat started to feel weak and ill. Her mother took Pat to the doctor. The diagnosis was devastating. Pat, the doctors said, had leukemia.

The worst part for Pat were the needles and constant blood tests. Strangely, right when she was about to begin treatment, the leukemia disappeared. The doctors were unable to account for it. Pat had been very sick. All the tests were positive for leukemia. Three weeks later, she was perfectly healthy.

Pat's family assumed there must have been some sort of miraculous healing. Nobody could explain it. Now that Pat was well again, nothing more was thought about it.

A few years later, when Pat was seven or eight years old, she was playing in the woods across the street, something she had often done. Suddenly something very strange happened to her. "All I remember is everything lit up and it was a couple of hours later. I went home. I didn't know what had happened to me. I thought I had seen God or something."

Time marched on. Before long, Pat was out of school and out on her own. While working as a cocktail waitress, Pat also had aspirations of becoming an actress. She and another friend, also a hopeful actor, would often go on auditions together, or other times, would just go out to eat or socialize together. It was during these trips together they began to have a problem with missing time.

"I used to get off work and I would go pick her up," Pat says. "And we would go to Orlando. And we never got there. We'd wake up on the side of the road. We had gone to sleep and woke up in the car and never got anywhere. That used to happen quite regularly, a half dozen times. We kept saying, 'We're not having any fun!'"

At the time, the idea of missing time was a foreign concept. And despite her childhood encounters, she did not connect the missing time incidents to UFOs. “If you had told me back then that there were aliens and UFOs,” she says, “I would have thought you were crazy.”

On March 28, 1969, President Eisenhower passed away from congestive heart failure. One year earlier, he had suffered a series of four heart attacks. At the time, Pat was listening to the radio and heard the tragic news. Suddenly a voice came into her head, telling her that Eisenhower would remain alive for six months, a prediction which turned out to be true.

The voice also told her that when she heard about an occult class being taught in Miami, she was to sign up for the class. One week later, Pat was driving to work when she heard an advertisement about the class on the radio. Remembering the voice, she decided to sign up.

To her surprise, the class opened up a whole new world for her. She learned about out-of-body experiences, which she began having. She learned about her past lives.

In June of 1969, at age 26, Pat had a vision that a plane was going to crash on 36th Street in downtown Miami. At the time she worked as a cocktail waitress at the Miami Holiday Inn. She mentioned the event to her co-workers. “They teased the crap out of me,” Pat says. “And then a plane crashed on 36th street.” It was a DC4 cargo plane. Eleven people were killed.

By this time, Pat was used to psychic events. One evening while working at the hotel bar, a man came in and sat at the bar. Pat was looking through a pair of Tarot cards that somebody had given to her.

“Why don’t you read my fortune?” the man asked.

“I don’t know how to use the Tarot cards,” Pat said. Suddenly the name Margaret popped into her head. “Who’s Margaret?” she asked.

“That’s my wife.”

More images flooded into her mind’s eye. “You’ve got two little boys. One of them fell off a stone wall and hurt his knee, but he’s not hurt bad.”

The man confirmed the story and impressed, he decided to test her ability and asked her what he just got in the mail.

“Boxes and boxes of paper from somebody named Martin,” Pat replied, simply relaying the information that popped into her mind.

“Martin’s my boss,” the man said. The man explained that he worked at Eastern Airlines, and they were installing computers, which involved a lot of paperwork.

One night, Pat had a dream that a crazy lady stabbed her in the back with scissors. The next day, while driving to work, somebody hopped into the back seat of her car. It was the crazy lady from her dream. The lady asked Pat to drive her to the bus station, which Pat did. She then called the police, who apprehended the woman. Pat learned she was an escaped inmate who was, in fact, armed with a pair of scissors.

It was one event after another. One day she was driving home and a voice yelled "Stop!" At that moment, a vehicle ran the stop sign of the intersection, moving at high speed. On another occasion, a man sitting at the bar had the ghost of his aunt relay a message. Before she could stop herself, Pat began to berate the man for stealing his aunt's inheritance, and then described his aunt in detail. The man fled.

There were also weird coincidences. Like the time she sat next to Budd Hopkins on a plane. More psychic events would continue.

One evening, while taking the psychic occult class (which was scheduled during night hours) Pat came home. As she went inside, she was surprised to see two small beings. Each had round eyes, a small mouth and nose, and a big elongated skull. "They couldn't pass for human," Pat says. "One was light colored and the other was a lighter gray, or tan. And if I tell you what it was dressed in, you're going to think I'm crazy. It was dressed in a roaring twenties kind of zoot suit. It was trying not to scare me. I looked at it, at the outfit. I knew it was projecting what it was wearing because it was trying not to scare me."

Although the tactic was bizarre, it worked like a charm. "I wasn't scared of it, and it asked me to do a favor. Swear to God, it said when I went to class next week, it told me to tell the teacher that I had seen it."

Pat called the being Mr. Button-Nose, due to its appearance. She told the teacher, but he reacted in a nonchalant way, saying that yes, he knew about the beings, but said nothing further.

Pat did make some great friends in the class. And for the first time, she felt like she found a group that she fit in. She had a series of "past-life dreams." She remembered being a servant in one life, which ended in an accidental drowning. In another lifetime, she was a Chinese soldier who died in a war.

Later, Pat moved with another friend, "Joanne," to central Louisiana, finally settling on the shores of Lake Iatt near Grant Parish. On several occasions, she and Joanne saw strange lights over the lake.

On the evening of November 13, 1985, Pat went to bed early. She had only been a sleep a short while when she suddenly woke up. She was no longer in bed. Instead, to her complete shock, she was now wide awake, strangely calm, and standing on a flat area looking down a steep incline at what appeared to be a town or village of several thousand people. It appeared to be daytime, perhaps early morning. The village was filled with brightly painted stores and homes, and was just a few hundred yards away, divided by a small river. "I didn't know where I was," Pat says, "but I knew it wasn't the United States."

The area looked lush and tropical, and reminded her of Mexico or South America. Suddenly a meso-American-looking man about five and a half feet tall with tightly curled black hair approached from behind her. Turning around, she saw a gigantic

circular metallic craft. “It was a couple of ridges from me. It had a big hundred-foot-wide ramp going down on the left side, and was really bright.”

There were several other human-looking beings and some tall skinny grays. They were walking around the base of the ship, apparently making sure that the ground was stable.

The short, dark-skinned man, who Pat now believes was probably an ET, began to lead Pat down the mountain and into the village. It was only a short distance. Somehow, Pat was made to understand that she and the man were on a mission to retrieve certain people from the village. “Some kind of disaster was ready to happen,” Pat says, “but I didn’t know what it was. We went down across the little stream, to this store. We went up the stairs on the side and woke the people up, a man and a woman. They had a brand new baby a few weeks old, and another child about three. And we took them with us. And then we went about getting other people and bringing them back to this UFO. We gathered many people. And they were filling the bottom area of the UFO with people that they wanted from this city. I was in the lower part of this thing. It had about a sixteen-foot column that ran up the middle of it, and a white railing around it. They were putting them in that lower area.”

They made several trips, until the object was almost filled with people. “They picked up anybody they could, or anybody who would follow us up there, and put them in the bottom couple of decks. It had a lot of different decks, and we packed these people in.”

Pat was then taken to the upper level of the craft. She saw that there was another craft further upstream. The lower level was so bright that it hurt her eyes. The upper level had a more pleasing illumination. “It was lit in a soft pink light that didn’t hurt your eyes. There was a curving kind of wall that had a bank of all red lights. It looked like square boxes built into it where they could touch places on it. The crew on this thing looked just like us, except they were wearing blue jumpsuits.”

Pat estimates that there were about thirty ETs, both human-looking and grays, aboard the craft. All the human-looking ETs wore blue jumpsuits. Interestingly, they were of different races, white, black, Asian, and more.

The two craft stayed there, waiting for the mysterious disaster to occur. Suddenly there was a huge volcanic explosion. Shortly later, a huge flow of mud, rock, ice, trees, debris and dead bodies came hurtling down the riverbed.

To Pat’s amazement, the UFOs lifted up, and hovered above the disaster scene, then came down in a falling leaf motion, and began scooping people from the mudflows and into the craft.

“When that first wave came,” Pat explains, “it [the craft] came back down. It changed the shape of the metal on the outside of this thing so that people who made it there could actually hold onto it. It changed its outside metal configuration into a

railing kind of thing, and a flat area where people could climb on. They collected these people. There were three waves, the first one being the worst. There was nothing left after that first one except some people that had made it to higher land."

The object picked up people both before, during and after the disaster. Following the initial landing and wave of mud, the object came down twice, rescuing as many people as it could, the second time, saving people from the active mud flows, and the third time, picking up only a few remaining survivors who had made it to higher ground.

Pat cannot explain why the ETs had brought her there, or why she was so docile and obedient. The people who were being rescued were also very obedient, following Pat and the ETs without question. "They followed us back like sheep," Pat says. "Nobody put up an argument. They picked up thousands of people between the two of the UFOs."

At some point during the experience, Pat was exploring the interior of the UFO and wandered over to the central column. She saw a small concavity in the column and reached out to touch it. "When I did touch it," says Pat, "it shocked the crap out of me."

She was immediately approached by one of the ETs, a black woman, who told her to go ahead and touch it again. Pat refused, but the woman insisted. "It's not my job," Pat said. "And if it's not my job, I'm not going to do it."

The woman finally stopped pestering her.

The last thing she remembers is being escorted off the UFO by the beings in the blue jumpsuits. As the ramp opened and she began to walk out, one of the tall grays asked her, "Do you know what your gift is?"

Pat had no idea, and feeling stupid because she didn't know, she said flippantly, "If you're so smart, why don't you tell me?"

The being did not reply, but Pat had the distinct impression that it was amused. "I don't know how to explain that. It didn't smile, but I think inside it was laughing at me."

The next thing Pat knew, it was the next morning. Upon awakening, she instantly recalled what had happened. It was another one of her UFO "dreams." Except in this case, she would soon have proof it wasn't a dream.

That morning, she called and told her best friend about her incredible dream. Her friend was confused. "Again?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" Pat asked.

Her friend explained that Pat had called her yesterday morning, reporting the same exact dream. Didn't she remember? Why was she repeating herself?

Pat had no memory of this at all. She remembered only the "dream" from this morning.

Her friend said, it didn't matter, that she should go and turn on the news. Pat went to the television and turned it on. It was to be one of the biggest shocks of her life. Several of the channels were covering the same story: the Nevado del Ruiz Volcano in Colombia, South America had just erupted, completely obliterating entire villages over a wide area, covering them in mud, and killing an estimated 23,000 people. The town Pat had seen was called Armero, and was in a direct path of the volcano.

Pat burst into tears. As she watched the footage, she recognized the area, and the disaster scene. She had been there. It wasn't a dream at all. It really happened.

What happened to all those people? They couldn't have been returned to Earth? "It truly upset me," says Pat. "It was horrid. This wall of human beings, houses, dead animals, huge chunks of ice bigger than a house…I never wanted to look. It really disturbed me. All those dead people, it was horrible, terrible, so much death -- all of this came down and took those cities right off the planet. And they [the ETs] took thousands of people, and they weren't bringing them back. And who would miss them?"

She was in shock. She was so shaken up by the event that she went to a therapist. She spoke with him for some time before revealing the source of her anxiety. To her surprise, the man explained that he had worked as a psychiatrist for the Pentagon for his entire career, and that he had heard many similar stories of UFOs.

She got along well with the doctor, and the visits were definitely beneficial. But before long, it became clear that he was benefitting more from their visits than she was. There was a biofeedback machine in the doctor's office and she repeatedly impressed him with her ability to make the read-out go down to five or lower, sometimes even zero. "How do you do that?" he asked her.

"I don't know," she replied.

Another time she had an out-of-body experience and found herself at the therapist's home. The therapist's wife was screaming in pain. Pat woke up. Even though it was only 5:00 a.m., she called him up and said, "You need to take your wife to the hospital."

"Oh, Pat," he said, not even questioning how she knew, "Hang up the phone. We're on our way."

During one session, the doctor asked her to read his aura, which she did. On another visit, she informed her doctor that his office manager and her son (who he had just hired) were embezzling funds from his company. She told him it was about $30,000 so far.

At her next appointment, her therapist revealed that she was right. He had just fired them both. It was during one of their last meetings that he admitted his own belief in UFOs and the paranormal, and that in his work for the Pentagon, such subjects often came up.

More psychic events continued. On July 16, 1987, Pat had a dream about a bus filled with school children plunging into a river. The next day, the Guadalupe River in Texas experienced a flash flood. A school bus filled with children plunged into the river. Ten children were killed. “Why do I wind up at disaster sites?” Pat asks. “It’s like my job, I don’t know.”

However, it was only a short time later that she had an encounter which she remembered almost entirely.

She came down with pneumonia, and it worsened to the point where she was laboring for each breath. Pat had a dread fear of hospitals and didn’t want to seek medical treatment. Finally, realizing her life was in danger, she went to the doctor. She was diagnosed with Legionnaires pneumonia and was given penicillin. The doctors were surprised that she was still alive. “You should be dead,” they told her. Her condition wasn’t improving, so she was put in the hospital and given an IV.

They gave her a battery of blood tests and X-rays. After a short stay in the hospital, she was sent home to continue her recovery. The hospital called her and said that the hilum of her lungs was enlarged, and they suspected she had lung cancer. She needed to return for further tests, and a biopsy.

Pat was extremely upset, and didn’t want to have the surgery. It was about one week later when the grays arrived. “I woke up floating out of bed with them.”

“Don’t be scared,” the grays said. “We’re not going to hurt you.”

“They always say that,” Pat says, “and they never have. So, I open my eyes and I’m lying on a table. There’s a light hurting my eyes.”

There were six grays surrounding the table, three on each side. “The problem is in your right lung,” one of the grays said. “It is potentially serious, and we’re going to fix it.”

Pat felt concerned. *This wasn’t even a hospital* , she thought. *How sanitary could it be* ?

She closed her eyes and tried to relax. She opened her eyes and the being told her to breathe in.

“So, I took in a breath,” says Pat, “and it was like being in a swimming pool, and sucking up a whole bunch of water up to my nose. And I went ballistic.”

“You didn’t fix anything!” she thought. “You’re hurting me!”

“Be quiet!” one of the tall grays said. “That’s enough out of you.”

The next thing Pat knew, it was morning. Her best friend, who knew of her condition, insisted Pat go back to the hospital and at least get an X-ray.

Pat agreed. “I went in there, and it was gone. Nothing was there.”

Pat was relieved. She now believes the ETs cured her. “These beings are very tall and skinny, long fingers, little tiny nose, little wannabe mouth, long necks, really light skin. They’re not frightening to me. I’m not scared of them. I’ve never been scared of them.”

Most of Pat's encounters have been positive and benevolent. During one of her encounters in her mid-forties, she was taken to an observation deck looking down on the Earth from an extremely high altitude. Pat, who suffers from an intense fear of heights, was not happy. "I do not like heights," she says. "We were standing on an observation deck, and I was about to puke and shit at the same time. There was a gray on each side of me, but I couldn't turn my head and look. I couldn't move. All I could do was look straight ahead and down at what they were showing me. But they were showing me the Earth with no water left on it. It was like a coming preview of this planet. I don't know how we could get rid of all the water."

On another occasion, Pat found herself onboard a craft and taken to what was apparently the control room. Looking through a screen or window, she saw that they were hovering over New York City. In less than a second, the craft was now hovering over Los Angeles, and then back over New York.

"How do you do that?" she asked.

The gray did it again. In the blink of an eye, they went to Los Angeles, hovered for a few seconds, and then snapped back to New York.

"Do you understand?" one of the grays said.

"Yeah," she told them, thinking of *Star Trek* and the transporter beam. "You can disassemble all the elements and reassemble it."

"No," one of the grays replied, "you don't have it right yet."

It repeated the same cross-country maneuver for a third time, traveling between New York and Los Angeles. "Then it put the answer in my head," Pat says.

"I got it," she told the ETs.

The answer amazed her. "They expand and contract space, is what it told me," explains Pat. "They have the ability to expand and contract space. They don't have a propulsion system like you would think, an engine or a motor. It's not the object itself, it's the space around it that they move."

Another encounter was so bizarre and incredible, that she hesitates to reveal it. "They took me underground somewhere, where the pyramids are," she says. "Egypt. I was in this pyramid, and I was waiting for someone. I'm down at the bottom of the ramp, and this woman shows me a being, one of the tall skinny ones. It was tall and slender, big eyes, big head, long body. It walked down the ramp to where I was. I thought how beautiful it was when it was walking down. It was an awesome beautiful being. When it got down there, I looked into its eyes, I had this horrible embarrassment. I couldn't tell what was me and what was it. It was like I couldn't separate what was me and what was this being. It was really confusing. I couldn't tell the difference between me and her. It was like we were the same person, and I felt horribly embarrassed."

The beautiful tall gray led Pat down a corridor into a large subterranean chamber. "It opened into this big cavern, like a big monstrous cave, an underground city. The

floor was covered in these six-by-six-foot beautiful burgundy tiles. There was an opening across that cave, and you could look down on a city."

The being led her across the tiled chamber to the opening and into the underground city area. "There were lots of UFOs down there," Pat says. "There was other stuff there. And here was a huge column made out of crystal or glass. It's like it had caged lightning in it, like a power source. I got further down to the ground level."

Suddenly one of the UFOs rose up. There was a loud bang as it dove into the rock wall.

"It crashed!" Pat shouted, alarmed.

The being told her, "What is an obstacle for you is not an obstacle for us."

Pat realized then that the craft had actually moved through solid rock, out of that secret chamber. She doesn't remember anything else. "This was somewhere in the desert in Egypt," she says. "I know what that sounds like."

One of her later encounters occurred in her mid-fifties. Pat had gone to bed one evening and woke up aboard a UFO. "It was huge inside," Pat says, "and along the wall it had these tables and seats. They said, 'Go sit,' so that's what I did. I had to pee, I was thirsty, but it said stay, and I was not moving."

Suddenly, three small female grays entered the room. "These things were short," Pat says. "They looked almost like mongoloid children. They were short, a light gray color, and stickily built. They didn't have any hair."

To Pat's displeasure they came over and sat down right next to her

"Do you know how rude that is?" she told them angrily. "This whole place is empty. Of all the places where you could sit, you had to sit here? I'm already scared of you people. There are other spots. This is *my* spot."

The grays seemed to be amused and told her, "But you're sitting in *our* spots. At this time each day, this is our spot. You are in our spot; we are not in yours."

Pat didn't continue to argue.

"We have something to do," the grays said.

The beings told her that they were working on communications on the craft. They led her over to a "computer-screen kind of thing."

"Look at it," they told her.

Pat looked at the screen. Although the grays didn't speak, she somehow knew exactly what they were doing. "I felt like they were recording everything that I ever looked at, said, thought or anything else that was in my brain. I felt like they took every thought, every experience, *everything* I have ever experienced on this planet, out of my brain. It's like they made a carbon copy, a back-up disc. I felt emptied. I'm sure they could spit out another me somewhere if they wanted to. They never explain anything. They're about taking care of business, whatever their business is."

The entire experience, as far as Pat can remember, lasted only a few moments. Says Pat, “They stayed for a short time, and then they left.”

She doesn’t remember anything after that, except for waking up the next morning.

It was to be her last encounter. She jokes that since the ETs now have a complete copy, they no longer need the original.

Pat continues to have psychic experiences. One night in 2009, she had a dream that she was talking with her childhood friend Mike, only now he was all grown up. He was sitting along the edge of a spring, and there was blood on his leg. “He told me that he had gotten married and had a baby, and he told me that he had drowned, and he wanted me to tell his wife that he was sorry to leave her by herself to raise the kid.”

Pat called up her brother and asked about Mike, and was he okay? “No,” her brother said. “I was at Blue Springs with him yesterday, and he drowned.”

Dealing with her encounters has had its challenges. Now that it appears to be over, Pat looks back on her experiences with restrained emotion. “I make it like this is a little thing in my life,” she says, “but it’s not a little thing. It’s just best to deal with it like it’s a little thing.”

Chapter Three: The Experiment

It was 1953, and Ramon (pseudonym) was six years old. He lived in a government housing project called Basilone Homes, located at the base of Hansen Dam in San Fernando, southern California. It was a fairly rural location, not far from Tujunga Canyon, which would soon earn a reputation as a UFO hotspot.

It was a close-knit community of military families, and people often helped each other move in and out of the various homes. One day, Ramon and his family were helping a neighbor lady move. They had worked for a while and it had just gotten dark. While packing boxes, Ramon found an unusual-looking flashlight, a penlight, but of industrial manufacture.

The neighbor saw Ramon admiring it and said, "Would you like to have it?"

"Yes!" Ramon replied excitedly, and he ran upstairs to play with it by shining it outside the window. He aimed it toward Hansen Dam about 150 feet away, and clicked the light on and off twice.

To Ramon's surprise, a mysterious bright light appeared on the top edge of the dam and blinked twice.

Ramon quickly responded by flashing the penlight three times.

The light answered by flashing three times.

Ramon then flashed twice, and the light flashed twice in return. At that moment, his mother walked by.

"Don't do that!" she said. "You're going to make that plane crash."

Ramon was confused. It obviously wasn't a plane. Somebody, or something, was resting directly on the top of the dam. "I wondered how an airplane could be on the dam itself," Ramon says.

Ramon stopped flashing his light at the object.

The next day, he went outside to play with his two brothers and two cousins. It was midday. Ramon was the first to see a strange shiny, silver disc hovering nearby. "On Foothill Boulevard, there's a small rolling hill," Ramon says, "and I noticed a disc just hovering there. I looked at it, and it would just oscillate back and forth. So, I brought it to the attention of my brothers and cousins."

The object moved from the hill, over a service drive leading to the housing division, where it hovered in place, just above treetop level. It was totally silent.

The five boys jumped up and down and began waving at it.

"There were portholes going all around the disc. It kind of tilted downward," Ramon says, "and I could see like a railing at the midsection inside it. There were these people, but their arms were longer than regular arms. And they waved back at us."

The three figures, each of them wearing what appeared to be dark uniforms, stood inside the craft, looking down at the children.

The disc then moved forward to the far side of the dam, right at the base where there was a playground. It moved lower and lower in a falling-leaf motion. "It went over the swing, over the slides, and came to rest at the base of the dam."

The children hopped on their bikes, rode over and approached the landed craft. It lay on the ground, tilted at a 45-degree angle.

"We went up to this thing," Ramon says, "and we just stood there in awe and just looked at it."

Realizing it was unusual, all the kids became frightened and ran away. Ramon, however, felt no fear. Instead, he was intensely curious. What was this thing?

He walked around it to where the low edge of the tilted saucer touched the gravel on the ground.

"I placed my knee on top of it, and I started to crawl around the circumference of this thing. I crawled all the way around it, on top of it, like a kid on the monkey-bars, just crawl around it. Then I smelled something, like a very pungent battery acid-type smell. I went from the low part up to the highest point, and then I started back to the other side, coming downward. Then I noticed there was a hole."

It was a small opening, only a few feet wide, but easily big enough for Ramon to enter. "I looked inside it," he says, "kind of stuck my head inside there and glanced to the right. It was dark, but what caught my attention were these beautiful lights -- magenta, pink, gold, red -- and they were pulsating. And it just drew me in there. I started crawling inside. There was this grating, like on sidewalks, and when I walked on the grating, I went downward and I was just inside this thing…I went down inside this thing…I fell downward. I remember being taken to a room with lights that seemed to be almost alive. It was almost like the craft was breathing as the lights were blinking. And the next thing I remember, I came out of it. I got out of it somehow, and I started walking back to the housing unit."

It was a few hours later, maybe around 5:00 p.m., and Ramon's brothers and cousins were engrossed in a game of hide and seek.

Ramon was disoriented. Walking back into his home in a daze, he saw a girl sitting in the room. His mother was combing her hair.

"Who is she?" Ramon asked.

"Oh, she has a pretty dress, doesn't she?" his mother said. "Do you like her dress?"

Ramon didn't recognize her. He kept seeing images of Chinese-looking eyes. "Who is she?" he asked. "Is she Chinese too?"

"What are you talking about?" his mother asked. "Chinese? Don't you know your own sister?"

Ramon was still trying to orient himself, and figure out what was happening when his mother sent him back to his room.

While the encounter with the UFO was amazing enough, in just a few seconds, he would have one of the most unusual experiences of his life. “I went to my room, and I closed the door. I had this real comfortable red patch sofa and I sat down upon it. And I don’t know how this happened, but I began to levitate inside the apartment. I went straight up and I started to touch the light fixtures. I touched the curtains, the curtain rods, the light fixtures. I used my hands to walk across the ceiling…And then I went right back to the top of the sofa, and I went straight down.”

He had just flown! Levitated! Ramon was incredibly excited. He ran from his room and told his mother, “Mom! I just flew!”

“You have to have plane tickets to fly,” she said. “What are you talking about? Get out of here. You’re talking crazy today.”

His mother ordered him to go back outside and play with the neighborhood kids. He went outside, and found himself “it” in an ongoing game of hide-and-seek.

Whoever’s turn it was had to stand next to the old tire by the telephone pole and count to 100 before beginning to search.

“So, I started counting backward from a hundred,” Ramon says, “and I got down to about seventy and I went into a stupor. I just fell asleep right there. The next thing I knew, I’m on top of the roof of the housing units, and I’m able to hear the children wherever they are, like underneath a car, behind the bushes, or wherever. And the next thing I knew, I’m standing right in front of them. And I brought them back to the tire. Then I started walking away, and this thing repeated itself. I went back to the top of the roof. How I got there, I don’t know. I just levitated right back up on top of there, and I could hear the children, and I went to the next group. They became frightened.”

“How did you do that?” they asked. “How did this happen?”

Ramon had no explanation to give them. He didn’t understand it himself; it just happened. “The game broke up,” Ramon says. “They became frightened.”

By this point, the sun set and it was dusk. It was a warm evening, and Ramon and the other children remained outside to play. Ramon’s parents left to make a quick shopping trip at the local market.

Ramon and the other kids were watching a man who was tossing a baseball up and down, high in the air and then catching it with his glove. Ramon was amazed at how high the man was tossing the ball and asked him, “How high can you throw the ball?”

“To the moon, kid,” he replied. “To the moon.”

The man tossed the ball again. At this point, something strange happened. The ball soared up and seemed to come down in slow motion. At the same time, Ramon became distracted by something else: an orb of light about the size of a basketball appeared out of nowhere and began to circle the entire housing tract. Then suddenly it dropped down, or expanded in size. It now hovered over the housing tract, and

appeared to be a few hundred feet overhead, just above the rooftops. Beautiful colored lights -- pink, magenta, gold -- blinked around the circumference.

Everyone outside stopped what they were doing and stared in awe.

"What is it?" several women asked. "Is it an airplane? A helicopter?"

"No," someone else said.

It suddenly became clear that they were seeing something very unusual. The crowd of adults and children began to panic. The adults rushed around and gathered the children, ushering them inside.

Ramon and his brothers and cousins clustered together in the house. One of them began crying in fear. Ramon, however, was reminded of what he had seen only hours earlier. The lights were exactly the same as he had seen inside the craft. "I could still see the lights through the kitchen window," Ramon says. "So, I went up to the window, pulled the curtains back, and I glanced up to the bottom of the craft. It tilted downward and you could see the portholes again. Then, shew! It shoots up and just takes off."

Shortly after the incident, Ramon's parents showed up to find everybody talking about what they had seen. His parents hadn't seen anything, and were amazed by everyone's accounts.

Finally, everything seemed to settle down and Ramon went to bed. But his adventure wasn't over yet.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Ramon woke up to find himself floating off his bed, levitating in the air. "I began to levitate off the bed in prone position, with my face looking up toward the ceiling," he says. "I tried to call out for help, but I was totally paralyzed. I could only open and close my eyes…And I thought, *what the heck is going on?* And then I started going toward the hallway. I'm in a prone position and just gliding in the air, and I go right to the door. And I thought, *Oh, my God, I'm going to hit the door!* And boom, I go right through the door. How that happens, I don't know, but the next thing I know, this craft is once again resting over there by the playground area at the base of the dam, and I go back inside. I remember them putting me in a chair and they strap me in. These guys just walked up to me and put me in the chair."

Ramon was confused and frightened. The figures were short and had dark wrap-around eyes that looked almost Asian. Although they weren't hurting him, Ramon felt out of control and knew that he was in a "bad situation."

The chair was like a dentist's chair. Directly in front of him was a wide porthole. "I could see outside," Ramon says. "Then this thing takes off, and I could see these stars passing us, like thousands of stars just went shew, shew, shew!"

As the craft maneuvered, the chair changed position slightly, and Ramon heard a sound like compressed air. He watched as the stars swept by the porthole, stopped, and then moved again. This happened several times until suddenly Ramon saw that

they had dropped down out of space and were now flying over the San Fernando Valley and were approaching the Hansen Dam. The craft landed at the base of the dam again.

At this point, Ramon passed out. The next thing he knew, it was morning and he was back in bed.

He didn't know what to make of the experience, but was certain he hadn't imagined or dreamed it. The entire day was still vivid in his mind, from the point when he and the other kids saw the craft the first time, going inside, coming back out hours later, flying in his room, levitating during hide-and-seek, the second sighting only a few minutes later, and then the abduction.

He remembered it all clearly, but it was so strange, he didn't quite understand what was happening.

Then, a few nights later, it happened again. Ramon woke in the middle of the night to find himself floating out of his bed, out through the closed door, and back to the base of the dam where the craft once again waited for him. It was an exact re-play of his first abduction, being placed in a strange chair, and looking out a porthole at the moving stars.

The next morning, he woke up to find himself back in bed. That evening, when he went to bed, he told his mom that something weird was happening to him. He said that he was flying around at night and being pulled from the house.

She thought at first that he was kidding, but Ramon insisted he was telling the truth. Something was pulling him from his bed.

To placate him, Ramon's mother took an old bed-sheet, tore it into strips, and tied Ramon's arm to his little brother's, and then she tied his other arm to the bedposts.

This didn't stop the abduction. Ramon once again, found himself flying out of the house and back into the craft. Inside, he was taken to a rounded room lit with blue light. "A table came out of the wall. It had no feet, no legs, it just came out of the wall. I remember being on a table…There was a frosted panel inside this craft. I saw these guys come around it and up to me...They looked like grays, but they were pinkish-beige, and their skin felt plastic. I could feel their hands touching my legs, touching my head. I do remember being physically examined," Ramon says, "and they checked every orifice in me."

At one point during the examination, Ramon felt "an extreme amount of pain."

"Their eyes were like a big hornet bee," Ramon says. "kind of blackish-brown, almost a fluid color."

When he woke up the next morning, Ramon's mother found him tied back to the bedposts, but underneath the bed. She accused her sons of playing a trick on her, but Ramon denied it, and his brother had no memory of how Ramon came to be underneath the bed. Ramon's body still felt sore from the painful examination.

Another consequence of the abductions was a persistent tinnitus-like ringing in Ramon's ears. "It's a high-pitched noise," Ramon says, "a high-pitched humming that's metallic in nature. It sounds like a machine, like a drone."

About a week after the abductions, Ramon was inside his home when he felt himself falling into a strange stupor or trance. It was mid-afternoon, and normally he would go outside and play. Now, he could feel his consciousness slipping away. "My head just went backward," he said, and he was out.

What seemed like moments later, he came out of the trance to find himself standing on the roof of the building. There was a small crowd of people below him saying, "Don't move! Stand still!"

A firetruck arrived. They sent up a ladder, and quickly carried him down from the roof. Nobody asked Ramon how he got up there. Instead, the fire chief approached his parents and asked, "How did your son get up there?"

The chief explained that the only access to the roof was locked, and that it was impossible for Ramon to be up there. His parents had no explanation.

Shortly after all the strange experiences, Ramon told his cousins what happened. To his amazement, they said the same thing happened to them. "They've had these things happen to them," Ramon says. "They said that they've felt like they were floating over their bed and then dropped on the bed a number of times. My cousin told me that when it happens to them, they float over and just drop, and they wake up when they're hitting the bed."

Not long after this, Ramon and his family moved from the housing project into a new apartment in the San Fernando Valley. Soon more strange things happened. The TV went on and off by itself. At night, a powerful blue light illuminated the interior of the apartment, but when they tried to find the source, it blinked off.

When he was eleven years old, Ramon went to stay with his grandparents in a small community outside of Fresno, California. During summer months, Ramon often stayed with them so he could help do farm labor and earn some extra money. He wasn't there long before he was abducted again.

"I was lying in bed," Ramon says, "and I literally floated off the bed, went through the back screen-door, over a little fence and across a field where the train station was. And there was a craft there. It landed there."

Ramon's memory ends as he was taken inside the craft. When he woke up the next morning, he immediately recalled the incident. It had been a cool night, and he remembered the coldness of the air as he was floated to the craft.

Following that abduction, the same thing happened three more times. It was always the same. He would wake up to find himself being floated out of the house to a landed UFO, always in the same place.

One day he was talking with the neighbor. He pointed to the field where the UFO had landed and said that he once saw a strange light there.

The neighbor said, “Yeah, that light comes down in the morning and it lands. It comes down around 3:00 or 4:00 o’clock in the morning and lands in the field.”

Ramon was amazed. “He saw this thing in the field. And I was floating out of my grandparents’ house and going into it.”

Following these events, Ramon’s grandmother decided to share some special knowledge with him. Ramon’s grandmother was a deeply spiritual woman, steeped in traditional Hispanic folklore. She was also very psychic. Ramon remembers that one evening his grandmother started making a huge meal. It was just Ramon and his grandparents there. His grandfather said, “Old lady! What are you doing?”

“They’re coming,” his grandmother replied enigmatically.

“Who’s coming?”

“They’ll be here,” she replied.

On that evening, they had unexpected guests come to visit.

This sort of thing happened frequently. It was as if his grandmother had a sixth sense about things.

It was shortly after the abductions had occurred that Ramon’s grandmother took him out for an afternoon walk into the fields around their house. He wonders now if she knew something about what was happening to him.

Speaking Spanish, she told him that if ever he wanted a cool breeze on a hot summer day, all he had to do was utter the words, “*Bars d’oro, bars d’oro, bars d’oro* ,” and the wind would come.

She demonstrated and spoke the words. To Ramon’s amazement, a cool breeze swept over them.

“How did you make that happen?” he asked. “How do you know these things about nature?”

“Put your knee on the ground,” she said, “and look out into the field. Watch what is going to happen.”

Ramon could hardly believe his eyes. “I looked out in the cotton field, and I saw a flotilla of little round UFOs come and land in the field.”

Ramon was amazed. The objects were glowing white and spherical, each about the size of a small car. They floated down like dandelions and landed in the field about 200 feet away. “They just came down there in the field and landed,” Ramon says.

Ramon’s grandmother remained very serious. He had the sense that she was passing sacred knowledge from generation to generation. She told him that whenever anything evil approaches him, such as “the owl,” tell it to “go back into Hell and burn in the pit.”

Ramon wondered if she knew about the grays, and about what was happening to him.

Other strange things happened on these summer visits to his grandmother's house. There was a rope swing near the house he loved to play with. It was tied under a big oak tree next to a small canal. If you swung hard enough, you could swing right over the canal. To get there, however, you had to navigate a narrow cement ledge alongside the canal. In 1961, around age fourteen, Ramon was playing on the rope swing when he saw a black limousine-type car driving along the ledge. It parked and watched him for a few moments before zooming away. Only much later, did Ramon realize how strange the event was. There was no way a car could've been there. The ledge was only a few feet wide. With no idea how to explain what he saw, he just filed it in the back of his mind. Years later, he heard about Men in Black and black limousines and connected it to his other strange experiences.

From a very young age, Ramon had always felt a strange uneasiness, a feeling of waiting for something to happen, but he had no idea what. As he became a teenager, the feeling grew stronger, but still remained undefined. He felt like he had been programmed, or was being watched and followed, like he was part of some sort of plan. Something.

The ringing in his ears was still a problem. He went to the doctor, but the doctor was unable to find anything wrong.

Meanwhile, as he grew up, many of his friends were having trouble, getting involved in drugs, gangs and bad behavior. Ramon didn't want to end up in jail, and he felt like he needed to do something to protect himself, to give his life direction. But what?

At age seventeen, Ramon spent the summer with his grandparents. He decided to sleep outside on an old army cot beneath the oak tree in the backyard. Inside the house were his grandparents, aunts and cousins, and his brother. Suddenly he saw a glowing object float down out of the sky and land next to their garden where they grew corn, tomatoes, cucumbers and other vegetables. Grays exited the craft and began taking soil samples. At this point, Ramon blacked out and forgot about the experience.

Shortly after the above incident, he spontaneously decided to join the Marines. His parents were supportive of his decision. Although he was still a minor and hadn't finished high school, his parents signed a waiver that allowed him to join. Ramon's father (who was in World War II) had only one piece of advice: *don't volunteer for anything* . Ramon promised he wouldn't. The next thing he knew, Ramon found himself sent off to Marine bootcamp.

It was now 1964. Ramon went through a 30-day bootcamp, and after the training, he was assigned to office administration at Camp Pendleton down in the San Diego area. Although he hadn't even completed high school, he was put through IBM training and told that he was assigned to "Headquarters and Service."

An officer told him, “You’re going to need a crypto-clearance in case something comes over your desk.”

Ramon was amazed. He was just a kid, and now he had a secret clearance. One thought kept running through his mind: *what the hell is going on?*

One day shortly after arrival, Ramon sat at his desk when he heard two officers talking right outside his door. To his shock, they started to discuss a UFO in the military’s possession, being held in a hangar and guarded by officers with M60 machine guns. They talked about seeing strange blue lights. “I overhear these guys talking about this particular craft in a jet hangar at a certain location,” Ramon says. “I’m the new guy here, and he’s a corporal, so I’m not going to get in the middle… and then they walk away.”

Ramon was stunned. His first thought was that he was not supposed to have heard the conversation. But the men outside his office must have known that he could hear them. It didn’t make sense.

A short time later, Ramon and a small group of other young privates were called in to have a meeting with a Marine Corps sergeant.

Says Ramon, “He comes up, and he starts giving us this big long spiel, saying if we would like to participate in this particular thing for the betterment of your country. And we would like to know if you would be willing to participate in this. And I’m not about to volunteer for anything. I’m not going to break the rules my father gave me. So, the next thing I know -- I don’t know how this happened -- but I find myself on this Navy bus with about eleven other marines.”

Ramon was disoriented and confused. What was he doing on this bus? He would never have agreed to this. The last thing he remembered was being given the spiel from a sergeant, and now this?

“I’m inside this green Navy transport bus,” Ramon says, “and the windows are painted black, and then you have black curtains over the black painted windows. You can’t see in. You’re not supposed to see out. We are inside and there are about eleven of us and the bus driver. And it’s very odd. Everyone in the bus was in a stupor, stone-faced, looking straight ahead…almost like drugged out. We all had our green fatigues on. So, I let my eyes glance, and I took a chance and I looked back. I thought, *God dang, everyone’s stone-faced. What the heck is going on?* I looked forward to the bus driver, and we’re going from checkpoint, to checkpoint, to checkpoint.”

Ramon was able to see out the front of the bus. Each checkpoint involved stopping at a military roadblock while the bus driver communicated with the officer in the guard-shack, trying to convince him to allow them through.

The problem was, the checkpoints were never ending and it became increasingly difficult to convince the guards to let them through. “The bus driver becomes very agitated,” Ramon says. “We’re going through checkpoint after checkpoint. After the

sixth checkpoint, this Navy driver is getting agitated and he's screaming at the guard."

"Where's the final location?" the guard asked.

"I've got these guys here!" the driver shouted. "This is where I'm supposed to take them!"

It was clear to Ramon that they were in an extremely sensitive and well-guarded military base, and that the bus driver was losing his patience. "He's arguing," Ramon says. "Now, he's beginning to argue with the Marine Guards at each checkpoint, saying whatever he's supposed to from his clipboard. He's getting pissed off, and he's getting mad. We're going on for about three hours, almost like an open desert. This is going on forever and ever. Instead of letting him go right through, they're making him go from checkpoint to checkpoint. They're making him jump through all these little hoops."

Things were about to get much stranger. "Remember," Ramon says, "everyone's wearing green fatigues. The next time I turn around, everyone inside the bus has got a yellow jumpsuit on. Everyone's wearing yellow jumpsuits, including myself."

Ramon found himself slipping back into a trance-like state and then woke up and began to "gather myself again." He looked at the other officers and saw that they were back in their green fatigues. So was he!

At some point, he fell back "asleep" again, woke up, and once again, everyone wore yellow jumpsuits. "This happened three or four times," Ramon says, "green fatigues and yellow jumpsuits."

He later learned that yellow jumpsuits are used when entering a radiation area. At the time, he was more concerned about how his uniform was changing without his knowledge.

After many hours of driving and checkpoints, they finally arrived at their destination. It was an isolated hangar in a desert location, presumably within driving distance of Camp Pendleton. It was now evening, and it was raining.

The bus pulled right up to the hangar. As he exited, Ramon noticed a bright blue light coming from the hangar. "So, they march us over to this hangar, and they bring us to an open room inside this hangar."

Along one wall was a row of six or seven condensing units, each about the size of a refrigerator and fully active, making a high-pitched humming noise.

Ramon and the other young privates all stood at attention when in walked the sergeant who had originally given them the spiel. Two doctors in white coats accompanied the sergeant, who again began to re-iterate the same spiel, about how their mission was for the betterment of their country.

One by one, the privates were brought to a chair where their blood was drawn and they were apparently hypnotized. When it was Ramon's turn, he sat down. In front of him was a small, spinning wheel with black and white stripes. Ramon was

instructed to look at the wheel while the doctors spoke. “Then they injected us with something to sedate us,” Ramon says.

“Hi, Ramon,” one of the doctor’s said. “Ramon, we want you to know that we are going to be with you. What we’re going to do -- we want you to know that we’re going to be with you. I want you to remember this. We are going to be with you in the room at all times.”

There was more that he doesn’t remember. Ramon was then returned to the group of privates. After each man had his turn, they pulled a pair of large hangar doors open, revealing the contents of the hangar itself.

Ramon’s first thought was: *Oh, my God in heaven!* In front of him, sitting on the floor of the hangar, was a UFO.

“I see this craft inside the damn hangar,” Ramon says. “It was similar to the one I saw as a child, but instead of high gloss, it’s like a dull gray.”

A mobile staircase sat next to it, leading up to an opening in the craft.

The sergeant continued talking to the men about the importance of their mission and that it was for the betterment of the country.

At this point, they marched out several reptilian-looking humanoids.

“They brought these beings up to us,” Ramon explains. “They walked right alongside the sergeant. They weren’t being held; they were co-existing, shoulder-to-shoulder.”

One of the reptilian-looking figures approached Ramon and the other men. “He walks up to us, and I just look at him. This being was seven feet tall, muscular, not skinny, wearing a blackish-green uniform. I remember the face looking almost scaly, like a reptile, like a snake has scales. It was frightening.”

The reptilian’s uniform was featureless except for a large badge depicting a dragon-like creature. The group of marines became very upset by the appearance of the reptilian and broke rank.

“The next thing I remember,” Ramon says, “I’m standing in front of my barracks around 3:00 o’clock in the morning.”

Ramon was stunned and disoriented. He had the sense that at least one day had passed, maybe two. He was back at Pendleton, hundreds of miles from where he was moments ago, or what seemed to be moments.

Ramon was so traumatized that he was unable to move. He could only stand there. He couldn’t even lift his feet to walk up the steps and get inside.

Another marine approached him. “Can I help you up to the barracks?” he said.

“Yes, can you help me?” Ramon said. “I can’t move.”

“Here,” he said. “I’ll help you.”

The man guided Ramon back to his bunk. Ramon immediately fell into a deep sleep.

When he woke up, he reflected back on the entire ordeal. He remembered how it all began with him overhearing the marines talking outside his office. At the time, he was worried that he was hearing something he wasn't supposed to know about.

Now he realized, it had all been intentional. They had tricked him. "I think it was more of a set up," he says. "I feel like they let me hear this."

The question was, *why?* What did the whole experience mean? Why couldn't he remember most of it? Why did they show him the UFO? Even more importantly, why was he taken to meet a reptilian being? He was just a kid, seventeen years old, and now he already had a high-level security clearance and knew things about the military that most people would consider mind-blowing. What was going on?

Ramon couldn't help but connect his own encounters at age six at the Basilone Homes government housing project to what had just happened. He felt like a pawn in some weird experiment involving the UFOs, extraterrestrials, military and mind control.

He soon discovered how right he might have been.

"Three days later," Ramon says, "I was transferred from Headquarters and Service into a grunt unit -- it's a combat unit. I was assigned to a combat unit. Then, I found myself in Vietnam."

Ramon was assigned to four officers. Four other privates were also assigned to the group, and off they went into the Vietnam wilderness on some unknown mission. The nine men tromped through the thick jungle. "The only thing I'm thinking," says Ramon, "is why in the heck am I assigned to these officers?"

They kept hiking until they came to an area with a huge cave with a "carved-out, round, circular opening right in the middle of the jungle."

Ramon's first thought was: this is something big enough for a UFO to get into.

Of course, he said nothing. He obeyed his orders and asked no questions.

The next day, they were in the area of the cave when something happened which Ramon still is unable to explain. They heard a loud sound of an electrical discharge above them. Suddenly, coming down out of the sky around the group of men was a series of energy bolts completely encircling them in a large perimeter.

"There was a big, giant, round circle around us," Ramon explains. "These beams, electrical bolts came straight down from the sky. Cobalt blue, all around us. And the officers were just looking at it saying, 'Oh, okay, okay.'"

Ramon had no idea if the officers were expecting it or not. If they had any information, they didn't divulge it. After a few moments, the beams of light stopped and were gone.

"We just looked at each other in amazement," Ramon says. "Because these things were as high as a three-story building. They made a circle around us."

Shortly following the incident, Ramon was assigned to another unit. "Every man had an assignment," he says. "My job at that time was to document anything that

was in the air. Whenever we were out on patrol, that was my job."

It was a curious assignment, he thought, considering his experiences. And he wasn't shocked when he began seeing more UFOs.

The jungle was a sea of inky blackness at night. The only light came from the stars and the moon. Any lighted objects in the sky were highly visible.

One evening while out on a patrol, Ramon noticed a glowing object, brighter than a star, darting around at sharp angles. He walked up to the corporal of his unit and said, "Look at this damn thing. It's zigzagging and flying around."

The corporal looked at the light. "It's probably a satellite," he said.

Ramon knew better than to argue with the officer, but he couldn't help it. "A satellite goes around, but it doesn't zigzag like this and stay in one spot."

The corporal had no answer.

"I knew in my heart of hearts, it was a UFO," Ramon says. "I have always had the funny feeling that I was programmed, or followed, or something like that. I had that same feeling when I was seeing that."

It was to be the first of many such sightings. "I saw this over and over," Ramon says. "I knew what it was. Wherever we were assigned, from mountain range to mountain range, it always seemed to follow my location."

Ramon remembered how twelve years earlier (at age six), he had been inside the UFO and had seen from the inside how the craft had darted around. Now, seeing the darting motion, he recognized it.

Ramon remained in Vietnam until 1965 when he was badly injured and was sent to the Yokosuka Naval Hospital in Japan. He remained there for the next three months. It was during this time that something very strange happened.

Ramon had been raised under the Catholic faith. The hospital had a chapel section on the fourth floor that people of different faiths could visit to pray. One day, while Ramon convalesced in his hospital bed, a black man, a Marine officer, approached his bedside and introduced himself, saying he was a chaplain's assistant.

"I need to talk to you," the man said.

"About what?"

"I need to talk to you," he repeated.

"I don't know you," Ramon said, and turned the man away.

A few days later, the man appeared again. "I need to talk to you."

"Okay, fine," Ramon said, but again, he rebuffed the man.

The next day, the man showed up again, crying, with tears flowing freely down his face.

"What's wrong, man?" Ramon asked.

"I came here," the man said, "I need to talk to you, okay?"

"Okay," said Ramon.

"God knows what happened to you," the man said.

“What do you mean?”

“He knows what happened to you as a child.”

“Well, what do you mean?” Ramon repeated.

The man opened a Bible to the back section where there was a map of the Middle East -- Jerusalem, Iraq, Iran, Lebanon.

“When you see fighting there, you’re going to be approached again by a UFO.”

Ramon shook his head. “What do you mean?”

“You were approached as a child,” the man said. “God knows what happened to you with this UFO.”

“What?” said Ramon. He was taken aback. How could this man know about the UFO? He’d told almost nobody.

“God knows what happened to you. When you see fighting there--”

“There’s been fighting there for thousands of years,” Ramon said, interrupting.

The man began crying again. “No, in your lifetime. Never forget what you are going to see. Remember what you are going to see, so you won’t faint when you go inside it. You’re going to touch these aliens on the forehead in Jesus’s name. This is what God wants you to do. Draw strength and never forget this.”

“Fine,” Ramon said. “Okay,” and he quickly left the chaplain’s assistant and went back to his bed and eventually to sleep. Although he was a marine, and had done some courageous things, there was no way he was going to approach an alien and touch its forehead.

That night, in the middle of the night, he woke to the sound of music. Thinking the nurse must have left her radio on, he went to the nurse’s station and saw that the radio was off. He could still hear the music, so he followed it down the hallway to the stairwell. He was on the seventh floor, and the music was coming from below. He followed the music down to the fourth floor. It was coming from the chapel area, he realized. It sounded like angels. They were singing, “Praise God and His mighty works. Praise God and His mighty name.”

Suddenly, for some unknown reason, he found himself drawn to the non-denominational chapel. He saw a strange golden light, and felt as though a force pulled him there. It was empty, except for he heard a faint mumbling coming from one of the closets.

“I walk up to this little closet,” Ramon says, “and I pull this door open. The marine who approached me, he is in this closet. His arms were folded over his chest in an X, he’s rocking back and forth, his feet aren’t touching the ground, and he’s speaking in tongues.”

Ramon jumped back in shock. The man was levitating and speaking in a weird language. It was incredible. Ramon had never heard of such a thing. He quickly fled back upstairs and went to bed.

The next day, he went to the Catholic priest and told him what happened. "I reported this to a Catholic priest, and I reported what happened to me. Then, this marine is no longer there…So, I don't know how the religious realm plays into the UFO realm. All I know is, it's what's happening to me in my life."

After he recovered, he was sent back to the United States.

Ramon was now twenty years old. He continued to work in the Marine Force, though he moved into food service.

One day he went in for a full physical examination at a veteran's hospital. The doctor asked him when he had surgery.

Ramon had never had surgery, and denied it.

"Yes, you have," the doctor said unequivocally, and told Ramon that he counted at least three surgical scars on his body. Ramon suspects the scars were made when he was six years old, during the painful examination.

Life moved on. He left the Marine Corps and instead began to work as a welder. He met a girlfriend and began dating. Six years later, at age 26, they became married. She had a six-year-old boy, so Ramon now found himself a father.

They got a home in the east San Fernando Valley, not far from where he had grown up. They moved in and prepared to spend the first night in their new house.

As he and his wife lay in bed, Ramon suddenly heard a strange "whooshing" sound move over the house, followed by a loud *bang!*

Ramon's wife jumped up and grabbed him. "What the heck was that?"

Ramon had a sneaky feeling it had something to do with UFOs, but he didn't say anything. The ringing in his ears had been strong lately, and that feeling of being watched and followed was still there.

One evening shortly after moving in, his son complained about something strange happening. "Daddy," he said, "the bees are in my room."

There were no bees, but instead his son described a strange buzzing sound. Again, Ramon had a good idea what was happening. "I knew that this was probably aliens that were trying to get into the house."

Ramon wanted to help, to do something, but at this time, he had no recourse. Who could he turn to about help with aliens? He didn't know where to begin to search. Who would believe him?

One evening Ramon was in the house his wife screamed in terror from another room.

Ramon ran up to her. "What's wrong?"

His wife was clearly frightened. "By the window!" she pointed. "There was something outside the window. It was like a person, but with a different face."

Ramon felt a cold chill. It was the aliens. He knew it was them. But what could he do?

One day in 1974, Ramon's brother offered to take Ramon fishing at the Hansen Dam Recreational area. Ramon nearly declined. "As an adult, I purposely stayed away from that area for years."

But his brother was persistent, and for some reason, he agreed to go. Ramon, his brother and a few friends joined the fishing trip. Ramon was learning how to cast for the first time. He stood out by the shoreline, far enough away so that nobody would be hooked by his line. And he tried not to remind himself that he was very close to the area where he had been abducted.

Suddenly he heard a familiar *whooshing* sound. He looked toward the source, and coming from the mountain range right above the dam -- exactly where he first saw the saucer with his brother and cousins all those years ago -- was a black circular object like a hockey puck, except it was one or two feet in diameter. Everyone else heard it too and everybody turned to watch.

"That's where I first saw it," says Ramon, "right from the little hilly area where I first saw the craft. Then it circled the back rim of the dam. It went right over the water, circled us and went right over us. It came right toward me. It was directed at me, and almost skimmed my head, and went right into the water. Everyone heard it. We all saw it."

"Did you see that?" someone shouted.

"It almost hit Ramon!"

"I stay away from this area for years," Ramon said, "I come down here, and this happens."

Over the next few months, Ramon's wife saw the aliens three or four times. On each occasion, she screamed in terror and ran to find Ramon. He had been seeing UFOs flying overhead, but he hadn't seen the actual aliens. "I didn't see them inside the house," Ramon says, "but she did. She described them as almost like cat-like features, tall and thin, but with a cat-like face. She said they were really, really thin, and they frightened her. Each time, I remember her screaming."

After the third or fourth visitation, his wife couldn't take it anymore. In 1975, about two years after they had married, they got a divorce. "It was so much pressure," Ramon says, "that the marriage dissolved itself."

His wife and son left and moved back to Oklahoma. Weird things continued to happen. Ramon noticed one day that he was going through an abnormally large number of lightbulbs. Over and over, the lights would blow out. "Wherever I was," Ramon says, "light bulbs would blow out. Every time I passed, light bulbs would blow out."

Ramon decided he needed to find someone who could help him with his UFO problem. There had to be someone out there who knew about these things.

He went to the bookstore and the library and discovered that there were books on the subject. "I began to read up on UFOs. I started to read anything I could about

UFOs."

The name of Dr. J. Allen Hynek kept coming up, so Ramon decided to contact him. He was able to locate a phone number and reach Hynek on his first try.

Ramon gushed out his story, and Hynek patiently listened. Afterward, Hynek said, "You know what, Ramon? I'm going to assign you an investigator."

Hynek told Ramon about the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), and put him in contact with Idabel Epperson, who was then one of southern California's most active investigators.

At the time, Ramon was a member of the United Autoworkers and Aerospace Workers. He was good friends with the president of the union, and had even gone on trips with him to meet senators. "When I went to MUFON, I took him to vouch for my character."

Epperson was impressed with his story, and warned him that there was a dark side of UFO contact. "I'm very concerned if you come next to a UFO again," she told him.

She asked for some of Ramon's exploding lightbulbs, and brought them to some scientists at UCLA and USC. It turned out, the light bulbs hadn't exploded, they had *imploded* . They couldn't explain it and didn't know how it had been done. "They said that whatever caused them to explode went from the outside inward."

Meanwhile, strange events continued. "I started having my TVs going on and off by themselves. When I passed the TV, sometimes the sound would go up high, or when I passed the radio, the radio would go up high. Then I went through a phase where I would get these phone calls, and I would hear this garbled metallic-type voice. Someone was speaking. When I'd pick up the phone, I knew someone was speaking, but I heard a garbled metallic voice. That kind of frightened me a bit."

Meanwhile, Ramon had noticed a pattern to the ringing in his ears. Whenever a major news story aired on TV, the ringing would begin. "The high-pitched noise will go from the right side of my head to the left side of my head. I feel like the aliens are concentrating on these events, almost looking at it through me. Like they were using my eyes."

By this time, Ramon was convinced that he had some kind of alien implant. Were they recording his memories? Were they seeing and feeling everything he experienced? These and other questions ran through his mind. "I always had the sense that I've got something inside me that is triggering me," he says.

One day, he discovered what appears to be a foreign body underneath his skin, right next to his earlobe on the right side of his head. "It feels like a little lump," Ramon says. "like something that's metal. I can move it with my fingers. It's about the size of a BB, and it feels like metal. I've always felt like this was part of the cause of it. I don't know what it is, but it's in there."

Whatever the explanation, something strange was happening to him. His electrical problems were not only getting worse, they were causing problems at work.

"I went to work for General Motors in 1976. Every machine they put me on, I blew out. When you make cars, they have these automatic welding machines that spot-weld the cars. Then they had these handheld ones with a big long pole…we called it a seatback. Every machine, when I would get on it, within five minutes I would blow it out. So, they would assign me to another machine, and then I would blow that up. After about the sixth machine that I blew up, the supervisor came and they took me down to medical at the Van Nuys Plant, and they asked if I wouldn't mind stripping down."

Often Ramon wore his combat jungle boots to work, and they thought that the metal in his boots was causing the problem.

"I'm not wearing jungle boots today," Ramon pointed out, and also said that he hadn't worn them on the day he had blown out the welding machines.

The doctors insisted on a full physical examination. They were unable to locate any physical abnormalities that would account for Ramon's problem with machines.

In 1981, Ramon was in-between jobs and went to stay with his mother in San Fernando, California. One day he was sitting outside talking with his friend, Oscar, (pseudonym) when they saw an object high in the sky. It looked metallic, but was flashing bright red, green and yellow colors as it appeared to rotate.

"Go inside and get some binoculars," Ramon said.

Oscar ran inside and came out seconds later with the binoculars. At that moment, the object darted toward them at high speed and stopped about 200 feet high over their house. After only a few seconds, the object took off again, moving north. It was about 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon.

Two days later, Ramon's uncle (his mother's brother) came to visit. He had a remarkable story to tell. Two days earlier, just after 3:00 p.m., (immediately after Ramon's sighting) Ramon's uncle was with other workers out in a farm field when a UFO showed up. It hovered overhead, then moved lower in a zigzag falling leaf motion and landed in the field next to them.

All the workers grabbed their hoes and ran toward the object. As soon as they were about to reach it, the object lifted up and landed about 100 feet away.

The workers ran up to it again, and the object again lifted up and landed 100 feet away. This occurred one more time, at which point the object left.

Ramon asked his uncle to describe the object, and his uncle described exactly what Ramon and Oscar had seen. Says Ramon, "This thing showed itself to me, and then flew over and showed itself to my uncle in Fresno."

Things soon became more bizarre. A few days later, Ramon was woken up at 2:00 a.m. by the phone ringing. It was his friend, Oscar.

"Ramon," he said urgently, "Come over to my house. They want to talk to you."

“Who?” Ramon asked, confused.

“Come over, Ramon. They want to talk to you.”

“Who wants to talk to me, Oscar?”

“Come over to my house. You’ll understand. You’ll understand.”

At this point, Ramon’s mother was also awake, and she guessed what was happening. “Don’t go!” she begged him. “Don’t go.”

Ramon kept talking to Oscar. “What are you talking about?” he asked.

“They said to come over, Ramon, that you’ll understand.”

“Don’t go!” Ramon’s mother pleaded. “Please, don’t go.”

Ramon turned back to the phone. “I can’t go, Oscar. It’s too early.”

The next day, Ramon went to meet Oscar. He asked what the phone call was all about.

Oscar looked frightened and refused to talk about it. Ramon asked him again, but still Oscar refused.

Three weeks later, after repeated requests, Oscar finally broke down and spilled out his story. “Something’s been happening to me,” he said. “And I haven’t been telling you for fifteen years.”

Oscar said that for many years, he had been visited by ETs. He often sees a craft outside his window, and shortly later, human-looking figures appear in his bedroom. They are tall, with an olive complexion, and have blond, shoulder length hair. They wear what looks like flight-suits, beige, with a diagonal band over the chest, from shoulder to hip.

The men, Oscar said, visit him and give him various messages. Often, they appeared in the backseat of his car on the way to and from work. On the night Oscar called Ramon, the men had appeared in his home and told Oscar, “Tell Ramon to come over, he’ll understand,” a phrase they repeated several times. Oscar did as they asked, but Ramon had refused.

Ramon was shocked. Not only himself, but his friend too! They were both having contact. Ramon later learned that their neighbor had seen Oscar a few days earlier. It was very early morning and Oscar had parked in front of the house. He appeared to be talking to somebody in the backseat, however, the neighbor couldn’t see anyone there.

On another occasion, Ramon was taking a shower. Looking outside the window, he was shocked to see a UFO. The moment he looked at it, he heard a loud voice say, “Now is the time to accept the stone!”

Ramon knew exactly what the message meant. He had recently been attending a spiritualist church group, which had discussed sacred stones allegedly “not of this earth” which were “regurgitated” by church members. The stones reportedly had special properties and were being held in a secret location. Ramon felt that the message was a request for him to “bring forward stones that were not of this earth.”

Ramon refused. He felt like in some way, it would be a betrayal to his faith. He ignored the strange request from the UFO, and decided to remain strong in his faith to Jesus Christ. He had switched from Catholicism to Christianity. And increasingly he began to look upon his experiences with a religious perspective. Could the grays be evil? Could they be demonic?

In 1982, Ramon found a welding job for a company in North Hollywood. He had to purchase new $200 boots to protect his feet. The job entailed working late into the evening, and he usually left for home around 3:00 a.m. Thankfully it was a short drive to his home in San Fernando.

He had worked there for only a few months. Then, in December 1982, Ramon had missing time while driving home. He woke up alongside the road, a few miles from his home. He walked home. They later found his car parked in a lot behind a random building a few miles from his job.

The next night it happened again. Ramon was driving home and then suddenly found himself on the sidewalk, a few miles from home. A long search for his car revealed it to be parked on a small cul-de-sac on a residential street about a mile or two from his job.

For the next three nights, Ramon again had missing time. On a few of these occasions, he saw the UFO coming for him, and recognized the familiar magenta, pink, and gold lights. He, his wife and family were all upset. Each morning, Ramon's brother had to spend the entire morning searching for his car.

Ramon was afraid to leave work each evening, but he needed the job. He thought of the chaplain's assistant and the prediction he had given Ramon, that a time would come when conflict in the Middle East escalated, and Ramon would be taken onboard. The Iran-Iraq war, Ramon knew, had been raging for two years. Israel had just invaded Lebanon. It seemed like everything the chaplain had warned him about was coming true.

The next night, on the way home from work, it happened. Ramon was driving home when he felt his car taken over by a strange force. Suddenly the gas pedal, steering and brakes no longer worked. Something else was driving. "They took control of the car," Ramon says. "I had no control. The damn thing was going 90 miles an hour. It took me past Sylmar, past the city of San Fernando. I took my hands off the steering wheel. I put my hands up in the air until it stopped at the I-14 Freeway."

The car pulled itself off the road at the junction of the normally busy 5 Freeway near Palmdale. A large glowing object was coming down in a falling leaf motion near the highway. The object had three large glassy dome-like protrusions on the under-side.

Two other cars pulled over to watch the object, one on each side of Ramon's car.

“Pray for me,” Ramon told them, “because they’re going to take me. Pray for me.”

The people prayed for a few moments, but as Ramon’s car began to shake, he told them to leave for their own safety, which they did. Ramon was now alone. The UFO then landed about 150 feet away. The highway was now strangely empty of cars.

Ramon watched a gray exit the craft. “No harm will come to you,” the gray told him telepathically. “Have no fear. No harm will come to you.”

Two other grays appeared right next to his car. They pulled him from his car, clamped down painfully on either arm, and floated him toward the craft. “They had a clamp on my biceps like a vice,” Ramon says. “When they took me, they were dragging my feet, but then we began to float up. When I got up to the base of the UFO, they floated me up, then they tilted me at a 45-degree angle, and I was going onto the ramp, and then my heels hit. They did that all under their control, and then they left me by the captain of this damn UFO.”

Ramon was angry. Remembering his training in the Marines, remembering what the chaplain’s assistant had said, Ramon decided he was going to do his best to protect and defend himself. He began to argue with the leader.

“You told me you weren’t going to hurt me!” he accused the gray. “And these guys did. I thought they were going to break my arms.”

“Did any harm come to you?” the gray asked.

“Yes!” Ramon replied angrily. “And they jacked up my boots!” The tops of his new boots were covered in scratches.

By now, they were inside the craft. The gray walked Ramon to the center of the room, which was rounded, white and brightly lit. “No harm is going to come to you,” the gray repeated.

“How can I trust you?” Ramon said.

Suddenly an opening appeared to the left. A young, exotic-looking, red-haired woman appeared in the opening, behind the gray. She was dressed only in a hooded robe, which she opened to reveal an attractive body.

Ramon was shocked. “Oh, my God! You’re a female!”

The mention of God seemed to agitate the gray. “Your God? Your God?” the gray asked. “Where is your God?”

Ramon felt that his spirit was being tested. “Don’t you see Him?” Ramon said. “He’s standing right next to me.”

The gray didn’t respond. Instead, he pointed to the room where the lady had exited. Looking inside, Ramon was surprised to see a bed. The woman lay down on the bed and began to pose seductively. “She was an extremely pretty woman,” he says. “She was a nice-looking woman.”

Curtains surrounded the edge of the room, which was lit with the familiar gold, magenta and pink lights. Ramon felt that the purpose of the lights was to relax and

distract his mind. The gray led him inside.

Ramon surveyed the room. “I went to the circumference of the craft, and I pulled back the curtains to see if I could get out of this place to escape…I had made up my mind I was not going to go down without a fight.”

He looked back at the woman. “Temptation was there,” Ramon says. “She was an extremely beautiful woman.” But remembering his faith and his marriage vows to his wife, he refused to get on the bed. The woman never spoke. Instead she kind of grunted and hissed. Ramon wondered if she was even able to speak. The gray walked in quickly and took Ramon from the room.

Ramon was disturbed by the urgency of the gray. *This is deception* , he thought, and he kept looking for ways to escape. If he could, he thought, he would attack them or try to destroy this ship.

“He took me to the room where the control panels of the craft are. They had chairs in there like a dental chair. There were two chairs. And he was trying to tell me how to work the craft.”

The gray explained how the pedals and levers maneuvered the craft. Ramon felt, however, that the gray had ulterior motives. “It was trying to distract my mind from what I should be thinking about: how the hell am I going to fight my way out of this?”

The gray led Ramon from the control room to another chamber. Ramon was shocked to see that the wall was lined with more than a dozen large, aquarium-like tanks each of which held a full-grown fetus or baby suspended in a greenish-blue bubbling liquid. The tanks rested on a metal railing.

As Ramon entered, all the babies turned to look at him with open eyes. “The babies turned around and looked at me,” he says. “They were alive and they were breathing underwater. They actually turned their little heads and looked at me.”

By this time, Ramon had studied the UFO phenomenon, and he knew exactly what he was seeing: these, he thought, must be the missing fetuses taken from female abductees.

When Ramon saw the fetuses, he thought of the woman who had just tried to seduce him. *Was that lady one of these babies* , he thought, *and how long has she been on the craft?*

The gray seemed upset. “So, then he took me out of that room to the middle of the craft where there were two additional dental chairs.”

“Sit down in the chair,” the gray said. “The doctor will be here. The doctor’s coming.”

Ramon was unable to resist, and he sat down. “Out of the air,” Ramon says, “a table top floats up right to me over my knees and just stays there.” On the table was a petri-dish type container.

At that moment, a taller gray walked in. “He comes over and tries to put a cup over my genitals,” Ramon says. “They started to take off my shirt and unbuckle my pants.”

Ramon broke free from the semi-paralysis and tried to fight them.

“Calm down,” the doctor gray said. “Calm down. Everything will be okay.” He pushed Ramon back into the chair.

Ramon felt a surge of anger. And summoning his Marine combat training, he lifted his arms and pushed the gray forcefully down onto the floor. The gray quickly stood back up.

Suddenly Ramon found himself by a half-dozen more grays.

The doctor gray told the other grays, “Hold him down.”

“They started to push me down into the dental chair,” Ramon says. “And I was fighting back.”

The doctor gray then tried to place a mask-like device over Ramon’s face, presumably to sedate him so they could obtain their sperm sample, Ramon thought. He saw that the doctor’s fingers were twice as long as a human’s, and appeared almost claw-like.

Ramon lost consciousness. When he awoke, he saw that the floating table with the collected sample was being removed. The doctor gray saw that Ramon had woken up, and began to replace the mask.

Ramon felt himself losing consciousness.

At that moment, a loud commanding voice said, “Awake! Awake!”

Ramon woke up and struggled to remember what was happening and where he was. To his dismay, he was still onboard the UFO.

Suddenly an opening appeared in the side of the craft. Ramon raised his head to see several glowing figures. One of the figures, to his complete shock, was the chaplain’s assistant he had met seventeen years earlier, in Japan. Next to him was another figure that took Ramon’s breath away. It was, he believes, the Archangel Michael. Behind them, were four other human-looking figures with olive skin and glowing with supernatural light. Angels, Ramon thought.

“Awake!” Michael said, speaking to Ramon.

The next thing Ramon knew, he blacked out. When he woke, he found himself sitting in the passenger seat of his car, which was now parked in front of his house. Next to him, in the driver’s seat, was the chaplain’s assistant. “See, I told you,” he said, smiling. “Go, rest.”

Still in a daze, Ramon went inside and straight to bed. When morning arrived, the chaplain’s assistant was gone. Ramon’s car, however, was still in the same place, in a spot where he would never normally park it.

From that point on, Ramon’s life was never the same. His faith in Jesus, God and Christianity became the primary focus of his life. He had faced the grays and

prevailed. He didn't remember everything that happened. He couldn't recall leaving the craft, or how the chaplain's assistant had gotten into his car.

Life marched on. After his welding job ended, he found a job as a school custodian. In 1987, he married again. He and his new wife moved to a new house in Palmdale, California. The very first day of his marriage and moving into their home, both Ramon and his wife heard the familiar whooshing noise. "The exact same noise," Ramon says. The noise sounds very much like a stick being swung sharply through the air, or a rope, much in the manner of a bullroarer. Every time he hears that whirring noise, he knows the UFOs are around.

Ramon continued to seek help. He connected with various UFO researchers including Bill Hamilton and Ann Druffel. He had the opportunity to speak with Travis Walton, and heard details in Travis's experiences that matched his own.

His UFO sightings continued.

After moving into their new home, Ramon and his wife decided to get some brickwork done outside. He went outside to check on the workers. "I look up," Ramon says, "and right above my house I see eight small discs flying around, high up over my house."

He approached one of the workers. "Do you see that?" he pointed at one of the discs.

"Yeah, I see it," the worker said. "Look, there's a red light coming out of it."

The other workers stopped, and they all watched the group of black objects moving in a circle over the house for about five minutes and then take off. Two of the workers became frightened and refused to discuss the incident.

While the abductions seemed to have stopped, the sightings and strange events continued.

One memorable incident occurred at Ramon's workplace. It was 7:00 p.m., June 26, 1993, and Ramon and the other custodians and maintenance crew had just finished eating when one of them ran back inside and said that a UFO was hovering over the boys' gym.

Ramon looked outside and saw it. "The UFO seemed to hide itself behind the giant trees located at the rear of the gym."

Ramon asked the other custodian to go outside and get a closer look, but the man was too frightened.

Unable to find anyone else to join him, Ramon returned inside. He had a long list of chores to complete. He found his co-worker, Maria. They were working the night-shift together. They were alone in the school's main office, stripping and waxing the floors. So, when they heard a loud sound coming from the hallway, both of them became nervous. They checked, but nothing was there. Still, they both felt a strange "presence."

The very next night, working again with Maria, she revealed an incredible story. That morning, right after showering, Maria heard someone moving around in her house. She put on her robe and exited the bathroom. A strong wind swept through the hallway. Looking ahead in the hallway, she saw "a small alien being." It was a gray, and it dove quickly through the wall. Maria ran into her living room. The front door was wide open and the gray now stood in front of the door. Then it floated outside to her front yard, went over the rose bushes and to the sidewalk. It turned its head, opened its mouth and shouted a word like, "Yeek!"

The being then stepped into the street, shouting again, "Yeek! Yeek!" At this point, it floated upward and into a black-colored object hovering just over the street. As the object took off, Maria saw a red fiery light underneath, and heard a loud roar.

Ramon was amazed. Maria knew nothing about his own experiences. Despite working together, the subject of UFOs never came up. Was this connected to his own experiences? He didn't know.

In the mid-1990s (approx.) Ramon began to see a black helicopter flying around his house. "There are no markings," he said. "It's all black."

For a period of months, it seemed like the helicopter was always there, flying by at random times.

Then, one day while driving near his house, the black helicopter appeared and followed him home to his house. Suddenly a loud metallic-sounding voice shouted down at him. "You down there!" it said. "Come here! Stop, come here! Ramon, is it you? We know you're there. Come here!"

Ramon stopped the car. "And I looked at it. It just stopped in the middle of the street, then turned around and boom, just took off."

Ramon shuddered and returned home. The voice reminded him of the voice that used to call him on the phone, saying garbled words that he couldn't understand.

On Christmas day in 2004, Ramon and his wife drove down into the San Fernando Valley from Palmdale. They were going to drop off some presents. Ramon looked up and to the right and saw a disc-shaped object.

"Oh, my God!" he shouted to his wife, who was driving. "Look at this! Look!"

"I can't," she said. "I've got to drive."

Ramon rolled down the sun roof and was able to see the object. "It goes back like it's pacing the car. Then it goes back over the mountain range."

The object was gone, and Ramon didn't think much of it other than it was another one of those UFOs that seemed to follow him everywhere. That evening, they drove back to their home in Palmdale.

As they pulled into their little suburb, Ramon saw a strange light. It hovered above an isolated gully in the hills above his subdivision. Ramon knew the area as he had hiked there before. There was nothing there but rocks.

“It was like a big cobalt-blue cigar,” Ramon says. “It followed us as we turned onto our street. We went midway down our block and it followed and went right over my neighbor’s house, and it just rested there. This was the most beautiful bright blue-green light that I’ve ever seen in my life. It was right across the street, about twenty-five feet over my neighbor’s house…to me it looked like metal, and on the outside, it was giving off this beautiful blue-green light.”

They pulled into their driveway and jumped out of their car to look at the object. “I see it,” says Ramon, “and then boom, it just takes off.”

As he continued to research about UFOs and his own experiences, Ramon learned that other members of his family were also having UFO experiences. His grandparents, who were religious, believed that the experiences were spiritual. “When the owl approaches you,” they told him, “curse it and send it back to where it comes from.”

When Ramon’s aunt died, her home had to be cleared out and sold. His aunt was religious and many paintings of religious figures decorated her walls. The family received a surprise when they discovered that on the back flipside of all the religious paintings, there were drawings of alien beings. “It was like she was leading a double life,” Ramon says.

As time went on, Ramon had flashbacks to his time in the military. Following his year-long assignment in Vietnam, he had chosen to work in food service. While food service didn’t involve the danger of being in a grunt unit, Ramon had to wake up in the wee hours of the morning to prep food for breakfast. Now, weird memories were coming back to him of his time there.

Often, while working in the mess hall, at around 3:00 a.m., a strange-looking man would come to visit. “He looked human, but not human,” Ramon says. “His eyes were very much elongated. He would always be in one of the mess halls at 3:00 o’clock in the morning.”

Ramon saw this same man many times. He knew something was going on, but he didn’t quite understand, until one day, the man was there again, and this time, he brought another man, who also had the same odd appearance and strange eyes. Ramon decided to see if he could get a closer look. “And one day,” he says, “I looked at the back of his head closely, toward the neck area.”

Ramon could barely believe his eyes. The skin on the back of the neck was not normal. In fact, it looked translucent. “You could see like a pulsating gel, like the texture of Jell-O. It was pinkish white, and you could see into his body.”

Ramon was shocked. The man’s neck reminded him of yellow jackets in their embryonic stage, when their entire insectoid bodies are translucent and you can see all the organs.

One of the men spoke to Ramon and said that the new visitor was his brother and was also in the military. Ramon didn’t believe the man.

Ramon now realizes that he was being manipulated. He now believes he was still being taken places by the military to meet with these reptilian-looking alien beings.

"I was being taken from location to location," Ramon says. "I was taken to meet them. I remember climbing up the steps with them, following the guys into these big trailers. And these particular guys in there, they were military, but they had patches on their chest, emblems of eagles. Lately, I've been getting little bits and pieces of this back. I don't know what to make of this."

One evening in September 2006, he saw an odd-looking light hover over the mountain behind his house. He had purchased a 3,000,000 candlelight flash-light, and flashed it at the object. There was no response, at first. "About fifteen minutes later," Ramon says, "as I came back inside my house, I smelled smoke in my bedroom, and saw that my remote control for my TV had melted."

In early March 2007, Ramon had just done an interview with the author of this book (one of many.) He hung up the phone, and five minutes later, his three-year-old son said, "Daddy! The star was in the street! The star was in the street."

Says Ramon, "He walked me to his bedroom and opened the bottom part of the blinds, and with his little finger pointed to the street and said, 'Daddy, the star was in the street!"

"Last night?" Ramon asked, confused.

"No, Daddy," his son replied. "When you were on the phone."

Three days earlier, around 3:00 a.m., Ramon's wife woke up to change their child's training diapers. Suddenly Ramon heard a weird whistling noise outside.

"Did you hear that?" he asked his wife.

"Yes," she said. "You left the window opened."

Ramon checked the window; it was closed. Ramon's wife went back to bed, but Ramon decided to read. Suddenly he saw a weird billowing smoke-like pattern on his wall. This was something he had seen before over the last ten years, but only infrequently. Tonight, he saw the same thing, only it was much more defined. "I noticed an outline of what looked like a seven-foot-tall man with a hood on."

Thankfully, it eventually dissipated. Ramon doesn't know if it was a spiritual manifestation, or related to UFOs. All of his strange experiences, he was coming to realize, were probably connected.

On March 23, 2007, Ramon went outside to put some soda cans in the garage refrigerator when he saw two star-like objects hover behind his neighbor's house. He grabbed his industrial flashlight and flashed it at the star-like objects. There was no reaction and he went back inside.

The next night, while driving home with his family from the shopping center, they saw an object "bright like a welder torch" float down behind the same neighbor's house. The object turned to a blue-green color, and then into a black solid object and

disappeared. “It made no noise whatsoever,” Ramon says. “It was like it was telling me*, you want to shine lights? Well, look at this!”*

Over the next few weeks, Ramon occasionally heard the weird sound that meant the UFOs were in the area. Around this time, Ramon received a call from the Veteran’s Administration. They wanted to follow up on some recent dental work he had undergone. They told him they had found something strange on his X-rays, “a button-sized, round disc-like object of some unknown source.” They told him it was located “below the lower jaw, right above the aorta valve of the heart.” They wanted him to take an ultrasound so they could get a closer look.

In May 2007, he and his family had to leave the house for a few days. They left the dog in the backyard, which was fenced in. He had enough water and food to last for days.

When Ramon returned, his dog seemed sick. Her condition quickly deteriorated. Ramon rushed her off to the vet, but his dog passed away. His dog, he said, looked like he had been burned. His tongue looked all leathery. He blames the UFO.

“It came across the street and followed my car home! It showed itself across the street when I flashed the light at them. They were flashing at me, and I flashed back. But then they come and kill my dog. So, they threw the first punch. That took me away from the fear, and into the fighting realm. They brought out that old Marine Corps mentality. That’s basically where I’m at right now. The fight is on…I know my dog is in a better place, but I’m really pissed off. These beings killed one of my family members. It’s taken away some of the fear.”

On the evening after Mother’s Day, Ramon was woken up by his son screaming in terror. Ramon checked on him, found nothing wrong, and soothed him back to sleep. The next morning, they both woke up with apparent needle marks on their forehead.

In August 2009, Ramon emailed researcher Bill Birnes. Shortly later, Ramon heard the familiar high-pitched whirring noise, then saw the strange “billowing white smoke” on his bedroom ceiling. He called his wife, and she saw it too. “I was hoping it was not the beginning of an abduction,” Ramon says. “I hate to say it, but it was almost like Hell’s gateway, the smoke and all.”

The billowing stopped, but the noise continued. Ramon opened the shutters on the window and looked outside. Two very bright, cigar-shaped objects hovered outside. “They were so bright,” Ramon says, “it was like looking at millions of diamonds with a bright spotlight behind the diamonds.”

The objects hovered for a short while, then moved slowly off and disappeared.

Over the next few nights, he saw more of the brilliant objects, still high in the sky, but very bright. He observed one through his binoculars and could just discern the silver-gray metal of a craft. It was a UFO for sure. Suddenly, a memory flooded back into his mind. He was seventeen years old at his grandparents’ house and a UFO had landed next to the family’s garden plot. He now remembered more of the

experience. “This was around 1963,” Ramon says. “I was in the kitchen area maybe around midnight. The outside of the house lit up so bright, my aunt screamed, ‘Everyone stay together! Don’t be afraid! Be brave!’”

Ramon could hardly believe what happened next. “All the family members were frozen in place. No one could move. Then the aliens came inside the house. The screen door opened by itself and I walked out with the aliens to the craft by the oak tree. I remember floating to the craft.”

At this point, his memory of the incident ends. Still, even today, weird snippets of memories continued to come back. Even though he is now 73 years old, he still has sightings. His most recent occurred in January 2020. His son also saw it. Ramon remains fearful of being taken onboard again.

“I don’t relish the thought of seeing one of these ugly suckers face to face. I know it’s going to happen to me. It’s coming my way. Why God picked me…I don’t understand it…You get into the grays, which I’ve seen before I even read about these damn things. I’ve seen these things close. I’ve seen them before, and I never want to be in an enclosure with them where I couldn’t escape from them.”

In September of 2019, Ramon prayed to God to remember what happened to him after Michael appeared during his abduction. A voice answered, saying that his memory would be returned. As if on cue, the memories flooded back.

Ramon remembered being onboard the UFO when Michael commanded him to awake. Michael then turned to his fellow angels. “Help him up,” he ordered.

The grays tried to stop them when, Ramon says, Michael held up his hand and an instrument of some kind emitted a beam of light “like a laser.”

The grays stepped back.

“Take him,” Michael said. “Take him back now.”

“When I turned around,” Ramon says, “the black chaplain and one of the other angels got me up and helped me to the door of the craft…I could see the glow coming off their chests. When I got outside onto the platform, I looked to my left, there were angels from the base of the craft all the way up to the mountain range, for about 1500 yards.”

Ramon was amazed and in awe. “That mountain range was full of angels. They were all in rows.”

Ramon was led down the ramp and into his car. The chaplain got into the driver’s seat. Ramon blacked out. When he woke up, he was back at his home and the black chaplain smiled and said, “See, I told you. Remember?”

Ramon nodded. “Rest up,” the chaplain told him.

“I actually got rescued and taken back to my home,” Ramon says. “He saved my life.” Ramon believes the chaplain was an angel. He believes that the grays are essentially fallen angels, and that there is going to be a battle between Good and Evil over the fate of Earth and all humanity. Whatever they are, he says, the possess

a very advanced technology, and are able to control time, space, matter, energy and gravity. He still wonders what kind of role the military played in his UFO encounters, and what exactly happened to him, and others, at the Basilone Homes government housing project.

"We were one big giant experiment," Ramon says. "I think what happened to us in 1953, we were just a big old experiment. It all ties together."

Chapter Four: Marked by the Grays

"Get up and come with us!" The voice was male, loud and commanding, almost irresistible, and 39-year-old Kim Kammann found himself waking up out of a sound sleep.

"Come with us," the voice repeated. "We're not going to hurt you." Strangely, the voice seemed to echo *inside* his head. As he sat up in his waterbed and peered around the darkness of his bedroom, Kim received an incredible shock. A short, thin figure stood at the foot of his bed, staring directly at him. He recognized the figure instantly. It was one of those so-called *grays* that he had heard about on TV. It was 1994, and by this time gray-type ETs had often been featured on television. Only this was not on TV. It was happening to him! It was after midnight, and he was alone in his house in Bourbonnais, Illinois. His wife -- an emergency room nurse -- was working the night shift at the local hospital.

Although he had seen drawings of the beings, Kim was still amazed by how *alien* the being looked. It stood about three and a half feet tall, had a large, bald, egg-shaped cranium with an oversized forehead. Dark, liquidy, oval-shaped eyes wrapped around the side of its head. It had a very small nose, and a small mouth with no noticeable lips. He didn't notice any ears. Its skin was a pale gray, and it appeared to be either nude or wearing a skin-tight uniform. Its body was very thin, and there were three fingers on each hand.

Kim noticed all of this in a matter of seconds. "Come with us. We're not going to hurt you," the voice repeated a third time, again echoing telepathically inside his head. "Just relax. It's okay."

Kim was surprised by his lack of fear. Instead, he felt himself unable to resist the gray's commands, and he dutifully leaped out of bed and stood at attention. Only then did he notice two other identical-looking gray figures, both of who stood at arm's length to his left.

It never occurred to him to resist as he was led out of his bedroom and into the living room. As he says, "I was in somewhat of a shock, kind of amazed or awed. All I know is I got up and walked out. I really wasn't scared. I don't know how to describe it. It wasn't like I had control of myself. They said come with us, and I did. It wasn't like I really had much of a choice. They didn't try taking my hand or anything like that."

The first figure walked in front. Kim followed directly behind him, and the two other grays took up the rear.

As soon as they reached the living room, Kim received another shocking surprise. The entire back wall of the house leading to the backyard was gone. It had somehow disappeared. Instead of the wall, there was a large open space. It was as if the wall had turned invisible, or just disintegrated. *What happened to the wall?* he thought.

He didn't have much time to observe as the grays promptly led him out of the hole and into the backyard. He could feel the wet grass on his feet and the cool night air on his skin. Looking up, his attention was immediately drawn to a large object hovering silently about forty feet over the corner of his home. The object was circular with a 40-foot tall dome on top. Bright colored lights flashed on and off around the circumference. In the bottom center there was one very bright white light.

Kim was immediately mesmerized by the vivid colored lights, and he whispered a silent, "Wow." In the past he had owned an electric color wheel, which contained multi-colored fiber-optic lights. When spun, the wheel would light up in a blaze of multi-colored illumination. This object exhibited a strikingly similar though much more dramatic effect, and it now consumed his full attention, entrancing him completely. The lights flashed red, green, blue, and yellow in random sequences.

As he examined the craft, the bright light in the center suddenly flared up. Says Kim, "I remember this beam of light beaming down. It was like looking at a spotlight. The light was so bright. I don't know how they did it…they took me aboard."

One second Kim was standing in his backyard looking at the UFO; the next second he found himself lying down on a table inside it. The interior was dimly lit. Says Kim, "It was a circular, round room. All I can remember is being on this steel or concrete-like slab, like an autopsy table. I've never been into an autopsy room, but it kind of looked like that. It was a plain room."

For the first time Kim felt a sudden flash of real fear. Movement above him caught his attention. A long metallic instrument was telescoping out of the ceiling and aiming straight for him. Says Kim, "It was kind of like a power tool-type of deal stretching down from the ceiling. I don't remember any of the beings being there. They probably were; I was just focused on this thing coming down from the ceiling."

Kim cursed silently as the instrument moved toward him. At that exact moment, he suddenly lost consciousness. An unknown number of minutes later, he woke up back in his waterbed. Without knowing exactly why, he immediately grabbed his left arm and examined it. Says Kim, "They did something to my left arm. There was a red triangle. It was a quarter inch, by a quarter inch. It was indented into the skin."

The mark was a perfect triangle located on his forearm, about three inches below the elbow. Kim's heart raced as he poked at it. There was no blood, nor was it painful. He looked at the clock. It read 3:30 a.m. He jumped out of bed and quickly turned on all the lights in the entire house. He tried to calm his fear as he raced to the phone and called his wife at work.

"You are not going to believe this," he said and quickly spilled out his entire story. His wife told him that she would be home in a few hours and to hold on until she

arrived. However, over the next hour, he called her nearly a dozen times. She finally came home and comforted him.

Kim wasn't sure what to think. He had always believed in UFOs. In fact, his fraternal twin brother Kevin had revealed his own encounter, which involved being taken onboard a craft by 15-foot tall Praying Mantis-type ETs.

Could there be a connection there , he wondered. Or perhaps it was because his house was the very last house at the end of a cul-de-sac, and was somewhat isolated from the others. He had also seen a UFO back in 1975 while employed in the Air Force, but it was a distant sighting and didn't seem to be related.

He had just retired from a long and illustrious military career a few years earlier. Says Kim, "In the Air Force I worked with the Special Forces Team, and I was a mechanic for what the Air Force calls their combat control team. It's a foreign air controller and they go in and they vector in fighters from bombing missions and stuff like that. I was with a combat support outfit. After Vietnam ended, they disbanded that organization that I was with, and I was just a regular mechanic after that for the next year and a half. And in the Air Force, I was an electronics and radar repair technician working with laser-guided weapons systems."

Kim's squadron was the first to implement the laser-guided weapons system, and were able to improve accuracy from within 200 feet to within six feet. Because of this, they received an award from the Secretary of the Navy.

As a 39-year-old military veteran, Kim had access to good medical care at the local veteran's hospital. As soon as it was morning, he called up the hospital and spoke with a mental health professional, telling him, "I need to talk to somebody about this. I have a mark that's been left on my body." The idea that he had been marked by gray aliens seemed crazy, and he wanted to make sure that he wasn't having some kind of psychotic break.

The psychologist agreed to see him. Kim drove two hours directly to the hospital, showed the doctor the mark and told him what happened. The doctor examined the mark again and told Kim that he wasn't crazy and that judging from his story, the mark didn't appear to be psychosomatic. He then said, "Well, there are one or two ways you can look at it. You can say it didn't happen and deny it, and have trouble accepting it. Or it happened, there's nothing you can do about it, and just continue on with your life."

Kim wanted the doctor to take photographs, but the doctor didn't and sent him home. Over the next few weeks and months, the mark faded only slightly. Kim told his brother and a few others about his encounter. Otherwise, he kept it a secret.

As time passed, he became increasingly curious about the phenomenon, often watching television programs about UFOs. Seven years after the incident, in 2001, he was watching another special on UFOs when a program came on featuring a person who also said that she had been marked by the grays. The screen moved to a

close-up on the mark. Says Kim, “They showed the triangle. I thought I was going to crap in my pants at that moment. It was like ice went down my back looking at that. I was like, ‘Oh, my God!’ And my wife just looked at me and said, ‘Hey, that’s the same mark you have on your arm, isn’t it?’ Yep. It was the same mark that I had on my arm.”

Kim has no desire to investigate his experience further. He has never had his arm X-rayed. The mark is smaller, though still easily visible. He has considered hypnosis, but he already remembers much of it consciously and as he says, “What I don’t know isn’t going to hurt me.”

He, of course, believes and knows that UFOs are real. As he says, “I always thought there were extraterrestrials out there. When it happened to me -- I am convinced. I am very solidly convinced of it now.”

In fact, today he remains curious about what it might be like to have another encounter. Says Kim, “It was a little scary, but I wouldn’t call it an unpleasant experience. If I had to go through it again, I probably would, because they didn’t hurt me. I don’t know what they did, if they put an implant in me or not. I can’t say I was forced into doing anything. No anal probes. But I know they put that mark on my arm, and it was a pretty good-sized mark.”

Chapter Five: Lynnette's Monsters

At three months of age, "Lynnette" was much too young to remember her first UFO encounter. Her parents told her what happened, though getting the details was like pulling teeth. Late one evening in 1957, Lynnette and her parents headed down a highway through a rural area of LaGrange, Georgia. Shrouded in near complete darkness, their only source of illumination was their headlights. Suddenly ahead of them, the road lit up in a brilliant circle of light. Lynnette's parents looked out the window and saw a large, glowing, silver object pacing their car at treetop level. "It had lights going around it, and it was egg-shaped," says Lynnette. "He sped up, it sped up. He slowed down and it slowed down. Then the car just died. He remembered blue light hitting my mom and I. When he came to, it was twenty-seven minutes later, he was outside the car, and his watch-face was broken. He doesn't know how he got out of the car."

Lynnette, at only three months of age, has no memory of this incident, and only pieced the story together many years later. Her father usually refused to say anything other than it scared him very badly.

Lynnette's first actual memory of anything strange was around age five or six. She kept waking up to find small dark-gray beings in her room. "I didn't know what they were," Lynnette says. "These things used to come out of my closet. I thought they were monsters. They were small, dark gray, and they were really pushy. I was a very passive child. So, whatever they'd tell me to do, I would do. They told me to get out of the bed and go. And they'd take me."

One time, Lynnette questioned them and resisted leaving. They seemed surprised and they told her, "You have been coming for years. You have always gone with us."

"I'd wake up bruised," says Lynnette. "I'd wake up with little holes in my body. It looked like a little hole-punch from leather. It would punch a hole. They are all over my lower abdomen."

Whenever she remembered seeing them, Lynnette would scream. Her father would search the room with his shotgun, but never found any trace of intruders.

At age six, Lynnette had a powerful premonition. It was 1963, and she was watching television with her father. The screen showed President Kennedy and his wife Jackie getting off a plane. "Something bad's going to happen," Lynnette blurted out. "They're going to shoot him!"

Lynnette's father back-handed her across the head and said, "Don't you say nothin' about the President!"

The program continued and showed Kennedy in a procession. "I can't watch this, Daddy!" Lynnette said. "They're going to kill him. They going to shoot him in his head."

Her father said nothing until the event actually happened. Even then, he said nothing about it. “My dad just looked at me,” Lynnette says.

This sort of thing had happened before. At age four, Lynnette had a vision that her father had a car accident. She could see the car overturned and heard her father screaming. “It’s just a dream,” her mother said.

A half hour later, Lynnette’s uncle showed up on the doorstep with the news that Lynnette’s father had been in a catastrophic car accident, and was lucky to be alive.

Later, she would have visions of the assassination of Martin Luther King. Again, she told her parents. Although they knew of Lynnette’s uncanny predictions, there was little they could do.

From age five to seven, Lynnette’s “monsters” made regular appearances, pulling her from her room. At some point, the visitations slowed down and stopped. Or Lynnette suppressed them. Perhaps the ETs did. Lynnette often had the impression that she was supposed to be quiet, and not talk about what happened. Unable to stop the grays from coming and taking her away, she dealt with it by denying the events, forgetting about them, refusing to talk about them. Her best defense mechanism was to just explain them away. “I thought I was a weird kid because I had all these horrific nightmares,” Lynnette says. “I thought they were very frightening dreams. I had no words for them, so I told myself they were dreams. None of this was happening, absolutely nothing. I went through a long period of not acknowledging anything at all, not until my dad and I started to see things outside in the sky.”

One evening in 1972, Lynnette’s father came inside and announced excitedly that a UFO was outside. He grabbed his telescope and rushed outside. Lynnette followed.

A glowing object hovered high in the sky. Lynnette thought it might be a balloon, however, through the telescope she saw something else. “There’s this cigar-shaped thing, and it’s got orange, purple and white lights going around it.”

Her father told her that he had seen it darting around in all directions. At some point, it moved away. But it was to be the first of many instances in which they saw strange lights or objects hovering and darting over the area, usually at very high altitude.

Another strange incident happened one year later, in 1973. Lynnette was now sixteen years old. The only thing she remembers is that their dog, Red, half Pointer and half Rhodesian Ridgeback, suddenly went crazy. For no reason she could imagine, the dog changed. “He was afraid of everything, including his shadow. He would bark this high-pitched terrified bark. He would run and throw himself in front of cars until finally, he was killed.”

It wasn’t until years later, when she spoke with her brothers, that they told her an amazing story. Lynnette, they said, had taken a walk with Red in the woods behind their home. She had come running back, saying that a UFO had landed in the woods, struck Red with a beam of light, and taken him.

Lynnette had no memory of the event, but her brothers insisted that it happened. "We always knew you were crazy," the older brother told her. "You weren't the same after that. Neither was that damn dog."

It was shortly after Lynnette's experience occurred that her younger brother suddenly went missing. He was gone for several hours, and the whole family began to search the neighborhood. Finally, he walked out of the woods saying that he saw a craft land in the woods. Beings came out of the craft and took him and the dog.

Her youngest brother denies that this ever happened, but Lynnette remembers the incident and so does her older brother. "You're both crazy," he said.

Lynnette does remember that things started to get very strange around this time. "I started screwing up electrical appliances," she says. Street lights flicked off when she walked under them. Lightbulbs exploded when she flipped on the switch. She gave up on wearing watches. She developed a "morbid fear" of owls. Shows like *Star Trek* sent shivers of terror down her spine.

It was around this time that Lynnette and her family took a plane trip to Erie, Pennsylvania. Suddenly a strange object appeared and began to pace the jet. "All of us on the plane saw something flying with us, next to us. It was silver, egg-shaped, and it would flit around. It went straight along with us, and all of a sudden shot straight up in the sky. We all said, 'Where did it go?' We looked down, and it was slightly below the plane, and then on the other side of the plane."

Then there was the missing time and waking up in places where she shouldn't be. "Sometimes I'd wake up in the living room, or the kitchen. Sometimes they're not always gentle dropping me back down."

As she grew older, more strange things happened. Most alarming, a number of unexplained pregnancies that first tested positive, suddenly disappeared. It first happened in 1976, when she was nineteen years old. She was about five months along. She had visited the doctor several times and was taking pre-natal vitamins. One morning, she woke up and felt she was no longer pregnant. She went to the doctor and he confirmed her suspicions.

"But I didn't miscarry," Lynnette protested.

"It was absorbed," he told her.

Lynnette was in disbelief. How could her baby have just disappeared at almost five months? It didn't seem possible. Says Lynnette, "I was like, what the hell happened? Where did it go?"

One evening in August 1980, she woke up to find a painful lump on her leg. When it persisted, she went to the doctor, who was baffled and unable to explain it.

Life marched on. Lynnette married, had children. She moved to the Bangor, Maine area with her husband. It was during this time, throughout the 1980s and early 1990s, that she kept becoming pregnant, and then the baby would go missing.

It happened four times. “There were four,” Lynnette says. “I always know when I’m pregnant, as soon as it happens.”

The second time, Lynnette carried the child until about four or five months. “I had positive pregnancy tests, taking vitamins, going to the doctor.”

One morning, she woke up and she was no longer pregnant. In addition, she had another unexplained scoop-mark on her abdomen. “It was just gone,” Lynnette says. “There was a hole in my lower abdomen. I knew I was not pregnant anymore. I went to the doctor, and they said, ‘No, you’re not pregnant.’”

It happened at least twice more. On the last occasion, Lynnette and her husband had separated. While they still lived together, they weren’t physically intimate and would soon be divorced. There was no way she could be pregnant. And yet she was, until once again, she wasn’t. By this time, she could no longer pretend that her life was normal. It wasn’t, and she knew why. Extraterrestrials were abducting her.

Though she had a total of five missing pregnancies, Lynnette ended up having seven children. From a very young age, all her children showed signs of having contact. “My oldest son, it started when he was about ten. He painted vivid pictures of grays, and something called fire mountain. I don’t know what it is, but he kept painting it over and over.”

Next, her daughter and next youngest son, “Lee,” began to talk fearfully of scary leprechauns who would take them away.

One evening, Lynnette sat on the living room couch when suddenly Lee began screaming, “Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!”

She was about to jump up and run into his room when she was struck by a green beam of light. It was then that she saw two gray aliens escorting Lee from the house. “I can’t move,” Lynnette says, “but I can hear and see everything. And they take him from his room, into the living room, to the kitchen. And the walls just open up like vertical blinds, like nothing, just opened up.”

Lynnette has no memory after that, except waking up the next morning. She was sure now, however, that her children were involved.

Lee woke up feeling very groggy and began having dreams of things being stuck into his neck.

She soon found proof that all of her children were having contact. “My children and I all have the same little, round, healed, scalpel-mark across our hip, the same hip, the same size, the same shape.”

In 1994, at age forty, she noticed an odd pain in her side. It worsened to the point where it hurt to hug somebody. She went to her doctor, who sent her to a specialist. The news was bad: she had a softball-sized tumor in her right lung.

Surgery was quickly scheduled. “They wanted to take out twenty-five percent of my lung,” says Lynnette. “The day before surgery, the doctor came for some X-rays, and the thing was gone. It was gone. It had grown over a three or four-month period.

They had no clue, and they were going to take out a quarter of my lung. But it was gone. There were X-rays and cat-scans of that thing. It was gone."

Her surgeon was baffled. "I don't know what the hell happened," he told her. "It's a spontaneous healing, I guess."

The healing may have taken place during an abduction which occurred around that time. She recalls being pulled from her bedroom, down the hallway, across the living room to the kitchen. "The wall opened up in the kitchen, and I went out."

Lynnette found herself flying, superman style, through the air, with the grays floating along with her. Terrified of heights, Lynnette became consumed with fear. "You won't fall," the grays repeated several times. "You won't fall."

"I looked down," says Lynnette, "and there were six cars, and they weren't moving. And the people weren't moving." The sight was absolutely bizarre. The cars appeared normal, with headlights blazing, but it was as if time had become frozen. There was no movement whatsoever.

Suddenly Lynnette felt herself being propelled upward. The next thing she knew, she was inside a craft. She was greeted by a peach-skinned female with bright blue eyes, holding a thin, stringy-haired newborn baby in her arms. "Welcome back," the being said. "So glad to see you."

I don't know you, Lynnette thought. *I've never been here.*

"You've been coming here since you were a little girl."

Lynnette's memory of the experience ended.

It was around this time that visions of tall buildings being hit by planes began to flood her mind. They haunted her for a very long time. Seven years later, when 911 happened, Lynnette was shocked to see her horrific visions had come true.

Lynnette's experiences continued. She'd wake up to find grays around her bed, and fall unconscious, only to wake up hours later being dropped back into bed. Memories of being onboard a ship filled her mind. She remembered being vaginally probed, instruments being jammed down her throat, needles being thrust up inside her nose. After each of these experiences, another mark would appear somewhere on her body.

Her health began to suffer. "I have an autoimmune disorder the doctors can't decipher. I have scarred holes up and down both sides, under my arms, on the back of my legs."

At some point, she went to a dermatologist to get a professional opinion. Perhaps her scars could be attributed to some rare skin disorder. The doctor said no, he was unable to account for her scars.

Not all her abductions were painful. Sometimes they would abduct her and perform cleansing or purifying procedures, reducing her stress and bad emotions. She liked those experiences. They were healing and rejuvenating. But they came only rarely.

One evening in 2001, Lynnette and her friend were driving north along Interstate 95 through Augusta, Maine when they saw a bunch of what appeared to be shooting stars. Further along the highway, they had just passed through Etna when a bright light whooshed overhead. Lynnette first thought it was a meteor, until the object swooped lower, reversed course, came back toward them and landed in a field next to them along the highway. "We were on a hill," Lynnette says. "We looked down into a field. There was this black egg-shaped thing. It was about eight or nine feet off the ground. It didn't make any noise. It was just sitting there."

After watching it for a few moments, Lynnette and her friend returned to their car and drove off.

On another occasion a few years later, Lynnette was driving from Brewer to Bangor with another friend when they saw a "huge egg-shaped thing" move slowly overhead, slowly enough for them to follow it along Route 1A. As they drove, they saw other people pulled off the highway, standing outside their cars and looking at it.

About the time they reached the town of East Holden, the object disappeared. They drove a short distance further to find an incredible sight. A huge group of cars had pulled off the highway. About fifty people stood along the highway, looking back in the direction Lynette and her friend had just come from.

They got out and discovered that all of the people had seen the same object. One trucker said the object came overhead, and caused his truck and entire electrical system to fail. As the object departed, his truck started up again. They stood there for a while until people began to leave.

Meanwhile, back at her home, Lynnette's abductions continued.

Sometimes beings other than the grays appeared. A few times, figures that looked like upright grasshoppers about four feet tall appeared. "You know too much!" one of the beings said, glaring at her menacingly.

In the early 2000s, she contacted both Budd Hopkins and John Mack. In 2004, she was about to visit John Mack when he was killed. She has never read anything about UFOs as she finds it too frightening. The only reason she pursued investigating her own experiences was because she was concerned about her children.

Around 2011, (at age 54) Lynnette had an onboard experience unlike any she had ever had. She went to bed and woke up to find the room filled with blue light.

She opened her eyes and there were six grays standing around her bed. "They were short and gray, with the big black eyes. There's no mouth. There are two little spots like nostrils, but not really a bump. The chin is pointed, and the head is rounded. Their arms are long and thin and willowy."

"Let's go!" they said.

"Hell, no!" Lynnette said, clinging to her bed. "I'm not going anywhere!"

"You've never resisted before," they said, expressing confusion.

Suddenly there was a strong feeling of vibration and a "sing-song" tone. The vibration increased. She felt herself encased in a golden light. Then she was levitated from her bed and placed on her feet. She was still fully conscious.

"It was as frightening as hell," Lynnette says. "Two grays walked on either side of me with their hands pointed toward my side, but not touching me. And the walls opened up like vertical blinds, and we went out and straight up, so fast. There's no warning, it just happens. And I'm in this place that looks like the inside of a naval ship."

She found herself being escorted down a metal corridor, through a couple of small rounded doors like you'd find in a submarine. The room then opened up into a large chamber. In the center, a small oval-shaped table was suspended in the air. "They put me on it," Lynnette says. "There's nothing to hold me down, but I'm held down."

She saw another gray, taller with almost silvery skin. Unlike the others, who had dark eyes, this figure had neon blue eyes.

He then did something she couldn't believe. "He plunged his hand into my chest…like nothing was solid," Lynnette says. "It hurt. I could feel pain. I first thought he had something in his hands, but I don't know if he did or not. I couldn't see. I just saw the hand going in beyond the fingers, almost to the thumb. He had three fingers, and they were webbed, from the palm to the first digit. And I hurt, and I almost felt like I was burning."

"Your heart is physically and spiritually healed," the being said. "It is to our benefit to keep you well." He then told her that she must stop eating meat, that eating meat is like consuming your own flesh, that it was because of her diet that they had to heal her heart. "You must tell people to stop eating animals," he said. "You must tell people that you are all interconnected. The power of intention is real. Thought is real. If you don't stop putting out the greed and negativity you are putting out, you are going to kill your race."

Lynnette was stunned by the message, but the being was insistent. "The power of intention is real," he repeated. "Thought is reality. You must pay attention because you are going to do what we did."

"He was concerned that we're going to self-destruct like they did," Lynnette says, "that we're going to become nothing like they did. They chose to become higher beings, and in doing so, they bred out their emotions and lost the ability to reproduce."

At some point, the same being took her to a room filled with "giant bell-jars with babies growing in them."

Lynnette saw that the beings appeared to be half-human, half-gray. They were hybrids.

"These are yours," the being told her. "We can't breed anymore."

“He was telling me that they don’t have emotions -- it’s been bred out of them -- but they’re trying to breed them in.” The being then gave her a series of prophecies or predictions. He warned Lynnette that Buffalo, New York would experience a devastating explosion, that there was a huge earthquake fault in Missouri leading south through the center of the United States, and that there would soon be a series of hurricanes that would make Hurricane Katrina look small in comparison. He said that they had warned her about 911, and were giving her these predictions because of what she had given to them. “It’s a gift to replace what we’ve taken,” the being said.

The being said that there were going to be more sightings and that if people should start disappearing from the planet, it was because of them and was being done for the “universal good.”

The being told Lynnette that throughout human history, their visits had been recorded as angelic visitations. “We are who the angels are,” the being said. “We are who you have thought were angels.”

The being said that many cultures have worshipped them as Gods, that they’ve been coming here to earth for many thousands of years.

They said that they have manipulated the genetics of both humans and animals. They claimed to have specifically boosted the emotional intelligence of dogs and cats in an effort to improve their ability to associate with humans.

“Can you please stop taking me?” Lynnette asked.

“No, your eggs are still good. We cannot stop until we are finished,” the being said. “I am a part of you,” he said. “I am a part of you. I’m here to protect you. I will always protect you.”

Lynnette suddenly realized who the being was. He was from her first missing pregnancy. He was her son.

“You must remember this,” the being told her. He explained that they want her to tell people about them, and about her experiences. “They want me to tell people,” Lynnette says, “And that’s just so bizarre because it’s always been such a thing to be quiet, be quiet.”

At some point, the experience ended. She’s not sure if she remembers it all, as her next memory is of waking up the next morning. More experiences would follow.

On one occasion, she was pulled onboard a craft and was being examined when she heard her son, Lee, (then age fourteen) screaming, “Momma, help! Momma!”

“What are you doing to him?” Lynnette asked.

“You don’t need to worry about it,” they said. “He’ll be okay.”

On another occasion, she was taken onboard and guided to a room. They put a “navy-blue shiny covering” on her body. It clung to her skin so tightly, it appeared to become a part of her. “You have to do something,” the being said.

“What do I need to do?” Lynnette asked.

“You have to hold this child,” they said, handing her a hybrid baby.

“I didn’t want to,” says Lynnette, but she did. “It’s like I don’t own my own body anymore.” The baby was ugly, she thought, and its human-gray appearance scared her badly.

Despite the healing, the physical and emotional trauma she has already experienced at the hands of the gray ETs, and the fact that her children have become involved, have left her with a negative impression of her encounters. She has obeyed the ETs’ edict to stop eating meat and is currently a vegetarian.

Although she is now in her sixties, her experiences continue to occur. She just wants them to finally end. She feels almost as though the ETs think of her as we think of farm animals. “I want them to stop,” she says. “I’m afraid to sleep at night. When it happens, I’m so exhausted. I wake up at 3:21 [a.m.,] and there they are.”

She doesn’t believe the ETs are evil, but often the grays seem to act with little compassion. “That’s how it feels,” says Lynnette. “They’re just doing their jobs.”

Lynnette has no answers about why she’s being contacted. “I don’t know why they talk to me,” she says. “They’re really frustrated with us, because we’re just not getting it.”

Chapter Six: Where Is Paul?

In 1978, Tony T. was a young man in college. He and a group of a half-dozen friends often spent weekends up in the deserts outside of Palm Springs, California, where one of them had access to a remote cabin. On this particular evening, they were all at the cabin when one of the friends, "Paul," decided to take a late evening walk by himself.

Several hours passed; Paul had not returned and Tony and the others were becoming worried. It wasn't like him to just disappear. They were getting ready to go out and look for him when he suddenly returned.

"Where were you?" they all asked. "We were about to go search for you."

"I saw something land over in the hills over there," said Paul, "So I went walking over to check it out. It was a UFO."

Paul's friends looked at him in shock. "Wow," one of them said. "You're bullshitting us. I don't believe in that stuff." They laughed and told him to shut up. Everyone seemed to be skeptical.

Tony, however, believed in UFOs. He knew that Paul wasn't the kind of guy who joked about things, and he was interested in what Paul had to say. He began asking him questions. "What did you see?" he asked. "What did it look like?"

Everyone turned and listened.

"Well, it was this saucer kind of shape," Paul said. "There were people, these aliens. They looked kind of like us."

Paul gave a long description of the figures, which Tony now recognizes as the typical grays, or perhaps gray-human hybrids. They were short, about five feet, with grayish skin. They had large dark eyes, bald heads and wore white uniforms. "They were walking around the outside of their ship," Paul said, "so I went down to see what was up."

"Really?" asked Tony. "Did you talk to them?"

"Yeah," said Paul. "I went in their ship and looked around in it."

"Wow!" Tony replied. "What happened?"

"Well I talked to them. They're going to be back here." Paul said that the aliens were going to return on a certain day, about a year from now. Their traveling schedule, they told him, would bring them to this exact area.

"Yeah?" one of the friends asked. "So, why?"

"Well, said Paul, "Because they wanted to know if I wanted to go with them, and they're going to take me with them."

"No! No way!" Tony and the others chorused.

"Seriously," Paul protested. "They said if I want to come, be here at this day a year from now, at the same spot."

Most everyone shook their heads and said, “Yeah, yeah, you’re full of it. You’re crazy. You’re full of shit.”

Tony, however, believed Paul and asked him, “What are you going to do?”

“I don’t know,” said Paul. “I’m going to think about it.”

“You should have come back and got me,” said Tony. “That would have been cool. We could have at least gotten them to give us a ride around a little bit and come back.”

Tony was impressed by Paul’s story and was eager to see what his decision would be. He didn’t have to wait long. Says Tony, “Over the year, coming up to that time, he started getting rid of all his stuff. He gave all his stuff away. Everybody started getting a little worried, and his family thought that maybe he was going through a mental breakdown or something, because he was just getting rid of all his possessions. He said, ‘I don’t need this anymore. I don’t need them.’”

Tony spoke with him several times. “Are you thinking of going with these guys?”

“I’m going out there,” Paul said. “I don’t know. I’m going to go back there. I don’t know if I’m going to go with them. I don’t know.”

“Well, make sure everybody knows where you’re going.”

There wasn’t really much else to say. At this point, Tony didn’t really believe Paul would actually leave. The whole story seemed crazy. But Paul appeared to be seriously considering going out there. And sure enough, when the day arrived, it happened. Paul drove off alone into the desert to meet with the aliens.

Says Tony, “He went out to the desert, to that place, the day that they were supposed to be there…we didn’t hear anything after a couple of days. His parents were worried. They called us and asked us. We said that we knew pretty much where he was going. So, we all go out there. And we found his car, out there, out in the middle of nowhere, just parked, out in the desert there. Some of the people thought that maybe he might have committed suicide. His car was there, his car keys. He was never seen again. We never saw him or heard a thing from him. From that day he was gone. He disappeared. He was twenty-two years old.”

After finding Paul’s car abandoned with the car keys in it, Paul’s parents filed a missing person’s report. The police questioned them extensively and then began to question Paul’s friends, including Tony. Each of them told them what happened that evening, that Paul claimed to have come upon a landed craft, and that they had invited him to come along. “This is all I can tell you,” Tony told the police. “This is what he told us happened out here.”

The police had no choice but to believe the witnesses. Paul was never seen again. To this day, Tony wonders if his friend Paul is still alive, living his life somewhere out there onboard a UFO.

Chapter Seven: The Flying Saucer & the Atlantean Bracelet

In the early 1980s, James Santiago was a very successful and famous nightclub performer, though to avoid the politics of celebrity and for other reasons, he performed under a pseudonym. His career, of course, necessitated a lot of traveling. And if there was one thing James hated, it was long car drives. Therefore, pretty much without exception, he always traveled by plane.

In 1982, his busy schedule took him to Calgary, Alberta, Canada, where he did a month-long series of performances. His next gig was a few hundred miles away in Vancouver. He was, of course, going to fly, but then he met Cleo Jensen (pseudonym.)

Cleo Jensen was a world-famous artist with numerous paintings hanging in museums and other institutions around the world. Her daughter, Melanie, (pseudonym) was a make-up artist and worked closely with James in his shows. Melanie and James soon became very good friends.

Melanie mentioned several times that her mother was a famous painter, but James didn't pay much attention until he actually saw the paintings. An accomplished artist himself, James instantly recognized the master-quality of Cleo's work. Melanie smiled and told him that her mother was coming to visit, and that she would introduce her. "She's very eccentric," she warned him. "With my mom, all this wild stuff happens."

James smiled, and told her that anybody who could paint like this couldn't be that bad. However, James was shocked when he actually met her. Eccentric was a bit of an understatement. "She was the strangest woman I have ever met," James says. "Melanie tried to prepare me beforehand, but there's no preparing you for that."

Cleo was a heavy woman in her mid-fifties. She had extremely pale white skin and long white hair which she tied partly up in a Mae West-knot and left the rest hanging. She dressed in all black and wore no make-up except for black eye-liner on her lids and around the entire eyes. She was a strict vegetarian and a germophobe. She was extremely wealthy, highly intelligent, psychic, outspoken, opinionated, didn't like most people -- and for some reason, James found himself intrigued with her. For whatever reason, they just hit it off. Says James, "She loved me. She thought I was the greatest thing since sliced bread."

She had a hundred other idiosyncrasies, but James didn't care. One morning over breakfast, James, Melanie, Cleo and several others were at the same table when Cleo began staring oddly at James.

James wondered if something was wrong when Cleo finally said, "Let me see your hands."

James held his hands open. She grabbed his wrists and glanced at his palms. “Oh, you have the mystic M’s on your palms,” she said, and then launched into a spiel about psychic abilities, karma and other spiritual subjects. Much of it went over James’s head. At the time, he had virtually no exposure to occult subjects. He came from a well-to-do Spanish family and was raised as a strict Catholic. But as he says, “the Catholic stuff didn’t stick.” At an early age, his mother died and he had a dramatic encounter with her ghost. The experience convinced him of life after death. However, that was pretty much the limit of his experience with anything paranormal.

Cleo, he thought, was different from anybody he had ever met. As she finished talking about James, she said, “I have to go to Vancouver. You should come with me and cancel your flight.”

James’s first thought was, *are you on drugs?* But instead of vocalizing it, he just said, “No, not in a million years,” and explained his aversion to long car-rides.

Cleo, however, was also very stubborn, and she continued to urge James to cancel his flight and just take the car-ride with her. She would do all the driving. They could stay in a hotel and be there in two days, plenty of time before his booking.

Still James said no. Cleo, of course, continued to insist, and then Melanie got into the act, telling James, “You should go with my mom.” Melanie explained that she would go herself, but she had prior engagements in Calgary, and she would fly into Vancouver in time for the show. Melanie explained that her mother was wealthy enough to afford whatever she wants, but owned little except for her car, which she basically lived out of, staying in hotels for only a few days at a time, and traveling around the country. The car was Cleo’s only real possession.

Says James, “She was a very strange woman, really strange, a very peculiar person, so I’m definitely not driving with her. But she worked on me for a week and a half. I cannot tell you to this day why I agreed to do it, but I finally said okay. I caved under the pressure, and I did it.”

When James saw her car, he got another clue of how unusual Cleo was. It was a shiny, midnight-blue, customized Montecarlo, with a spotlessly clean white leather interior. At the time, he didn’t realize how special the car was. “I was to find out more about that car as the trip progressed,” James says.

As he got in and they drove off, he said to himself, “Oh, my God! You moron! What are you doing?” But it was too late. He was now committed.

By now James was used to Cleo’s frequent strange requests, but still, her next question surprised him. They were only twenty miles out when she asked, “Do you have any pennies on you?”

James looked at her with a puzzled expression. “Ah, yeah, I have pennies.”

“Do you have a lot? Do you have a lot of change?”

“Well, yes, I have a box of change in my luggage, yes.”

“Would you mind,” she asked politely, “taking out all the pennies and the quarters that are sandwiched with copper.”

“The pennies *and* the quarters?”

She nodded.

“Okay, no, I don’t mind. Why?”

She was silent for a moment, and then said, “I think you should know I’m being followed by UFOs.”

James looked at her in shock. His first thought was, *Oh, God. Here I am in the middle of nowhere in Canada with this crazy woman who’s being followed by UFOs, and she wants to know if I have any copper!*

Cleo then explained that the UFO people were somehow able to receive her or track her with the copper, that it helped them to follow her and she absolutely would not have any copper in the car. She told him that she had every bit of copper in the car taken out and replaced with pure silver. “I don’t know how many hundred thousand dollars she paid for this car,” James says, “because it was like a James Bond car. It had all this weird stuff in it, but it looked like a normal car.”

At this point, they were driving through a small town. James said, “Okay, it’s in the back. Pull over here and let’s open the back.”

Cleo pulled over and James fished out his box of change. A young kid was walking by and James motioned to him, “Kid, come here.” The young boy walked over cautiously. James himself was making good money, and was not about to waste his time separating the various coins. Instead he handed the box to the kid and said, “Here, this is your lucky day.”

They got back into the car and drove off. After a few minutes, Cleo said, “You don’t believe me, do you?”

James looked at her and shrugged. “I don’t know.”

“I’m telling the truth,” she insisted, and explained that she had been followed by UFOs her entire life. She started to tell him more, but it became apparent that James wasn’t really interested.

However, Cleo was more stubborn than James and she approached him from a different angle. It turned out that Cleo was also extremely intelligent and contained a wealth of knowledge about various occult subjects. She spoke about the ancient Egyptians and then began educating him about Atlantis. She told him Atlantis was real, and that it was a very advanced civilization, and that many of the children of Atlantis have re-incarnated today with the hopes of rectifying the world’s present volatile situation.

James was entranced by her stories, and amazed by her beliefs and obviously extensive knowledge. He shared the story of his encounter with his mother’s ghost, and she reassured him that it was a real experience and that there is, in fact, an invisible spiritual world around us.

They spent the next six hours driving and talking about various esoteric subjects. Says James, “It was just the best day. We were bonding like crazy and I was feeling so good. I never thought that in a million years I would bond with this woman, but she’s like the coolest woman. I totally didn’t understand. She’s a great teacher, and we were really enjoying each other’s company.”

Around dusk, they pulled over at one of the last gas-food stops before they had to cross the Rockies. Cleo said, “Well we should get something to eat because it’s going to be awhile before we get to the other side.”

James agreed. They went inside the little diner and ordered a meal. As they ate, they couldn’t help but notice that the two men at the table next to them were staring. Says James, “They sat and they just stared at us the whole time, not once took their eyes off of us. It was weird.”

They ate their meal and continued their journey. The road now started to rise into the heart of the Canadian Rockies, twisting and winding as it snaked through the steep mountain passes. James again began to feel some trepidation about embarking on the journey, and he hoped that Cleo was a good driver.

It was around 9:00 or 10:00 o’clock. They had both been quiet, marveling at the rugged landscape. Suddenly Cleo turned to James and asked him, “Do you feel the pressure?”

Pressure ? James wondered. *What pressure?* “No, I don’t,” he answered, wondering what Cleo was up to this time.

“Well, you will,” she said flatly. “We’re about to see a UFO.”

James gave her another perplexed look. *A UFO? Was she kidding?* Not knowing how to respond to such a bizarre declaration, he remained silent. Seeing that James was skeptical, Cleo also said nothing.

Then, a few minutes later, he felt it. Says James, “We’re driving along and all of a sudden I feel this pressure. It was like somebody pushing -- not in a painful way -- but there was definite pushing on my head and on my shoulders, and just pushing my body into the seat. It was a palpable pressure. My whole body was just pushed into the seat. I was surprised, of course. It didn’t hurt at all. It was just surprising and disconcerting. I had never experienced anything like that.”

“Holy shit!” James exclaimed. “I can feel it!”

Cleo looked at him and smiled. Although she said no words, her I-told-you-so expression said enough.

James didn’t have time to ask her about the pressure when suddenly an enormous saucer-shaped object appeared above the car. There were no individual lights, portholes or markings on the object. Instead the entire object glowed an exquisitely beautiful turquoise-green color. The illumination lit up the entire interior of the car and a circle of the road around them. The object took a position about forty feet above the car and maintained it with absolute precision. It was completely silent.

Cleo let out a small yell and, apparently unhappy to see the UFO, pressed the accelerator to the floor. James, on the other hand, was thrilled to see the object. In fact, the mere presence of the UFO seemed to be affecting his consciousness in a way that he found hard to describe. Says James, "I was so excited. I've never been that awake in my life. I was so in the moment, and I remember it so vividly. I was not the least bit afraid. I was totally enthusiastic and excited and hoping they would land and I would go up and *knock-knock-knock.* "

Cleo looked up at the UFO and then gave James another *I-told-you-so* expression. "See? I told you," she said.

"I apologize," James said. "How could I have known? The world doesn't even know. Now I know. I'm sorry."

Cleo smiled dryly as she turned her attention back to the road. The car screeched as it tore around the steep curves. James looked at the railings alongside the road. Suddenly they seemed thin as toothpicks, and he wished that Cleo would slow down.

At the same time, however, his attention was riveted to the object above them. It was perfectly silent and maneuvered with incredible agility, as if it had a governor that locked to their car. To his amazement, it continued to follow them into the mountains. Says James, "It stayed with the car for a really long time -- I mean, like ten minutes -- and that's an eternity in that heightened state. It was long enough that I started relaxing with it. I was really getting into it. It was so beautiful, the turquoise glow of it. It was really pretty."

Everything James looked at seemed to take on deep meaning. The way the turquoise light lit up the white upholstery, the whiteness of the doors, the way Cleo's leg stiffened to press the gas pedal -- everything seemed so vivid and almost surreal. As he stared at the object, he told himself, "Remember this forever and all time. Burn this into your memory because you're going to tell people about this and they're not going to believe you."

As the time passed, James noticed that the weird pressure on their bodies was increasing. After the first ten minutes, the pressure began to feel very strange, and James felt his first glimmerings of fear. As he says, "It was starting to get uncomfortable. It just felt really weird. It not only felt like you were being pushed into the seat, your ears felt like when you dive into the bottom of a swimming pool. It was pressurized, kind of like that."

Despite the increasing pressure, James was still ready to get out of the car and jump onboard the UFO. Cleo evidently felt the pressure get stronger too because she turned to James and said, "Open the glove box and take everything out."

James looked at her and shaking his head with puzzlement, obeyed her strange request and emptied the contents of the glove box onto the floor.

“Now reach your hand in,” said Cleo, “and you’ll feel a button. Push the button and a door will open. Reach in and take out the contents and put it between us.”

James looked at her with disbelief and astonishment and began to wonder again what he was doing with this crazy woman. However, Cleo was adamant, so he reached into the glove compartment and felt around for a button. He was armpit deep before he found it hidden at the bottom. He pressed it and a latch flipped open, snapping painfully against his fingers. He pulled his hand out in alarm, then seeing Cleo’s stern expression, reached back into the glove box and found the secret chamber. Says James, “I could feel something heavy wrapped in cloth. I picked it up and I pulled it out.”

The object was wrapped in a velvety purple material. “Unwrap it,” Cleo said, “and put it between us.”

James quickly pulled away the folds of cloth and tossed it aside. His eyes widened with amazement as he realized what the object was. Says James, “It was this magnificent bracelet, but it was very large and very heavy. It would have to be for a man, because it would just knock a woman over, and it would fall off a woman’s wrist. Because it was big and thick, and it weighed a lot. It was solid gold, with all this filigree work that was just magnificent. And then there were six or seven of these big, oval, faceted stones that were sort of a sea-foam green set around it. The workmanship of it was staggering. I mean, it was like for a king. It was just so beautiful with the stones and the way they were glimmering in the light with that *thing* over us.”

James felt himself reaching a strange state of sensory overload. The UFO was exerting a tangible pressure on them and was easily the strangest and most beautiful thing he had ever seen. However, now that Cleo had revealed this incredible and clearly priceless piece of art, James felt his attention torn between the UFO and the solid gold bracelet, which also seemed to almost radiate with power.

“Put it between us,” Cleo repeated. James did and she slipped her right hand into it and motioned for James to do the same, which he did.

“Now rub it,” Cleo ordered.

James didn’t bother to ask why. The strangeness of his predicament was overwhelming, so he simply obeyed and began rubbing the bracelet along with Cleo.

Whatever alleged power the bracelet had, it seemed to work. Says James, “Within four or five seconds, the pressure started to lift. Then the craft went up and it was gone.”

Cleo finally slowed down the car and James peered upward through the windshield. The craft was definitely gone.

They continued rubbing the strange bracelet for a few more minutes until Cleo finally said that they could stop. She motioned for him to wrap it back up and place it back in the secret compartment.

“Okay,” said James, and held up the bracelet for a quick last examination. He had never seen anything remotely like it. “What is this?” he asked her.

“Well…,” she hesitated. “It’s a bracelet.”

James rolled his eyes. “Well, I can see that,” he replied. “But where did you get it?”

“Well,” she said slowly. “It’s from Atlantis.”

“What?” James asked.

“It’s from Atlantis,” she repeated, and then proceeded to explain how she had come to obtain it. She said that when she was a younger woman, she was diving off the coast of Spain when she heard a voice in her head. The voice was clear and distinct, and actually guided her to a certain location on the ocean floor where the bracelet lay hidden. She followed the directions of the voice and was led directly to the location of the bracelet.

Again, James found himself in awe of this mysterious woman. While he wasn’t sure what to make of her story, the bracelet was undeniably real.

Cleo explained that her life was filled with similar incidents, and that she was closely watched not only by UFO people, but by government people from more than one country. She made enormous sums of money selling her paintings, and used the money to travel across the world, attempting to elude her pursuers. She spent several years living on Indian Reservations, but otherwise was constantly on the move.

She told James that on one occasion, she was exploring the mountains in Canada when she was guided to a remote area and led to a small cave. She went inside and was amazed to see *Egyptian* hieroglyphics along the cave walls. She quickly determined that they were authentic. Amazed, she contacted the authorities and told them the location. She returned to the location shortly later and was shocked to find that the entire area had been dynamited. The cave was totally destroyed.

James shook his head with disbelief. He was still reeling from the effects of the UFO encounter and the Atlantean bracelet. This was easily the strangest night he had ever experienced. His state of awareness still felt incredibly heightened. As he says, “I was so excited, and so awake. I’ve never been that awake in my life, that aware, that crystal-clear in my consciousness. It was a state of awakeness that I don’t think many people ever experience.”

Then, as they drove around the corner things suddenly became stranger. By now they were in the center of the Rockies, and the peaks rose overhead around them. Less than a quarter-mile away, landed on the nearest peak at eye-level, were two glowing saucer-shaped objects.

One of the craft glowed a bluish-silver, and the other one glowed a bright red.

“Oh, my God, look!” James said.

Cleo ignored him and though she clearly saw the objects, she kept driving. James stared at the objects, trying to make out more detail. Again, they appeared to be

featureless, but he thought he could just discern what appeared to be some type of landing gear. The objects remained landed. Cleo kept driving and after about one minute, the UFOs were out of view.

James looked at her in amazement, but she kept quiet and continued driving. They climbed down out of the Rockies, checked into a hotel around midnight, and spent the night.

The next morning, they continued the drive to Vancouver. The drive took all day and was uneventful. They reached the city just after night fell. However, as they pulled into Vancouver Harbor and approached the Lions Gate Bridge, Cleo turned to James, pointed up and said, "Do you see that star?"

"Yes," James said.

"That's not a star."

James peered up again at the star that wasn't a star. To James, it looked exactly like a star. "Well, what is it?"

"It's a UFO," she said.

"Okay, Cleo," James said. "We saw a UFO for real. I believe you. But that is a star."

"No, it's been following us."

"How can it be following us?"

Cleo shrugged. "Well, it has been."

James shook his head. "Cleo, forget it."

"It's not a star," she insisted. "Just keep your eye on it."

James did, and about five seconds later, the "star" suddenly moved straight up and then darted away to the west at thousands of miles per hour.

"Oh, my God!" James screamed out. He turned and looked at Cleo. "Oh, my God, I'm so sorry. I believe you. It's just this is all new for me. I'm such a moron. I'm sorry."

Cleo smiled and patted his hand.

They found the hotel where James was staying, and checked in and began the necessary preparations for his performance. He had a month-long booking. He was a huge success and was able to earn enough money to keep a young man happy.

He was enjoying his stay in Vancouver so he remained there for the next month. He kept his same hotel room. Melanie also decided to stay and was in the room directly below his. Cleo was off doing her own thing and then one day, she suddenly showed up.

To celebrate, they all decided to go out for dinner. James decided to shower first. Afterward, he stepped out onto the balcony to enjoy the view of the boats in the harbor and the beautifully-manicured Stanley Park, and to let his hair dry. It was a routine he had quickly adopted after arriving there, and was one of his favorite parts

of the day. On this occasion, the sky was gray and overcast. The sun had just set and it was dusk.

Looking up, James was shocked to see a group of three or four lights illuminating the cloud layer above him. Says James, "They were kind of dancing around. They were soft blue, reddish-pink and kind of opalescent. But I could see their movement up through the clouds."

James looked down on the ground for searchlights, but there were none. Nor were there any light beams reaching into the sky.

What is that? James wondered. As if in response, the lights came swooping down out of the clouds. Says James, "All of the sudden, two discs come out of the cloud cover and go *whoosh,* right in the direction of Stanley Park. They were metal disc-shaped objects. They didn't have any colored lights when they came out of the cloud, but they moved so fast I really couldn't see what color they were. They were metallic, they had that kind of look."

James dropped his hair dryer and screamed out, "Oh, my God! Holy shit!" He ran inside, grabbed the phone and dialed Melanie's number.

"Did you see that!?" he screamed.

"Oh, my God, yes!" she cried. "Yes, I was going to call you!"

"Well, come up here and go get Cleo."

"Okay, I'll be right there."

A few minutes later, Melanie rushed in alone.

"Did you get ahold of Cleo?"

"No," she said, explaining that Cleo wasn't in her room.

James and Melanie went back out to the balcony and began re-living the sighting, sharing with each other what they saw. Melanie had also seen the entire incident. Both were amazed that nobody else seemed to see the objects.

As they sat there discussing the event, there was a sudden flash of movement in the sky. Their eyes widened in disbelief. Coming out of Stanley Park at treetop level were the two metallic discs. Says James, "They came out of the park, but they were low. And when they got over the bay, they went up and into the cloud cover. We saw them go *whoosh-whoosh-whoosh* and they were gone."

Melanie and James looked at each other in shock. What was going on and where was Cleo? Moments later, there was a pounding on the door. They ran back inside and opened it. It was Cleo. She was breathless, her hair was disheveled and she was clutching her art supplies.

She explained that she had just been in Stanley Park drawing when two discs came swooping out of the sky and hovered right over her. She just had time to grab her things and run scrambling through the bushes back to the hotel.

Again, James couldn't help but believe her as he had seen the UFOs himself. He only saw Cleo a few more times after that. The last time he saw her, he called her

because his friend had a badly infected abscess tooth. Cleo had talked about psychic healing so James called her and asked her if she could come over and help. “I’ll be right over,” she said.

She arrived shortly later. She took James’s friend into the back room and closed the door. James sat in the living room. Suddenly he noticed an odd green light coming from the slit below the door.

A few minutes later, Cleo exited and said, “He’s sleeping and he’ll be fine.”

Sleeping? James wondered. It was still early evening and they hadn’t even had dinner. His friend would never sleep at this time. Cleo must have done something to him. Some moments later, he came out and reported that his abscess tooth was cured. To celebrate, they went out and ordered a steak dinner. After that evening, James never saw Cleo again.

“I know she said that the Canadian government watched her closely,” says James. “She said, ‘That’s why I change hotels all the time.’ And she said that’s why she took refuge with the Indians.”

While Cleo was undeniably odd, James says that meeting her changed his life. He became increasingly interested in spiritual subjects and began to study the works of the Enlightened Masters, particularly St. Germain. He also began to have a series of very personal, highly mystical experiences.

Then about five years following his UFO experiences with Cleo, he had another UFO encounter. He was on a weekend outing with three other friends on a yacht in the Sacramento delta. They had finished dinner and were sitting around enjoying a few drinks. One of them asked James to tell the story of his UFO encounter, which James did.

His friends began asking questions about the encounter when it happened. Says James, “All of a sudden, we hear this sound. And we look up and there’s this bright white and red thing -- like fire -- falling from the sky. It was a bright Christmas red, and then it kind of fizzled out.”

“What was that?” somebody asked, and everybody began to chuckle nervously.

However, their laughing suddenly stopped when seconds later, another object came out of the sky. This time, it was a vivid pure green color. Again, it came straight down out of the sky above them, as if putting on a display.

They all shouted out as the object appeared and then suddenly disappeared. At this point, everybody promptly lost consciousness, literally falling asleep where they sat. Says James, “I can’t remember how it happened, but we all fell asleep. I fell asleep next to Jason [pseudonym]. The other two guys fell asleep completely. I don’t remember falling asleep. Nobody remembers.”

James isn’t sure how long they remained asleep, but it couldn’t have been very long. Says James, “We all woke up within seconds of each other, and we all just sort

of laughed. We said, 'Oh, we must have been really tired from the dinner.' And we staggered off to bed. We never even talked about it."

The next morning, it was as if the incident had never happened. In fact, James never thought about it until years later. Only then did he begin to wonder how he and his three friends all could have fallen asleep, literally on top of each other, in a matter of seconds, immediately after seeing UFOs. Is it possible, he wondered, that they had been taken onboard?

Since then, James has had other indications of UFO activity. He has had many dreams about UFOs. Says James, "They're all different, but I'm the one who sees them [the UFOs] first. And I'm always the one who keeps everyone from freaking out."

One particularly vivid UFO dream involved an amusement park. James was in line to get on a ride called the Tilt-a-Whirl. It was shaped like a disc, and around the inside perimeter of the disc, there were compartments for each person to stand in. Then the disc would spin and tilt upwards, with the centrifugal force keeping everyone pinned to the side. It was a ride James had seen many times. However, in the dream, the ride was actually a flying saucer in disguise, and he was urging everybody to get onboard, telling them how much fun it would be, and that they would love it. As soon as everyone, including James, climbed on board, the disc began to spin. It then transformed into a UFO and took off into outer space. At this point, the dream ends.

On other occasions, James has woken to find unexplained bruises on his body. He never thought much about them until he recently began reading about UFOs and discovered that mysterious marks on the body can be an indication of unremembered close encounters.

As he thought about the possibility that he might be a UFO abductee, James suddenly recalled a strange incident that occurred during his childhood. At the time that it occurred, he had no idea what it meant. Now, he suddenly made the connection.

He was nine years old on his uncle's ranch in Oregon. The area was lush and green, with thick forest and towering green ferns. Shortly after he arrived, James was instructed to never go into the forest alone, that if he did, he would get lost and never find his way out or get eaten by wild animals.

James knew what he had to do. The first chance he got, he slipped off into the forest alone and began to explore. James discovered that he loved the wilderness, and he spent many hours exploring around the ranch, finding hidden glens and springs, and other neat spots.

One afternoon he was in the forest at least a half-mile from the house. He sat on a log playing with a stick when he had the strange sensation that he was being watched. Looking up, he saw two figures standing behind a clump of ferns only a

dozen feet away. James quickly averted his gaze. He knew he was not supposed to be out alone in the forest, and he realized that he had just been caught.

Then James hesitated. The figures he had seen did not look normal. Mainly it was their complexion, which was a pale ghostly white. They both stood together nearly touching, unmoving and staring directly at James. Also, this was his uncle's farm and it was private property. Nobody else should be there.

He looked back up, but the figures were gone. *Who was that?* he wondered, and seeing nothing, he continued playing.

Another incident occurred when he was even younger, which looking back, he wonders if there might be some type of ET connection. When he was around five or six, he had a toy phone which sometimes gave off tones by itself. Even at that age, he knew it was inexplicable, and he never forgot about it.

Looking back on his life, James saw that it was filled with unusual and paranormal experiences of many kinds. While his experiences with Cleo occurred in his twenties, he went on to become phenomenally successful, not only as a performer, but later, as a make-up artist in the film industry. Like Cleo, he became very wealthy and often lived out of hotels.

In 2011 James Santiago was diagnosed with prostate cancer. Despite treatment, he died within a few months. In 2012, Cleo died of old age.

Chapter Eight: Examined by Extraterrestrials

Some people who have onboard UFO experiences find that their encounters are shrouded in a powerful amnesia. Many of the people who fall into this category can consciously recall only brief snippets of the onboard segment of their experience. Sometimes, they have to resort to hypnotic regression to overcome the memory blocks apparently set up by the ETs.

However, for every rule there are exceptions. In this case, the exception is Teresa Healy (pseudonym.) Throughout her life, Teresa has experienced multiple onboard UFO encounters. She has never undergone hypnosis, but still remembers much of what happened.

In most ways, her experiences are pretty typical. Her first experience occurred in the early 1950s at age five in her childhood home in Illinois. She woke up one evening to a loud buzzing noise filling the room. She then found herself paralyzed. Suddenly, there was a shift and she found herself inside a strange room surrounded by weird beings. She screamed in terror as they tried to examine her physically. After a few moments, she broke the paralysis and woke up in her bedroom.

Each experience followed this same pattern. She would wake up in her bedroom to hear a strange noise or buzzing sound. This always signaled the beginning of an abduction. She would then be taken to a strange place that was brightly lit, where strange creatures would examine her. As she grew up, the encounters occurred regularly and rarely varied.

Says Teresa, “When I hear this noise, or this sound, I’m paralyzed. I can’t scream and I can’t move and nothing comes out of my mouth. And then I’m around on this gurney and I see all these…forms surrounding me. And I’m in a bright light. And I know I’m being observed.”

Like many abductees, Teresa is unable to recall exactly how she was transported from her bedroom into the UFO, a phenomenon known as “doorway amnesia.”

Once onboard, she is undressed, laid out on a table and examined. It was often a traumatic experience. Says Teresa, “I’ll put it for you this way, honey. It was not enjoyable. I would not be in my room, but on this gurney, or on this table, like an examining table, being observed by these forms or whatever was around me. And they were talking. I don’t know what they were saying. They were talking in a different language. They never talked to me. I could hear them conversing, but I don’t know if their lips moved or if I was listening to their mind. I don’t know. I saw someone point to me. But I had this big bright light on me, and I couldn’t scream or anything. And when they brought something -- I don’t know if it was an instrument or what it was, but I knew I had to get out of there.”

Like many people taken onboard UFOs, Teresa’s ETs appeared to be a version of the commonly described grays, with the typical minor variations. Says Teresa,

“They were tall. They were not small; these forms were tall. To me they looked stately. I don’t know how to describe it…I didn’t see a face. It was something like an oval, but rounder on top, then came down. It was a black form, like a silhouette. They were all around me on this table. It was like I was paralyzed, and I wanted to scream and I couldn’t scream.”

Teresa eventually found that she was able to end the experience by exerting an extremely strong force of willpower. Says Teresa, “It takes everything of my will -- and I have a very strong will as you know -- to break it. And then I’m back in my room. It’s strange.”

The experiences usually last about fifteen to twenty minutes, though Teresa is not sure about this. As she says, “Well, when you’re paralyzed and you’re in that situation, it seems like forever. There is no time. But then when you come back…it’s hard to believe the time lapse. I don’t know how to explain it.”

The first few times it happened, Teresa had no idea how to categorize her experiences. She mentioned it to a few people at her church and was shocked by their reaction. They told her that she was being attacked by the Devil. She soon learned to keep the encounters secret.

Usually the encounters started with her being woken up from a deep sleep. However, on occasion, they would begin when she was awake. Says Teresa, “Sometimes I’ll be awake, and it’s the same thing, the same sound. And then I’m paralyzed again. And then I’m being observed.”

Sometimes she could somehow feel when an encounter was imminent. Says Teresa, “I’ll get real restless. I would get real restless and I could sense that something was going to happen. And then all of a sudden it would happen.”

When they first began, she didn’t actually associate her encounters with UFOs. As Teresa says, “This was even before they talked about flying saucers or UFOs.”

Then one evening around 1965 or 1966, she was driving with her mother from Illinois to Ohio. It was a moonless night, overcast and drizzling just hard enough to require the windshield wipers. Teresa was driving and her mother was in the front seat.

Suddenly, they both observed a “luminous huge thing” moving directly toward the car over the road at treetop level. Teresa looked at her mother in shock. It was obviously a UFO craft.

Her mother nodded and said, “Yes, I see it.”

Teresa described the object as being “a huge, big, luminous light. It was just eerie-looking.”

As the object hovered directly overhead, both Teresa and her mother felt their hair stand-up. Both also experienced sudden “splitting headaches.” Teresa recognized the headache as the symptom of her many earlier bedroom encounters. Her first impulse was to stop and get out of the car. Her mother, however, became frightened and

pleaded with her to drive away. Teresa pressed on the accelerator and left the UFO behind them, still hovering in the air.

It was following this incident that Teresa really linked her bedroom experiences with UFOs. It became especially obvious when UFO reports started to occur in her area. Says Teresa, "The time that these things would happen was when they would be spotted, or there would be reports of UFOs in the area…It just kept happening and happening and happening. It was always the same thing. I was being observed."

Teresa estimates that she's had dozens of encounters, which occur sporadically with no real pattern. As she got older, the experiences slowed down and eventually stopped. Teresa isn't sure if it's because she was so ornery and hostile during the experiences, or if it was because the ETs were no longer interested in a woman in her sixties.

She's at a loss to explain why the ETs were interested in her. She's heard about people being operated on, or making hybrid babies for the ETs, but she doesn't believe this has happened to her. Nor has she noticed any unusual scars or marks on her body.

She did express some concern when her son told her that he was also having similar bizarre nighttime experiences. However, at this point, he has declined to discuss them in any detail.

When asked if the ETs have given her any messages or if the encounters changed her in any way, Teresa apologizes and shakes her head. She has received nothing from the encounters, she says, other than the strength one gains from facing adversity. Her encounters have not been pleasant. On the other hand, neither does she feel unreasonable fear, or that the aliens are evil. She remains very matter-of-fact about what has happened to her. The only conclusion she feels comfortable making about the ETs is, as she says, "They are very advanced."

Chapter Nine: The Bugman and the Spaceship House

"Joe-joe. Joe-joe." It was a sing-song voice, playfully calling his name in his mind.

"I was almost five years old, standing in front of *Foodland* ," Joe Gardner says. "My mother and I were standing in the parking lot, waiting for a cab to take us home."

It was 1974, and they were in Huntington, West Virginia. The day was bright and sunny. Joe had brought his little red wagon, and they had planned to walk home. But there were too many bags of groceries, and Joe's mother decided a cab was necessary. Looking up, Joe saw a "grayish cylinder" high in the sky, rotating end over end, but otherwise stationary.

"Mom, what's that up there?" he asked. "What is that?"

Joe's mother looked and said, "It's a satellite or something." She seemed unconcerned at the time. Later, she admitted it looked more like a "gray disc."

To Joe, it looked like an unmarked can of soda pop, metallic silver and glinting in the sun as it twirled in space. When they got into the cab, the object was still overhead, hovering in place.

Joe always remembered the sighting, but he never really thought about it. He just kind of filed it in the back of his mind.

Some months later, in the summer of 1974, Joe and his family left their home in Huntington and drove west into Kentucky, just a short distance away. They were going to pick blackberries which grew wild along the roads off the main highway. It was something they had done many times before. With Joe was his dad (Joe Sr.,) and Joe's mom and sister, who was not quite a year older than Joe.

"My father would take us for Sunday drives," Joe explains. "We had a black Cadillac, two-door, Eldorado with a moon roof. We were looking for blackberries. We'd go blackberry picking every late summer. We had a bucket and you could pick berries along the side of the road, before they started spraying pesticides on them and killing them."

They drove into Kentucky and pulled onto County Road #9, which parallels the main highway. They were looking for blackberry bushes when Joe's dad said, "Hey, look at that funny spaceship house."

Joe (who sat behind his father) looked to his left and saw what caught his father's attention. It was just off the side of the road, nestled inconspicuously among the trees at the head of a holler. "I looked and glanced at it," Joe says. "It looked like highly polished aluminum…It was more or less like a flattened ovoid shape, but it had a rim around it, and it was sitting on stilts, on legs. It was probably thirty feet in diameter. And it had two little round portholes along the bottom."

They all looked at it and marveled at how strange it looked. Then they drove on. Although he only saw it for a few seconds, Joe was electrified. Shortly after they passed it, he knew he had to say something to his dad. “It just struck me, that’s a once in a lifetime chance right there, so I pleaded with him.”

“Please, please, please, take us back,” Joe said. “I want to see it again. Let’s go see the spaceship house! I want to see it! Let’s go see the spaceship house!”

Because of Joe’s constant requests, Joe Sr. abruptly pulled a U-turn and drove back to the spaceship house.

The structure was about 150 feet off the road, hidden among the trees. There was no driveway, no sidewalk and no electrical wires. Joe Sr. approached first, and Joe Jr. followed.

Soon, they stood right beside it, close enough to touch. There were two round windows on the bottom, both round and dark.

“This is weird,” his father said. “Don’t you move. You stay right there.”

Joe’s father began to walk around the object.

“We thought it odd that there wasn’t a front door,” says Joe. “I just thought it was so neat. It was kind of white aluminum. There were no panels on it. It was among the trees in the shade. There were some windows around the bottom, and there were more windows around the upper top. I was too short to look into the windows that were on the top. I stayed where my Dad told me. I stood right where I was at, and I put my hand on one of the metal support-legs, and I remember it was like touching ice.”

The more they looked, the more they realized how strange it was. “The house was on stilts. It had round windows, and an upper deck that kind of ran around the whole perimeter. My dad walked around the back to find a door. When he came around the other side, he had the most puzzled look on his face. He stood beside me and he scratched his head.”

“Well, that’s funny,” he said. “There’s no back door.” He pointed out that there were no powerlines and no gas meter. “This must be one of those new solar power energy homes. It doesn’t have any wires going into it.”

Joe’s father banged his fist against the side, making the entire object emit a loud metallic clang. “Hello?” he said. “Hello? Anybody home? Hello?”

Joe tried to look into the darkened windows on the bottom of the craft. Suddenly he heard a voice coming from above. It was a strange voice. It sounded old, crackly, and high-pitched. “Up here! Up here!”

Joe looked up and was amazed by what he saw. “It was a long skinny kind of grayish arm with three fingers, and they were using the fingers to kind of wave us up.”

Joe Sr. was still banging his fist against the object. Joe tugged on his shirt. “Look!” Joe told his dad. “Look up there.”

At that moment, a thin, metallic-grate staircase extruded from the side of the craft. The staircase was lightly constructed and very narrow. Joe Sr. picked Joe up, turned sideways, and scaled the stairs, which flexed under their weight. At the top was an open doorway, with a strange featureless silver door, apparently hinged on the left side.

Joe immediately noticed a figure, an odd-looking man sitting in what appeared to be an upholstered chair. “He had big black eyes like an ant,” Joe says, “a big round head, spindly arms, a spindly body. He was wearing a green plaid shirt, blue jeans and boots. But when he stood up, he really looked like a bug, because he was tall. He welcomed us inside.”

“Dad!” Joe shouted out. “That man looks like a big bug!”

Joe’s father immediately chided him. “Don’t say that. That’s rude. It’s not nice.”

Joe was surprised. Couldn’t his father see what this man looked like? The bugman was obviously not normal, and yet Joe’s father didn’t seem to notice.

They were in a large round room, fully lit with bright white light coming from no discernible source. The floors curved up into the walls and the ceiling. A small shelf or counter encircled about a third of the room, made of the same material as the wall, with no visible seams or designs. It was as if the entire structure was molded out of one single piece.

“Wow,” Joe Sr. said, looking around the room. “This is interesting. Where do you get your power from?”

The bugman opened some low cabinets and showed Joe’s father the contents. Eager to see, Joe tried to squeeze between them. His father became angry and pushed him back.

“You don’t know what you’re looking at here, boy. You don’t understand this.”

Joe staggered back.

“There’s something to eat and drink on the table over there,” the bugman said.

Joe looked where the bugman pointed and saw a pedestal with a small round surface. There was a plate and a cup. The plate held a small number of little black disc-shaped objects, which Joe assumed were chocolate cookies.

“I got excited,” Joe says. “I ran over there, picked one up and bit into it. And it was bitter, terribly bitter.”

The “cookie” tasted so bad, that Joe immediately put the rest of it back on the plate and looked around for some place to spit the nasty stuff out of his mouth. “There was no trashcan anywhere,” Joe says, “so I just swallowed it out of politeness.”

Hoping to wash the bitter taste from his mouth, he looked at the strange cup. It was a tall tumbler, very heavy and with thick sides. It looked like it was made of stone or pottery. Inside, it held a greenish-yellow liquid with the viscosity of pancake batter. Joe had to use both hands to grip it and tilt it into his mouth.

“As soon as it hit my mouth,” he said, “I just blacked out. The next thing I knew, when I came to, conscious and awake, I was lying on a cold, metal table. I couldn’t move at all. I couldn’t move anything but my eyes.”

When he had entered the craft, Joe was dressed in blue shorts, a yellow and brown striped shirt and shoes. He was now naked except for his shirt. He lay on his left side in a fetal position. In front of him was his father, who sat on a bench.

“He’s just sitting there,” Joe says, “and he’s got his hands on top of his legs, his mouth open, his eyes wide open and unblinking. And I’m looking at him and pleading with him. I can’t cry. I can’t shout. I can’t wave to him. I can’t do anything but look at him with my eyes and think with my mind: *Dad, help me! Help me, Dad! Please, help me!* But he looked like he was asleep with his eyes open.”

A bright light shone down on the table above Joe. Walking around the table and into his field of view was a figure wearing a white smock, much like a doctor’s uniform. He saw the being’s arm and hand, which had three long, smooth fingers. “The fingers were kind of wrapped around what looked like a long stainless-steel knife, with a handle made of the same metal.”

For the first time since the onboard encounter began, Joe felt real distress. *They’re monsters* , he thought. *They’re going to eat us* .

What happened next was perhaps the most unpleasant part of the experience so far. “I felt something very cold and hard, like a rod or a cold pipe, just go up inside of me. And then I blanked out again.”

An undetermined time later, Joe heard his name being called. “Joe-joe,” a woman’s voice said softly. “Joe-Joe.”

“When I came to again,” Joe says, “there was a tall gray. It was like she was there to be reassuring. She was kind of soft-natured. And she had these big, large almond eyes, real liquidy, a very slight mouth, just an indentation, but it had a slight smile, no nose, no earholes I could see, no hair.”

Most bizarre was that the gray had a sparkly aura of glittering, glowing particles swirling in a vortex around her head. She was very gentle and comforting as she roused Joe to full wakefulness.

Although he was awake, Joe says that his consciousness now felt slightly altered. Prior to this, reality seemed normal. Now, however, there was a strange, hazy altered reality that seemed to pervade his senses.

The gray held Joe’s right hand and telepathically asked him, “Would you like to see the ship?”

“Ah, yeah,” Joe said.

As the gray helped him down, Joe saw that the table was not symmetrical, but instead appeared to be curved, with a minor dip in the center. The bright light above him was now extinguished, and the room seemed enveloped in a hazy twilight. A

low-lying fog or mist swirled around the base of the floor. Joe detected an acrid odor like sulfur.

The female gray led Joe to a shallow ramp which spiraled around a central column and led up to a higher level. They climbed the ramp, leaving the foggy room behind them. While Joe had to walk, the female gray glided upward, without moving her legs.

Once on the upper deck, Joe saw that the floor, which had been white, now appeared like smoothly polished black obsidian glass. The room itself was so large that he couldn't see any walls. Instead his attention was drawn to three chairs -- much like you'd see in a dental office, with a large pedestal-like base, a footrest, thick armrests, and other equipment. The chairs were all in a row, and sitting in each one was a member of his family, his father, his mother and his sister. They were reclined backward and unmoving. A cone of light shone down from above over each of them. Otherwise, the room was dark. A blur of activity swirled like a whirlwind around each of them. The movement was so rapid, Joe was unable to register what he was seeing.

When he saw his sister sitting there, mouth and eyes wide open, with all that weird activity around her, he became frightened and upset.

"Stop! Stop!" Joe screamed and pleaded, pointing at his sister. "You're hurting my sister! You've got to stop!"

The gray leaned down, placed her forehead against Joe's forehead, and told him telepathically, "It's just a check-up. It's okay, it's just a check-up." She repeated it several times until Joe finally calmed down.

Joe could still see no walls, but it was clear that the spaceship house was far larger on the inside than it had appeared on the outside.

Still holding his hand, the gray asked Joe, "Would you like to see the stars?"

Joe said yes. "So, she took me to an upper level where I could definitely see we were under some type of dome, I'm not sure how big, but it was pretty expansive. And we could see the stars through the dome."

The gray peered upward at the stars with rapt wonder and fascination. She seemed more impressed by the view than Joe was. Thinking there was something else up there to see, Joe turned his attention back to the view, but it was just a field of stars. "There's so many of them," he told her.

At this point, Joe experienced a strange memory lapse. It was as if a slice of time was gone from his life. The next thing he remembers is sitting in the backseat of the car, behind his dad.

"It was like you turned on the TV in the middle of the action," Joe explains. "All of a sudden, it's nighttime and me and my family are back in the car again. And it's like the car hit the ground with a thud. The car must've been going 70-80 miles per hour. My mom is hysterical. My dad is screaming. He's near hysteria."

“What happened?” Joe’s mother screamed. “What happened!” She was crying, as was Joe’s sister, who was crouched down with her head practically under the seat.

Joe tried to sit up.

“Get down in the seat!” his dad screamed. “Get down!”

“What happened?” Joe’s mother wailed.

“Them damn people are weird!” Joe’s father said.

Says Joe, “I tried to get up out of the seat and off the floor there. I wanted to look. I looked out of the rear window. I saw a bright light and two figures in front of the light, two silhouettes, like paper dolls. The air was really heavy. I remember a smell in the air. My dad was upset. He was damn angry. My mother was hysterical.”

Joe’s mother reached around and smacked him alongside the head for not ducking when her father said to duck. Joe’s father drove angrily.

“What happened?” Joe’s mother asked again. “What happened, Joe?”

“I don’t know, but I’m gonna kill them!” Joe Sr. shouted. Joe had never seen his father cry before, but now the tears flowed freely. “Those no good sonofabitches! Those motherfuckers!” A stream of swearing followed. “I’m gonna kill them,” he kept repeating. “I’m gonna kill them!”

They raced down the road, just putting space between themselves and the incident. They drove for several minutes.

“Where’s the refinery?” Joe’s mother suddenly asked. “We should be able to see it.”

There was a large and highly visible oil refinery in Cattletsburg, Kentucky. The smokestacks were visible for miles around, and yet, there was still no sign of it.

Looking around them, they found themselves in an unfamiliar area. “I think we got lost,” Joe’s father said.

He pulled a U-turn, and eager to return home, they raced back in the other direction. Without warning, their speed was halted by a thick wall of fog stretching across the width of the road.

“It was a big wall of fog,” Joe says, “like a thick wall. And then that smell came back, that sulfur smell. And we had to slow down.”

The fog reduced their speed to a slow crawl. After several minutes, they saw a bright red strobing light. “As we came through that embankment of fog, there was a big red fire engine parked at an angle, blocking almost all the road. And it looked just like the toy fire engine I had at home, with a ladder on it. The headlights were on. There was one single solitary fireman standing in front of the firetruck, holding a hose, but there was barely a trickle. And he had a big smile on his face, and he was just waving at us. He was wearing a yellow fireman’s slicker with a big hat, and he looked just like the fireman I had seen on the wall at school.”

They had to nearly pull onto the shoulder to move past the truck. Now out of the fog, they immediately began to see the signposts leading back home.

Joe's father continued to seethe with anger. Joe's sister sobbed, while his mother kept asking, "What happened?"

"There was just this uneasy quiet as we got home. We pulled into the driveway. We got out of the car. My mom's still crying and hysterical. My dad has calmed down, but he's not talking. He's carrying my sister who was just sobbing and wailing. And I'm walking alongside them. I'm like, why are they so upset? *Why is everyone so hysterical?* "

"What happened, Joe?"

"I don't know," Joe Sr. repeated. "I don't know."

Joe was confused. He knew exactly what happened. "We were on a spaceship," he announced loudly. "Don't you remember?"

Joe's parents looked at him with incredulous shock. They stumbled back inside. Joe's mother looked at the clock. It was 2:00 in the morning. The blackberry picking trip, which should've taken an hour or two, had taken about ten hours or more.

"I'll never forget that night," Joe says. "We all fell asleep in a big pile in the middle of the living room floor. My dad was clutching me so tightly that I had to peel his fingers back to get up and go to the bathroom in the morning. We were all laying in a pile in the middle of the floor."

Following the encounter, each of them reacted in different ways. Joe's sister completely denied the event happened, and refused to discuss it. Joe's mother remembered only seeing the object alongside the road. Joe's father never talked about it.

Joe, however, was deeply impacted. His mother and sister apparently didn't remember much, and if his father remembered, he wasn't saying. But Joe remembered everything. He immediately began drawing the craft over and over, trying to get the details correct. His father caught him and angrily took the pictures, crumpled them up and threw them in the trash.

Joe continued to create more pictures, which he hid underneath his bed. His father found them and destroyed them too.

Joe was a little chatterbox, and he talked to everyone he met about being taken onboard a spaceship. He had just started kindergarten and was telling everybody he met.

He kept drawing pictures of the craft, and also drew images of the big-headed bugman. Again, his father found the pictures and threw them away.

Joe still kept talking. A month or two after the encounter, two of Joe's young cousins visited, and all three of them were playing in Joe's bedroom. "Me and my dad went on a spaceship together," Joe told them. "We were on a spaceship."

"Na-ah!" they said. "You're lying."

Says Joe, "Just then my dad had walked in from work, and he walked past my bedroom. And one of them said, 'Mr. G., did y'all go on a spaceship?' And he didn't

say a word, but he nodded his head, *yes* , and then just walked on by. That's the only time he ever acknowledged it. I felt full of pride right there and then. I was like, 'Aha! See!' And my cousins were like, 'Wow!'"

A few weeks later, something happened which would make Joe bury the experience in his mind. It was after school. A man drove up in a sedan and came to the front door. He wore a dark brown suit and mirrored sunglasses. Joe's father and the man talked privately for several minutes, and then the man departed.

"I'll never forget it," Joe says. "When the man left, my dad came in and picked me up off the floor, with both hands on my shoulders, holding me to the wall, throttling me and shaking me."

"You gotta stop talking about this stuff!" his father said angrily, nearly at the point of tears.

"What?" Joe asked. "About the spaceship?"

"Yes! Stop talking about it! They're going to lock us up in the nuthouse!"

"But you were there, Dad," Joe said, also crying. "You were there."

"I know, but you've got to stop talking about this, or they're going to take you kids away and lock you up in the nuthouse."

Joe was devastated. He was telling the truth. He really had been on a spaceship. It didn't seem fair that he couldn't talk about it. But the visit from the stranger was enough to make Joe stop talking about the bugman and the spaceship house. In fact, he did his best to not even think about it, to just forget it.

"It was pretty traumatizing," Joe explains. "Basically, you shut up. After my dad said, you've got to quit talking about this, I actively buried it. Because it made me so sad. I was filled with depression. I can't talk about something that was real?"

Joe effectively locked the experience up in his mind. Still, various memories and images about what happened constantly intruded into his awareness.

Four years later, at age eight, Joe (now in third grade) woke up to hear his name being called. "Joe-Joe," a male voice said softly. "Joe-Joe."

Joe sat up in bed. His sister lay asleep in her bed on the other side of the room. He heard the name again, echoing inside his head. Still, he looked around for the source. Who was calling him?

He tried to wake up his sister, but she wouldn't wake up.

"I looked outside the window," Joe says. "I could see across the street by the railroad tracks, and saw a man on top of a dark saucer. He had his left hand on his hip, and he was waving at me with his right hand. That's when I realized the voice was coming from him."

"Do you want to go for a ride?" the man asked telepathically.

Thrilled with delight, Joe said yes. His bedroom was on the second story. They had a very creaky wooden staircase. "I had to scoot down the steps on my bottom so I wouldn't make any noise," Joe says.

He undid the deadbolt on the front door, and wearing nothing but his pajamas and a pair of socks, he crept across the street up to the flying saucer. “It was on stilts,” Joe says. “It reminded me of the first one, but it was all black and it didn’t have a rim on it. It had a ladder I had to climb up.”

Joe scrambled up the ladder. The man now stood in a doorway and invited Joe inside the craft.

The man appeared human. He wore a one-piece jumpsuit that covered his entire body from head to toe, much like a scuba suit, except with an ear-piece and antenna alongside his head. A visor covered his eyes. The only opening was a small oval around the mouth. Joe (who is of African American ancestry) noticed that the man’s skin was white, like a Caucasian man. There was no visible mustache or facial hair.

The man smiled and led Joe to a large chair near the center of the room. The man sat in the chair, scooted back and placed Joe between his legs.

Joe was amazed to see the walls fade away and become completely transparent. “It was like you were sitting in Wonder Woman’s jet,” he said. “Everything was just transparent.”

Other than the chair and the controls, the craft was invisible. There were two levers hand-sized, like joy-sticks, side by side in front of him. One lever, the man said, controlled acceleration, the other controlled the steering. He placed Joe’s hands on the lever and instructed him how to fly the craft.

“You want to see a bird’s eye view of your house?” the man asked. Maneuvering the levers, he pulled the craft over Joe’s house. Joe peered down, amazed to see how high they were.

“You want to see a bird’s eye view of your school?”

“Sure,” Joe replied.

The man continued to use the term “bird’s eye view,” leading Joe farther and farther upward, over his city, and then over Earth. The planet hung there in blue splendor, one of many images from this encounter that Joe would never forget.

“Do you want to see Saturn?”

Distracted by the view, he struggled to think. “What’s Saturn?” he asked.

The man was smiling through most of the experience, clearly enjoying Joe’s enthusiasm. “The planet with the rings.”

Yes, Joe replied. He was thrilled to see the stars race by. Occasionally, there was another planet. Suddenly, there was Saturn. Joe was amazed. This was not a dream. It was really happening. Staring at Saturn, Joe remembered seeing the planet in their encyclopedias at home.

At some point, they turned around. “I don’t remember much conversation on the way back, other than it seemed like he was having a good time watching me have a good time, like you’re watching a kid play with a toy. He had a smile.”

They returned home and hovered over Earth. “At one point,” Joe says, “he let me power the craft.”

Joe took the controls and accidentally drove the craft right into the ground. “I could see the rocks,” he said. “We were passing through the rocks, and there were all these sparks flying, dirt, everything.”

The man laughed good-naturedly, took the controls back and guided the craft back toward Joe’s home.

“Don’t talk about this,” the man warned him, talking out loud.

“Why can’t I?” Joe said, immediately upset. “It’s not a lie. If it’s not a lie, why can’t I talk about it?”

“No, you can’t tell kids about this, and I know you want to. Don’t talk about this because they’ll tease you, just like they tease you about being fat. You know how they make fun of you because you’re heavy and it makes you feel bad?”

“Yeah.”

“They’ll tease you about this in the same way.”

“Okay,” Joe said, though he would later disobey this instruction.

“Study science, astronomy and math,” the man said, placing great importance upon it.

Joe promised he would. Next thing he knew, he was back in his bed. The following day Joe couldn’t resist telling his best friend. “I felt like if I could just tell one person, I had to tell him. He didn’t believe me.”

But Joe came away from the experience convinced it was real. “ For days I had this phantom feeling in my hands of touching the joystick and the lever. I had this phantom feeling in my hands for days and days and days.”

Life went on, he went to school, and immediately moved up into the gifted class where he remained for two years. Remembering the man’s instructions, he studied hard and felt crushing guilt when he struggled to excel at mathematics.

Completing school, Joe went to college, studying for a degree in art. UFOs were the farthest thing from his mind. Then, at 6:45 a.m., on January 27, 1997, at age 22, Joe’s life changed forever.

It was an icy cold morning, and crystal clear. Dawn was just beginning to break on the eastern horizon, but most of the sky was still black and full of stars. It was a beautiful sight, and as Joe looked toward the strip of blue sky on the horizon, he noticed something moving.

“This thing caught my attention,” Joe says. “It was a huge green sphere, absolutely huge. It looked like a big green snowball with a white center. It started out on the horizon and kind of followed an arc across the sky. At one point, it was almost directly above me. Then it passed over toward Ohio, to the darker part of the sky, and it just kept getting smaller, disappearing. I kept telling myself, ‘That can’t be what I think it is. That can’t be!’ And I had the most sickening repulsive feeling

in my stomach. I wanted to go somewhere and hide. I kept shaking my head and saying, 'No, no, no! They don't exist. Those things just don't exist.'"

The sighting impressed him deeply. At the time he was a college student, earning a degree in fine art. Other than the strange cylindrical object seventeen years earlier, he had never seen anything like this. "It took me by surprise," Joe says. "It shocked me. I was full of awe, but in a way, I had this sickening feeling in my stomach."

For some reason, the sighting left him shaken. He didn't feel like it was after him, and it was high in the sky. But if so, that meant it was massive. And there was no other explanation than UFO. Was he the only one who saw it? If so, why him?

He couldn't stop thinking about it. That day he had a dentist appointment. He needed to tell someone, and he had been going to this dentist for years.

His dentist shocked him by revealing his own encounters. Eleven years earlier, while driving with his wife, they saw a fishbowl-shaped object covered with blue lights. It appeared to come from the river, move over the Steelwell steel factory and then over Marshall University at treetop level. They followed it along the road to Huntington Hospital, and watched it ascend into the sky and disappear into the distance.

Joe was impressed. The dentist had seen the UFO first appear where Joe had seen the green ball, and then had followed it all the way over to where Joe had seen the soda can-shaped object when he was only four years old.

Still, Joe's most recent sighting lingered in his mind. It was strange because he normally didn't scare easily. He excelled at sports. He would later work as a bouncer and had to kick some big guys out of the bar. "When you see something like that, you start to question your eyes. You start to question all your senses, your faculties."

Joe found himself staring at the night sky, taking early morning walks with his dog, hoping to see it again. He couldn't get it out of his mind. Finally, he went to the psychology clinic at the university and talked to a therapist. The female therapist interviewed him. After hearing his story, and asking a few more questions, she told him that he was suffering from depression, which had caused him to "see lights." She prescribed an anti-depressant.

Joe left the office, angry and disappointed. It wasn't long before he realized he was actually lucky. He later shared his story with others, who vehemently told him that UFOs were demonic and that he mustn't associate himself with them.

Joe wasn't religious, but he learned that people sometimes reacted strongly to the subject.

Two years later, on April 7, 1999, he had another sighting. He worked late as a bill collector, so when he got home, he went outside to walk his dog. It was just before midnight.

"My dog was doing her business right on the edge of the fence. I looked away out of respect for my dog. And this thing appeared directly in front of me. It was the

most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life. It was like a piece of a crystal chandelier, like two pyramids stuck together, like a diamond with facets. No pun intended, it was like a diamond in the sky. It was like it was made out of glass. And it had a strobing light inside of it, white hot, like a welder's arc. It was strobing so fast, it kind of distorts your perception."

The object appeared to be a few thousand feet high, hovering to the southeast, right outside of town. "It wasn't too far away," Joe says. "I could see the edges of it very clearly. It had blue and green flames racing all around the outline of it. The object itself was white crystalline. It was rotating like a child's top, just hovering in one place."

The moment he saw it, a powerful rush of good feeling swept through him. *I see you* , he thought. *Who are you, and what are you doing here?*

"The next thing I know," Joe says, "it was like somebody hit me on the back of the head with a sledgehammer. *NO! NOT NOW!* I looked at the thing, and it sent a column of white light, like a fluorescent tube, straight to the ground. It looked solid, and then it just blinked out. The column of light disappeared too."

Joe scanned the skies, but saw no sign of the object. He continued his walk, still looking for the UFO. He was also still overwhelmed by the feeling of goodness. "I'll tell you," Joe says, "I never felt so good in my life. I've loved a few women, and they've loved me, but I've never felt such strong emotions as I did that night. It was like I saw a long lost relative, or a dear, dear longtime friend. I was blissed out for three days. I just had this overwhelming peaceful, beautiful feeling in my heart. I could just feel my heart spilling over. It was lovely. I felt like I needed to go somewhere and pray."

Transformed by his sighting, Joe started attending church with his dad. He became more interested in God and spirituality. By this time, he was keeping a diary and recording his various UFO encounters.

Ultimately, the sighting sparked Joe's interest in UFOs and he began to educate himself about the UFO subject and also examine his own UFO history. He had just experienced two remarkable UFO encounters in a row. Could this be a coincidence?

Only then did he remember that this wasn't the first time he had seen a UFO. There was the incident at the grocery store. He talked to his mom, and learned that she still remembered the incident. She reminded Joe that he had seen it first and pointed it out to her. She still recalls seeing it as a silver disc.

"Have you seen anything else?" Joe asked.

"Well, yeah," she said, and told him about a dull gray disc that she had seen hovering overhead back in 1958, long before Joe was even born. She was eight years old, living in her parents' home in Wheeling, West Virginia. She had come home from school and went outside to play with her toys under the tree in the front yard. She had the creepy feeling that somebody was watching her, and looking up,

saw a dark football-shaped object hovering overhead. It tilted toward her, revealing itself to be more saucer-shaped. It dropped down from the sky, moving toward her, and she blacked out.

What seemed like moments later, she found herself back under the tree, only it was now dark. Knowing she was in deep trouble for being out after dark, she grabbed her toys and ran back inside. Opening the door, she was confronted by her entire extended family, many of them clustered around the family's only phone.

Everyone was shocked to see her and rushed over to her. "Where have you been?"

"I've been out front playing under the tree with my toys."

"No, you haven't. Look at the clock."

Joe's mother was shocked to see that it was now after 9:00 o'clock. She had seen the UFO shortly after 3:00 p.m., which meant that there were six hours which she couldn't remember.

"Who have you been fighting with?" her mother asked.

"I haven't got in a fight."

"You're lying! Look at your dress!"

Joe's mother looked down to see that her good dress was covered with blood. She hadn't realized she was bleeding until now, and traced the pathway of the blood up to her nose. She had no explanation to offer her mother, and as a result, received what she called "the beating of her life."

Following that sighting, her health suffered, and she began to experience jaw-pain, headaches and ear-aches, she told him.

Interesting, Joe thought. He had recently suffered from some pretty severe nose-bleeds. They were bad enough that Joe sought medical attention. The doctor said, "You've got the most deviated septum I've seen in my life. Have you ever had your nose broken?"

Joe has never broken his nose. He later learned that sinus problems are not unusual among abductees.

Following the two most recent sightings, he did have a series of dreams about UFOs. They all follow the same pattern. He's walking around outside when suddenly he sees one or more objects in the sky. Often, he's trying to point them out to other people.

But these were just dreams. The only other incident was the flying saucer house. Although he had done his best to bury the incident in his mind, it kept popping up. And as he thought about it, things started to click together. The round silver-white object on stilts, the round windows, the lack of driveway. For the first time, he wondered, could all of that be UFO related? Could the flying saucer house have been a real flying saucer?

He remembered having missing time and the car feeling like it was dropped onto the road. He remembered seeing the humanoids, how angry his father had been. And

as he meditated more upon the incident, he began to remember other snippets, things he had always remembered but just kind of ignored. There was a lot of emotion attached to these memories, and he found himself unable to deny that something had happened to him.

One particular memory that kept surfacing was sitting with his father *inside* the object.

"I didn't want to say I was inside this object," Joe explains. "I didn't know if I was or not, but I did remember this. I remembered looking at my dad, and he was sitting there stone-faced with his hands in his lap. We were in this big white room, and it was round. There was a seat that kind of came out of the wall, and my dad was sitting on it. I was lying on my left side. I think I was on the floor, some type of flat surface, but I was in a fetal position. People were walking around, but I don't remember seeing faces. I just saw up to waist level. I saw long arms, maybe some kind of clothing. I definitely remember seeing the forearm down to about the upper thigh area."

Now in his mid-thirties, and becoming increasingly concerned about his UFO experiences, he contacted researcher Donnie Sue Blessing, who connected him with Leo Sprinkle. Joe spoke with Sprinkle who encouraged him to explore his childhood memories. Sprinkle provided Joe with some meditation techniques which would aid his memory recall.

Joe followed Sprinkle's advice and set time aside to simply think about what happened to him. The memories, which had been simmering for years, now boiled over and Joe was able to reconstruct what happened to him with the bugman and the flying saucer house.

Joe asked his mom about it. She still remembered seeing the house and stopping. She remembered going inside. She remembers being upset and coming home late. She can't remember what happened inside. She asked Joe, did we get trapped in a haunted house and chased by ghosts?

Joe's sister has no memory of the incident. She jokingly calls her brother, "UFO Joe," and reluctantly puts up with his interest in UFOs.

One day Joe spoke with a neighbor from down the street. Joe mentioned his UFO experiences when the man said he had always wanted to see one. At that moment, a bright light appeared in the sky behind the man. "Turn around," Joe said excitedly. "Look!"

The two of them observed a bright unconventional object daring around. Finally, it just took off.

"Thank you for showing me my first UFO," his neighbor said, obviously impressed. The neighbor was also slightly freaked out. From that day, the neighbor avoided Joe. They never spoke again.

At this point, Joe was beginning to see a lot of UFOs. He'd look up in the night sky, and right where he stared, a star-like object would appear, dart around and disappear. This happened many times.

Other times, during the day, a flash of light would catch his eyes, and looking up, he'd see a silver cigar-looking craft, which usually promptly disappeared.

He noticed a pattern. If he stared at the objects, they'd often remain in view. But if he tried to get a picture, or another witness, if he even so much as blinked, they would disappear. It was a frustrating game of peek-a-boo, which provided just enough excitement to keep him hooked, but no real answers.

After many attempts, Joe was finally successful in obtaining a number of photographs, some of which clearly show an anomalous object. Once such incident happened on March 2, 2007. Joe and his friend Mark (pseudonym) decided to try and photograph some UFOs, which had been appearing recently. They had no luck at first, when suddenly Joe heard his girlfriend mentally calling his name. It was a strong mental impression, and Joe felt compelled to rush home. They started to leave. At that moment, a UFO appeared. Mark quickly snapped a few photos of "a teeny little disc."

Joe's compulsion to return home was now overpowering. They rushed home to find Joe's girlfriend sitting on the couch, hugging the dogs. "Something was here, above the house," she told him. While Joe and his friend had been out looking for UFOs, she felt a sudden impulse to go outside and saw a "large, round, dark mass" with little lights blinking around the circumference. It was one of Joe's UFOs.

When she first met Joe, he had warned her that UFOs follow him around. She thought he was just trying to push her away. He assured her that if they were together, she would soon know the truth. By the time of this sighting, she already knew. But still it was disconcerting. Now, seeing the UFO hovering low overhead, she ran back inside, screaming for Joe to come home.

Following this incident, they noticed a strange odor of sulfur in their home. That night, something incredible happened. Joe finally had a follow-up sighting to his 1999 encounter, when he had seen a diamond-like UFO which spoke to him telepathically, saying, "No! Not now!"

Now, in 2007, only a few hours after this latest sighting, he was relaxing in bed and had just closed his eyes when strange writing began to scroll across his field of vision. His eyes were closed, but still the odd cursive-looking script rolled past. Although he could see it clearly in his mind's eye, he couldn't make any sense of it. "I can't really describe that kind of writing, but it was coming and coming. There was more and more of it. And then at the bottom, I saw a funky-looking gray, but it had a long, backward-sloping head, and it was kind of a greenish color. It had a hand extending toward me. And just to the right of it was that spinning diamond-shaped object that I had seen in 1999."

Joe opened his eyes, and the strange vision was gone. He closed them, and there it was again, the strange script, the gray and the diamond-shaped UFO.

Says Joe, "I couldn't process what I was seeing, so I got up, went to the bathroom…I look out the window and there's this object less than fifty yards away from me. It looked like a glowing red fez hat, bright cherry red. It had a blinking strobe on the bottom of it."

Joe left the bathroom and woke up his girlfriend. He expected it to be gone by the time he returned, but there it was. Together they observed the strange object. It appeared to be the size of a very small car, hovering less than 200 feet over the alley behind their house. "That's one of them," Joe told his girlfriend.

Joe grabbed his phone and called up his friend, Mark, who lived in an apartment across from Joe's residence. Joe told Mark to look outside, that there was a UFO. A weird interference over the phone garbled Joe's speech, but he still made himself understood.

Mark grabbed the new digital camera, the same one he had used to capture UFO images only hours ago, and ran to the window. Sure enough, there was the object. He pointed the camera at it, and the power instantly went dead. Mark ran and put in new batteries. The camera was working again. He pointed it at the object, and it went dead. He moved the viewfinder away from the UFO, and the camera returned to normal power. Mike repeated this procedure three times. Each time the camera was pointed at the UFO, it went dead. It was clear that the UFO would not allow itself to be filmed.

They watched the object for about twenty minutes before it suddenly shrank down and disappeared.

One month later, on April 3, 2007, Joe had one of the strangest encounters of his life. He and his girlfriend had gone out to eat. As they returned home, a huge dark storm cloud descended over their neighborhood. They rushed home and brought the dogs inside. Joe was in his bedroom when the bedroom lightbulb started to pulsate in brightness. At that moment a huge rushing wind rattled the house. "It sounded like a tornado," Joe says, "like a thousand rivers."

The power to the house went out. Going outside, Joe saw that his entire block was shrouded in darkness. Strangely, it was their block only.

Looking upward, Joe saw what he first assumed was lightning, except, Joe explains, "there were different colors, pink, orange, blue, violet, and the clouds were so low. It looked like the bottom of a storm front just a couple hundred feet above us. It was really strange."

With the power out, the traffic light near their home was also off, and the street in front of their house was backed up with traffic. Horns honked regularly as impatient drivers competed to get through the busy four-way intersection.

Joe had a small hand-held emergency flashlight. He shined it toward himself to see if it worked. About 600 feet from his house was a large, majestic oak tree. As if in response to his flashlight, a bright pulsating sphere appeared next to the oak.

Joe blinked his flashlight three times. The single sphere became three, all of which pulsated brilliantly. Joe's heart raced, almost like he was about to have a panic attack. He shouted for his girlfriend. Why wasn't she coming?

The street in front of him was still filled with cars, but nobody seemed to notice the brilliant lights.

Joe blinked the flashlight again. "I turned the light on and off three times, *click-click-click* , and immediately the lights appeared in the same sequence in the tree. It was like we were playing *Simon Says* . I clicked my flashlight on and off, and it would respond in kind. And the third time, it was like time stopped. It was like time stood still. I couldn't move, except for my eyes. I stood still, upright, clutching the flashlight. It was just like *click* , and everything was frozen. The cars that were in front of my house, they're all gone."

Joe could hardly believe what he now saw. "It looked like a little, glowing, swirling cloud, rotating counter-clockwise, and it's coming down the street."

The cloud was strobing or blinking in a weird stop-action pattern, like old-fashioned flip-sketch animation.

"It looked about six feet wide, and it's dripping tendrils of fog. Then it comes to rest just in front of my front porch, probably six feet away."

The entire area was encased in complete silence as the cloud swirled counter-clockwise and flattened out to reveal a brilliant blue center. It looked like beautiful emerald water moving in a swirling whirlpool pattern. Lightning-like flashes sparked around the perimeter. Emerging from the center of the pool was a head. Joe instantly saw braids done in a herring-bone style. It was a woman, human-looking, but not quite human.

"She shimmered as she slowly came out of it. I could see the top of the forehead, the face, the eyes. They looked like they were almost dark, blackish, but they were indigo blue or a deep violet color. She had a yellowish-orange diamond in the center of her forehead that was glowing bright. And then as she emerged even further, I could see what looked like a wide, thick necklace, a chest-piece almost, just on the top of her breasts, and it was gold, like real gold, 24 karat, and lapis lazuli. It was inlaid -- gold, lapis, gold, lapis -- all around her neck. Her body, when emerged, stopped right about where the belly button would be.

"She's half emerged while this whirlpool is spinning, she's got no belly button. She's got no fingernails. She has gold gauntlets on her arms, really wide bracelets. At one point, she extended her hands forward with her palms upward. It was a greeting gesture, arms extended, head raised, and then she tilts her head back with

her mouth open. Her mouth was like a black hole. She didn't have a tongue. You didn't see the roof of her mouth. She didn't have any teeth. It was just a black hole."

The woman gracefully placed her palms together over her head and began to spin. She then began to move back and forth in a figure-eight, infinity pattern across the entire forty-foot length of Joe's front yard.

"It went really quickly," Joe says. "And then she emerged out of it, and there was a bright flash of light like somebody lit off a flash grenade. Everything just lit up bright white. I was almost blind for a second. After that bright flash, she was gone. Everything became normal. All of the cars are back honking in front of my house. Now the porchlight is working. The dogs are barking."

Joe's girlfriend came rushing out to the porch. She had been trying to cross the living room when she heard Joe calling her name. Suddenly she became unable to move. Finally, her paralysis broke, and she ran outside. She still felt dazed.

By then, there was no evidence of what just happened, other than they continued to have electrical problems. Was it an extraterrestrial? Joe doesn't think so. Researching his case, he wonders if it might be better explained as a djinn, a spiritual being with dazzling supernatural powers.

There were other strange incidents that had been occurring for years: scratching in the walls, cabinet doors opening and slamming closed by themselves, funky odors, ghostly apparitions, weird sounds. This latest visitation seemed like just another variation of the many other manifestations.

In 2011, Joe had another sighting of a glowing object in the shape of an ice-cream cone off on the horizon. He sent out a mental message: *I see you up there!* The object remained in place, dimming when a plane approached, and then flaring back up. He watched it for about fifteen minutes when it disappeared.

He checked the next night and it was there again. He verified it with a co-worker, and then the object disappeared. After that, it was gone.

Joe no longer records such sightings. There seems to be little to gain from them. The trickster aspect of his encounters no longer fools him. Joe continues to maintain a strong interest in UFOs. As to exactly what they are, his mind remains open. Yes, it might be aliens. More likely, he thinks, he's being contacted by an intelligent entity that is able to manifest in different forms. "I think it's the same character wearing different masks," he says, "I really do."

Joe estimates that he's had somewhere around thirty sightings or encounters, not counting the paranormal incidents. For some reason, he attracts UFOs. To this day, he's not sure why.

He does have one memory that he thinks might be significant, and perhaps explain his connection to UFOs. It's hard to talk about because it's so strange. In the memory, Joe is with a group of beings, looking at a viewing screen at an image of

Earth. Joe told the group that, although it wasn't his turn, he would go there, he would live on Earth. The group agreed.

A pre-life memory as an ET? Joe isn't sure, but as he says, "It's a memory. I don't think it's a dream. It's been so strong and persistent, and I've remembered it for so long."

Chapter Ten: Three Hours Onboard a UFO

It was around 7:00 o'clock p.m., on the evening of June 15, 1965, and fourteen-year-old Ron C. of New Kensington, Pennsylvania was hanging out with his two friends, Peter and Steven (pseudonyms.) On this occasion, they were skateboarding in the alleyway behind Ron's house. Unfortunately for the boys, both Peter and Steven had curfews, and had to be home by sunset, which at that time was 7:00 p.m. Darkness had just fallen, and having reached the empty parking lot directly behind Ron's house, the three boys were about to separate and return to their homes for the evening.

Ron noticed it first. Hovering only a few hundred feet above the large elm tree at the far corner of the lot was a giant metallic flying saucer. An almost electric thrill of excitement went through his body. "Look!" he shouted to his friends.

The three boys stared upward. It was instantly obvious that they were seeing a genuine UFO. They had all heard rumors and stories of other recent sightings in their area, and now it was clear that they were seeing one of the mysterious craft close up.

Ron was ecstatic. As he says, "This thing had my full attention and I wasn't about to let it out of my sight for a second, afraid that it might disappear before my eyes. As I shouted for joy at it, I examined it closely. It was beautiful."

The object was the classic disc-shape, about 200 feet in diameter. It had a dull, bluish-gray, metallic color. On top was a smooth, rounded dome. Underneath the craft Ron could see a round light, pulsating from bright red to a deep, dark red at half-second intervals. It protruded out a few feet from the rest of the craft, and reminded Ron of a red bike-reflector, with the same bumpy texture.

The most interesting part of the UFO, however, was a large, panoramic "window" which had appeared on the front dome of the craft. Says Ron, "I could see into it through a window that looked as if the blue-gray metal had opened up by making that part of it transparent. There were no hard edges or frame like a regular window. It was as if it was all part of the ship, but that part of it was see-through."

Through the suddenly transparent portion of the craft, Ron was incredibly excited to see the dark silhouettes of two human-looking figures staring directly back at him. Says Ron, "They appeared human. One was taller than the other. I could only see silhouettes though. I could only see them from the waist up. They didn't look like the grays so often described. They just looked like regular humans peering out at me."

Ron reacted quickly. He lifted his arm up and began waving at them. He instantly felt a strong connection with whoever was in the craft. Says Ron, "I felt that they were reading my mind, and that I was being acknowledged when I waved my hands to get their attention…They seemed to acknowledge me and my friends and I felt a

peaceful feeling about them. They made me feel very comfortable, as if they were my friends and would not harm me."

At this point, Ron turned to look at Peter and Steve. He wanted to make sure that they were also seeing this incredible sight. Says Ron, "They were gazing up at it also. I commented to them, 'We are actually seeing a real UFO!' They looked as if they were paralyzed. They didn't move at all, and were just staring up at it. I couldn't understand why they weren't as excited as me. They were transfixed on it, but did not comment. They just stared at it with a blank expression. I kept saying to them, 'It's a real UFO, do you see it?' But they wouldn't answer. They just stood there as if hypnotized…And I was so excited about it that I didn't let it bother me much."

Ron's attention returned to the craft. As he waved, he began thinking how cool it would be if he could have a little ride onboard the ship. Says Ron, "I waved with both hands, thinking in my mind that I wanted them to take me for a ride. I really did want a ride in it, and I knew that *they knew* what I wanted...I wanted a ride so bad, I practically begged them."

The three boys stood there watching the craft. To Ron, it was the most exquisitely beautiful thing he had ever seen, and he ached to go inside of it. Says Ron, "I stood there about a minute, or at least it seemed like a minute. I could see both my friends on either side of me still just staring at this beautiful object. Then the next thing I remember is watching this UFO leaving me. I was completely turned around, facing the opposite way, waving goodbye to it. My two friends were now together to the right of me, still looking into blank space as I was waving goodbye at it. They were facing the same way as they were in the beginning, still gazing, but this time it was empty space. They were just staring up at nothing, as if they were paralyzed. The UFO was now smaller because it was higher up in the night sky. I thought it was very strange because I was facing a different direction than my two buddies. I could see them out of the corner of my eye as I was waving goodbye to it. I didn't want it to go. I heard them say goodbye to me in my mind, as if they knew I needed that."

In a matter of seconds, the object accelerated out of sight, leaving a multi-colored trace of light, curving up into the sky and disappearing, it seemed, behind the moon. Ron felt an incredible wave of emotion sweep over him. The overriding emotion was awe and excitement. As he says, "I knew that I was a witness to the most extraordinary event that I would ever see with my two eyes."

However, mixed with this excitement was a powerful feeling of loneliness and poignant sorrow. Says Ron, "I was very saddened by the UFO leaving, but also at peace as I waved goodbye to it. It was a lonely-type of feeling, as if saying goodbye to good friends. I felt very satisfied, and yet sad."

Ron was flushed with excitement and he turned to his friends to see what they thought of this incredible experience. "Did you see that?" he said.

Steve and Peter looked back at Ron with puzzled looks on their faces. “See what?”

Ron’s mouth dropped open. “The UFO!” he exclaimed. “Didn’t you see it?”

“I didn’t see anything,” Peter said.

“Me either,” Steve replied. “I didn’t see anything.”

At first, he thought they were just joking or teasing, but they weren’t. Neither of his friends had any memory whatsoever of the UFO or the occupants. It seemed impossible, and the enigma left Ron speechless.

Peter looked down at his wrist-watch. To his shock, the dial read 10:00 o’clock p.m. Three hours had suddenly passed, as if in an instant. “Oh, no!” Peter cried. “I am going to get in big trouble!”

“Why?” Ron asked.

“It’s ten o’clock!”

“What?” Steve said. “I’m going to get killed for being so late!”

They turned to run home at top speed. *Why don’t they remember?* Ron stood there and wondered. *Could I have imagined this whole thing?* He shouted out to his friends, “I’ll talk to you tomorrow! I’ll come over early the next morning to talk about it!” They didn’t acknowledge him, and continued running home.

Ron was only fifty feet away from his back door. He walked back inside. His mom sat at the kitchen table. She wasn’t overly concerned because during the summer months Ron was allowed to stay out until ten, though he usually wasn’t this late. She asked him, “Where have you been?”

“Skateboarding,” he replied. He then proceeded to tell her the entire UFO story, including the three hours of missing time. To Ron’s relief, she didn’t seem surprised, and she listened intently as he told his story. After he finished, she didn’t say anything, except that it was time for Ron to go to bed.

As he lay there in bed, Ron went over the experience in his mind. He couldn’t wait for morning, so he could go and talk to Steve and Peter. He wanted to relive what was to him, the most fantastic experience of his life.

The next morning, he woke up early and ran directly over to Peter’s house. Peter came to the front door and told Ron that he was in big trouble, and wasn’t allowed outside for the rest of the day. Ron asked him about the UFO, and again Peter told him that he didn’t remember seeing any UFO. They weren’t allowed to play together either, so Peter shut the door.

Ron stood at the doorstep in shock. He ran quickly over to Steve’s house. Steve was also grounded, and he also told Ron that he had no memory of any UFO encounter.

By now, Ron was beginning to panic. As he says, “I was beside myself. I thought I was going crazy. I ran home. I knew I wasn’t crazy. I knew I saw it, and I couldn’t deny it. It was clear in my mind, as if it had just happened.”

Ron was emotionally shaken by the dilemma. He knew that he had seen an actual UFO. It wasn't a hallucination. It couldn't have been a dream; he was awake. But then why couldn't his friends remember? They were right there with him!

Ron went to his mother and said sadly, "My friends don't remember seeing the UFO."

His mom looked up from the newspaper she was reading and with a smile she said, "Don't worry about it, Ronny. Your UFO made the front page!" She held up the newspaper. The article described how several residents of New Kensington had watched the UFO as it traveled slowly over town.

Ron jumped up and down with joy. "See, mom!" he cried. "I told you I wasn't lying! I saw the UFO! I really did see it!"

Relief washed over him. He wasn't crazy. Other people had seen it too. Interestingly, however, nobody else reported seeing any humanoid figures.

Ron was amazed. Just thinking about what had happened to him sent shivers down his spine. His mind kept returning to one fact, what had happened during those three missing hours?

Over the next few weeks, an amazing thing happened; Ron began to clearly recall the missing hours. Each day, more images flooded into his mind. By the end of the month, Ron had recalled most of what had happened to him on that fateful night. What he remembered astonished him. The ETs had granted his request. He had asked for a ride aboard the UFO. And they had given it to him.

He was unable to recall how he was actually taken onboard. His first memory was of finding himself already onboard the craft, sitting on a silver-gray colored bench that curved part way around the outer wall of the dome of the craft. Two other adults sat on either side of him. Ron said hello to them, but neither responded. Both sat there staring straight ahead, without moving a muscle.

Looking across the room, he saw two of the most beautiful people he has ever seen. Says Ron, "One was a man about six feet tall, and the other was a beautiful woman about five feet, eight inches tall. They both had on silver-gray jumpsuits that formed to their body -- not too loose or not too tight. It was all one piece. Even their shoes were a part of the apparel. There was no collar to the suit, but it went up to their necks. She had long, flowing brownish-blond hair down to about one-third of her back. It was shiny and very pretty to look at. She was very pretty and she smiled at me. He was very handsome and had blondish-colored hair. They both had very blue eyes that were warm as they looked at me. Both of them looked perfect to me. They were beautiful to watch, and they seemed very friendly."

Ron was in awe. Their jumpsuits were completely seamless and shimmered brightly in the light. They appeared to be in their late twenties. Both stood side by side, near a doorway. The man was waving his hand over what Ron assumed was some kind of instrument panel.

At this point, the woman stepped forward. Ron automatically stood up as she approached. Says Ron, "She came around and I walked up to them. She gave me a hug, which made me feel very welcome, and he shook my small hand. I felt very comfortable there and they were very friendly, almost as if they were relatives of mine. I thought in my mind that they must be married. They seemed to love what they were doing. They also seemed to love having me onboard. I didn't say anything to them. It seemed as though they knew my thoughts, and I knew theirs. They appeared to me to be perfect people. I could not see one flaw in their faces. They seemed very happy with each other. When they looked at me, they always looked contented, and that they enjoyed what they do. I felt very comfortable and at ease. I knew they would not harm me in any way, that they just wanted to please me."

Ron was in awe of the two space-people. Looking around the room, he could see that it had rounded blue-gray walls. It was brightly lit and very clean. At this point, the woman stepped back to the instrument panel and waved her hand over it. The panel appeared to be very simple, with no visible dials or switches.

Ron was amazed at what happened next. The man looked at Ron and motioned for him to move over to the left. Says Ron, "As I did, I could see a window. It was panoramic in shape and about waist high, maybe four feet by fifteen feet across. I thought immediately, *this is where I saw them from the ground, looking at me.* "

Ron realized that the man and woman had made the window transparent by manipulating the control panel. He looked out the window, and was completely awestruck. Says Ron, "It was wonderful. I could see stars, millions of them. They were very clear -- clearer than I've ever seen them. I walked closer to the window. I felt as if I were watching a movie in a movie theater, but it was much more clear. I felt like I could touch the stars as they slowly moved across my view. I knew we were moving in outer space. We must have been going very fast because the stars moved to the left and right of me as we went forward. They were like diamonds.

"I didn't know what part of space I was in and I really didn't care. It had all my attention. I glanced back at the two humanoids, and they just smiled at me. I kept looking out the window, thinking, *I'm really taking a ride in a UFO!* I was so exhilarated and felt very special. I knew I was now in this UFO, and the pilots were giving me the ride of my life. I was so excited. I just felt at peace that these two beautiful people were answering my request."

At this point, Ron's memory of what happened next becomes a little hazy. Something else may have occurred, but the details escape him. Says Ron, "The woman and the man were still by the panel on the wall. This time only the woman was waving her hand over the panel. The next thing I remember is being on the ground, waving goodbye to them, not wanting to leave. I didn't even think of my family then, I was so caught up in this great venture I was taking. I know there was much more, but I cannot remember anything else that happened during my three-

hour ride. Maybe one day I will. I just know that this will never leave my mind, and I will cherish it always. I often remember this incident over and over again. To this day it is still very clear in my mind."

The encounter was, for Ron, a wonderful and awesome experience. He has no idea, however, why he had the experience, but his friends did not. Says Ron, "I know there are many other worlds out there, and these were two beings from one of them who chose me to give a ride. Why? I don't know, except in my mind, I felt they were doing me a great service and enjoyed my company."

As the years passed, Ron grew up, got married and had kids. On several occasions, he has encountered UFOs. As he says, "Since then I have seen many UFOs, some golden and egg-shaped, some ball-shaped. My children have also seen them many times. My daughter had a very close encounter with a bluish UFO that came right down the street. It flew right over her and my wife, only about ten feet above their heads. Most of my family has had many sightings, none quite as intimate as mine. Nevertheless, they have seen them up close and are convinced of extraterrestrial life."

Today, Ron has become a deeply religious and spiritual person. After much studying and reflection upon his experience, he has found, he believes, powerful answers to some of the most puzzling aspects of UFOs, such as their connection to God and religion. Says Ron, "I know they exist. I know who they are and where they come from. I also know more about them, probably, than most people know. Being very religious, I always wondered how God and UFOs or aliens are related. They are not all as friendly as my experience has been, but they do have an agenda. There are many types of aliens. Most are just visiting and looking, while others are more aggressive. One thing I can say for sure right now is that they are all kept under close watch and scrutiny, and are allowed only so much interference with this earth."

Ron's encounter with what appear to be "perfect beings" has also led him to believe that the earth will soon undergo a transformational event -- the equivalent of the Biblical Rapture. Says Ron, "Now I know that GOD is the biggest factor concerning all life and how each play a part in the great and Glorious Plan of GOD. The whole story will unravel soon. Most will be surprised by the truth, and many bubbles will burst. It's all so amazing and wonderful and no one need worry."

Today, Ron remains steadfast to his faith. As he says, "All the answers to all the questions are available in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Most will wonder what Jesus Christ and GOD have to do with aliens and other worlds. The answer is simply, *everything!* I can tell no more. Most will have to find out for themselves. But the truth is out there. I guarantee it!"

Chapter Eleven: Andy's Abduction

It was 1978, and thirteen-year-old Andy Arends was in the bedroom of his home in the Netherlands. He lived in a tract of houses only minutes from a major city. It was a crowded urban area. Tonight was a school night, so he went to bed early.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Andy's room flooded with light. He first thought that his older brother had entered and turned on the light, something he did often enough.

Andy opened his eyes to see that his blanket was gone, and the light was so bright, he couldn't even see his room. At that moment he realized, he was no longer even in his room. He was somewhere else.

"I was lying on a metal table," Andy says. "I looked up and saw this big window, and a bench in front of the window. It had round edges, and it was attached to the floor. And I thought, *what's happening? Am I in a hospital?* "

At this point, he wasn't scared, only confused. But the fear was beginning to creep in. "I started to look around, and on my right, I saw two people, two beings, but they were very dark and I couldn't see their faces."

He saw a strange unrecognizable device on the floor. The walls, he realized, were rounded. The entire room was round and although he saw no light fixtures, it was filled with light. "I don't know where it came from," Andy says, "maybe outside through the window? I don't know. There was light everywhere."

He knew he wasn't in his room anymore, but he still figured he was on Earth.

"Then I looked to my left," he says, "and I saw this little being. I saw another one, and further, a third. And the third one was smiling at me, making a nice gesture."

Still trying to come to grips with what was happening, Andy looked up. "I saw this thing above my head. It was a tube with two rings emitting a red-purple light, with a big needle in the middle. And it was coming down to my left eye."

Now, Andy felt real fear and he began to shake his head, only to discover that he could only move it a few inches. Speaking fluent Dutch, (Andy's primary language) the ET spoke telepathically, saying, "Don't be scared, this won't hurt."

To Andy's relief, the being was correct. "I got this amazing feeling in my body and in my mind," Andy says. "I've never felt so good before." It was a sensation he'd never felt before or since, a feeling of absolute well-being.

"Okay," he told the alien.

"I trusted him," Andy explains. "I let it happen. I was waiting for it."

The next thing Andy knew, his alarm clock was going off and he woke up in bed. He thought to himself, *what a strange and realistic dream* . He was totally exhausted, as if he had been up all night.

That day, Andy, his brother and their parents were in the living room. Suddenly Andy's brother blurted out, "Hey, I dreamed I was abducted by aliens."

“Me too!” Andy said, jumping up. His brother looked at him curiously, but said nothing. Nor did they talk about it.

At the time, Andy was still considering the possibility that it was all just a dream. His brother, Andy speculates, thought he was kidding. But he wasn’t. Still he wondered, could it have been more than a dream?

He recalled an incident which had occurred around that time, while he and his family were vacationing in Spain. They were on a speedboat in the ocean on a fishing trip. The water was clear and not very deep as they could see the bottom. Andy was looking over the edge of the boat into the water when he saw “a black disc-shape going underneath our boat.”

The object was about six feet wide, obviously a craft of some kind, and moving at a swift pace.

“Look! Look!” he shouted out. Andy’s father and brother looked over the edge of the boat, but by then the object was gone.

Andy is not sure if this sighting happened before or after the incident in his home, but they both occurred close together and he feels they are probably connected.

Andy remembered a few other strange incidents from around this time. One morning, he woke up, and discovered a strange mystery: he was lying the wrong way in bed. Somehow, he had turned around 180 degrees, with his head at the foot of the bed, and his feet resting on his pillow. At the time, he assumed that he must have somehow turned himself around, but he couldn’t imagine how. Now, he wonders if it was perhaps the ETs.

Another time, he woke up to find that he had a severe bloody nose. “There was a lot of blood,” Andy says. It was puzzling, and he had no answers as to how such a thing could happen when he was asleep.

Also, around this same time, he went to bed one evening and heard a strange beeping noise. He searched for the source, but no matter where he went, he heard it clearly and at the same volume. He finally realized it was inside his head. It only happened once, so he didn’t think much of it.

A few years later, at age sixteen, Andy left home to live with his girlfriend. They were given a couch which the previous owners didn’t want because they said it was “spooked.” One evening, Andy and his girlfriend were sitting on the couch when they both felt it starting to shake. Then suddenly, the entire couch, with both of them on it, levitated about one inch, then fell to the floor.

They both stared at each other in shock. “Did you feel that?” Andy asked.

“Yes!” his girlfriend replied.

They decided to get rid of the couch.

Both Andy and his brother were shy, sensitive boys. Following the UFO incident, Andy’s brother began to get into trouble. Prior to then, he was very well behaved,

and always looked out for his little brother. Once when Andy had mused out loud about trying to smoke a cigarette, his brother said, "I'll kick your ass."

"He was very smart," Andy says. "He knew that smoking was not good, drinking and drugs were not good. He was very intelligent. But after that, he started smoking and drinking alcohol."

At one point, Andy confronted him about it. His brother told him, "I can't cope with how it goes, here on Earth."

It would be only a few years later, at age 24, that Andy's brother committed suicide. Andy feels that it's connected, at least in part, to their shared experience.

He wonders if the ETs were interested in him because he is sensitive, and has a different outlook on life than many people. Like his brother, he finds it difficult to deal with the cruelty and evil of the world. "If I have a mosquito in my room," Andy says, "I take a glass, catch it, and I put it outside. I don't kill the smallest thing. I have respect for all life, for all people."

He has an unusual affinity with animals, and finds that creatures both domestic and wild, seem to be drawn to him. As a child, they had a pet parrot who would let nobody but Andy near him. One evening, he woke up spontaneously. Looking at the fish tank next to his bed, his pet fish now began to give birth. Whenever he visits someone, their pet dog or cat usually ends up next to him.

Andy grew up, married, had two daughters. He continued to think about his experience, and when accounts of UFOs and abductions came on television, he would often watch. One evening, he was watching a show about abductions and was shocked to see a witness drawing that portrayed the same exact machine he had seen in his own experience. He was so shocked by the similarities that he made several calls trying to contact the producers of the show.

When he learned that abductees often have unexplained marks on their body, he discovered that he had several, including strange red spots that a dermatologist was unable to diagnose, and a scoop-mark on his back.

Many years after his childhood abduction, Andy was watching a movie when he had a sudden flashback to the incident. "I have this memory of floating through my window," he says. "I panicked because I thought I was going to fall."

At the time, he thought to himself, *this is not possible.*

Floating about six feet above him was one of the beings who told him, "Yes, it is possible."

The memory ends there. In another spontaneous flashback, Andy remembered walking along a corridor inside the object. He turned to one of the beings and asked him, "Where is my brother?" He doesn't remember what the being said.

Following his childhood encounter, Andy never had another visitation. After all is said and done, he feels that the ETs are benevolent, and he feels a special connection

to the them, particularly the one who smiled at him. “I love them,” he says. “I wish they were here now.”

Chapter Twelve: The UFO Guardians

Dolly Safran's life was unusual from the moment of conception. Her father was an Airborne Ranger with a long distinguished military career. Dolly's mother was having difficulty becoming pregnant. She had been diagnosed with polycystic ovarian syndrome. Doctors used radiation treatment and told Dolly's mother not to get pregnant for six months. One week later, she became pregnant with Dolly.

It was a difficult pregnancy. Doctors warned that the baby might be deformed and have other health issues. Dolly was born in 1958, premature and weighing only five pounds. She was 18 inches long and had a full head of thick black hair. Given a clean bill of health, the new family returned to their home in Miami, Florida, not far from the Everglades.

Thankfully, Dolly thrived. At three weeks, all her black hair fell out and came back in snowball white. As she grew, her hair became blond. Dolly had surprised everyone by turning out to be a beautiful, healthy, happy child.

However, the surprises weren't over. Strange events started to happen, and somehow, they always seemed to involve Dolly.

It all began around 1960, when Dolly's mother was pregnant with her second child. Suddenly, Dolly would turn up missing. A search of the house would ensue. Sometimes they'd find her in strange places, locked rooms and closed closets. Other times they'd find her outside.

This strange disappearing act occurred many times. Nobody could figure out how Dolly was getting through locked doors that she was too short to even reach.

"It was very disconcerting," Dolly says. "They found me once two and a half miles from the house, and all I had on was underwear. I was crying, and I couldn't explain to anybody how I got there."

The strange experiences continued. Around 1965, Dolly was seven years old and playing in the backyard. She lived on a big ranch with her extended family. She was lying in the grass gazing up at the sky when she observed something very strange in the sky.

"I saw something coming down," Dolly says. "I thought it was a giant umbrella. And I thought I saw Mary Poppins. I was utterly captivated."

At this point, Dolly doesn't remember what happened. "I don't know if that was planted into my head to not frighten me," Dolly says, "but after that I began having regular visits. They wouldn't come in broad daylight like that. But they would come at night."

Dolly told her mother about her "friends" that visit at night, but her mother was unable to provide any information. She assumed they were imaginary friends, but was concerned because Dolly kept talking about them.

One time, Dolly freaked everyone out with a remarkable display of telekinesis. “I was a very sensitive kid,” Dolly explains. “I didn’t like arguing, and I got real upset. I got so upset I started shaking. And the next thing we know, the closet opened and two hat boxes flew out at my aunt’s head. And that scared the crap out of everybody.”

Other times, Dolly would blurt out that something bad would happen. Shortly later, the event would occur. It could be something as simple as a minor car accident, or somebody being very sick and rushed to the hospital.

Dolly’s father was highly placed in the military. He and Dolly were very close, and when Dolly started to have unusual experiences, her father recognized that something strange was happening.

“My father took me to Hempstead AFB,” Dolly says. “There was a program going on there, and there were lots of other kids and parents. I spent the next five days of my life being tested on all things psychic. My parents were notified that I had strong abilities, that remote viewing was one of my big talents, and that there was a program they wanted to put me in.”

Dolly’s father was considering allowing her to participate when a friend of his at NASA alerted him that she should not participate, as the program would not be for her benefit.

Dolly did not join the program, but from that point, her father spent a lot of time training her in other special abilities. He enrolled her in a Karate class. (She is now certified in *Krav Maga* .) He began to teach her about self-defense. He educated her in numerous areas of science.

In 1966, at around age eight, Dolly began waking up to find herself inside a strange “ship.” She was there with a group of other children, waiting for something to happen. They were then taken out of the ship to what appeared to be another place. “Where we went had a lesser gravity then I’m used to,” Dolly says. “It was almost an unimaginable place. I’ve never seen anything like it before or since. Very odd kinds of flora and fauna. There were these towers with huge ground terraces and we could either go in at the bottom and go up a staircase, or we’d all hold hands and we’d jump up and get in that way.”

Dolly was taken to this area many times. “The purpose of me going there was to learn,” Dolly says. “We were being taught. It could be anything from philosophy, history, morality, responsibility. It was all very altruistic -- some scientific, but most of the time I was being taught how to think altruistically…I was taught we were engineered, and that there was a lot expected of us…I lived a double life. Even though I was in contact with ET all this time, I grew up in the military. And I was strictly taught not to talk about it, that anything I knew was not to be spoken at all.”

By the time Dolly was about fourteen years old, she had developed a strong interest in science and astronomy. She had a telescope and would spend many hours

staring at the night sky, charting the moon and the planets and identifying the constellations. Her father worked for NASA as an architect and an engineer and would often take Dolly with him on his job to visit Cape Canaveral. He would often take her to the universal library and let her pick out any book she wanted to read. This helped to develop her interest in astronomy.

One evening, after staying up to almost 2:00 a.m., watching the stars with her telescope, she finally decided it was time for bed. But for some reason, she felt restless and instead sat by her window-seat and looked up in the sky.

Suddenly, to her amazement, it appeared that the stars were moving. "I saw about forty pairs of stars that were moving. It freaked me out. I thought, *my God, what am I looking at? Is it a stellar shower of some sort?* It instantly grabbed my attention. Then each pair of those lights went off into different directions. Two of them came down over our area, near Kendall. One went east toward Kendall, and the other went west where we lived, at the edge of the Everglades National Park. I watched it come down over the back of my house. It was dead silent. It changed color. It started out white, but as it came down, it turned bright red, orange, then yellow, then green, and then it turned a blue color. Then, as it came down over my backyard, it was a very bright metallic object. It was about 20-25 feet in circumference. It wasn't totally round, more spade-shaped, but rounded. And it had two port windows, and lights. And underneath it was a very big blue light."

The object stopped and hovered over the trees behind the house, wobbling slightly. Dolly was amazed to see the trees whipping around as though being blown by a strong wind, and yet there was no breeze. Suddenly, Dolly got a cold chill. She was seeing a UFO! And it was looking right at her.

"When I realized what I was looking at, it scared me bad. I turned to get away from my window, and all I could think to do was dive down to the floor and go under my bed. Just as I started to make that turn, my entire room became shockingly bright white-blue light. It was so bright it was blinding. I guess I passed out, that's the last thing I remembered. When I woke up, my pajamas were disheveled and not on like before. I was disoriented and sick to my stomach. I was sitting on the floor trying to figure out what the hell had just happened to me."

Finally, Dolly looked at the clock. Her jaw dropped in disbelief. It was already almost 6:00 a.m. She waited a short while until everybody began to wake up. She thought, *how could this happen without someone in the house knowing about it?* She was determined to ask, but wasn't sure how to proceed.

She saw her mother. "Did anything weird happen last night?" she asked. "Did y'all see any weird lights outside?"

"No," her mother replied, giving her daughter a concerned look. "What are you talking about?"

"You didn't see anything weird, or hear anything? About 2:30 in the morning?"

“No,” her mother repeated. “Why?”

“Maybe I had a weird dream,” Dolly said.

Dolly was at a loss. “I sat down at the table, and I didn’t know what to think. I just sat there. I thought, if I talk to her about this, she’s going to think I’m a lunatic. I needed some more time to think about what had just happened to me.”

Each morning, the family listened to the radio to hear the daily news and weather. Dolly was amazed to hear the radio news start talking about UFOs. That night, a police officer in the Kendall mall observed a UFO.

After the newscaster finished describing the officer’s sighting, Dolly’s mother turned to her in surprise. “Did you see something last night?”

“I don’t know,” Dolly said. “I might have.”

“Well, what did you see?”

“Well, Mom, I think I saw a UFO.”

Her mother looked a little shocked. “Oh, you were probably dreaming,” she said, dismissing the sighting.

Dolly decided not to press the issue. She knew she had seen something strange. It was to be the first of many strange sightings in her life.

It was shortly after this incident that she discovered a strange lump or object in the cartilage inside one of her nostrils. Convinced something was there, she kept worrying it until it became sore and inflamed.

By age 17, she had become obsessed with getting the object out. Being well trained in handling physical pain, she decided to excise the object herself. “I opened my nose up there,” Dolly says, “and pushed and pushed until it popped out. What popped out was freakish. It looked metallic, about the size of a grain of rice. It suddenly fuzzed over and then literally disappeared. I watched it disappear.”

Dolly cleaned herself up. She was baffled by the disappearance of what she had now begun to suspect was an alien implant. She soon had reason to believe she was right. “I woke up the next day with something behind my ear,” she says.

She left the new object alone for several years, then one day decided to pull it out like she had the other one. “Before I could get it out of my ear, it disappeared in my hand. Then I ended up with one in my leg.”

One time, as a young teenager in the Girl Scouts, Dolly had one of the scariest encounters of her life.

She was on a camping trip in the Florida Everglades, and she and the other girl scouts were hoping to earn their fire-making badges.

Unfortunately, it was a wet and rainy day. Dolly knew that it was going to be difficult to start a fire if she didn’t have dry kindling and wood. So, after dinner, while there was still some light left, she went out to search for wood.

She had crept far from the camp and was going through the wild underbrush. It was now just after dusk and about to get dark. She had to get back. That’s when it

happened.

"The hair went up on the back of my neck," Dolly says. "I thought somebody was following me, and I whirled around. And I came face-to-face with what could only be described as a reptilian person. It looked like a reptile. It had scales and eyes with slitted pupils. It had a somewhat prominent mouth, and it had big frickin teeth. And it grinned at me, pulled the sides of its cheeks back, and gave me a grin full of teeth."

The figure was solid and muscular, and almost six feet tall. Dolly prepared to defend herself from what she was certain was imminent attack. Instead, the being held up its hand with its palm facing toward her. Dolly did not get a friendly feeling from it. "What I got," she says, "is that it was looking for a meal, like I was food."

Dolly decided to flee.

"So, I ran like hell," Dolly says. "I got all cut up from the brambles and the bush. Didn't collect a single stick."

She rushed back into camp, terrified and out of breath. The camp counselors rushed up to her and asked what was wrong.

"I don't know, there was some kind of animal rummaging around out there," she told them. "And it didn't look friendly."

She stayed up late that night, convinced that the reptilian would return for her. To this day, it remains one of the most terrifying experiences of her life.

Life continued. Dolly went to college. In 1984, at age 26, she was diagnosed with Diabetic Ketoacidosis, or DKA, and began to be treated for the disease.

In December of that year, tragedy struck her family. Dolly's cousin had passed away, and most members of her family left for Chicago to attend the funeral. Dolly was left alone at home, and suddenly began to feel very unwell.

Events escalated quickly, and suddenly Dolly started to pass out. She tried to crawl to bed. She passed out several times before, utterly exhausted, she crawled into bed. By then she was so far gone, she expected to die.

Suddenly, she saw a "tall white" standing next to her bed. "He looked very concerned," Dolly says, "and he said, 'You have to keep going. You have to get help.'"

Dolly was too tired to care.

The being wouldn't take no for an answer. "Get help," he said. "I want you to get help for yourself."

"Fine," Dolly said. "Hand me the phone."

To her surprise, the tall white handed her the phone. Dolly called for help. Soon, she was rushed to Grady Hospital in downtown Atlanta, Georgia. By the time she arrived, she was in a full-blown diabetic coma. Doctors began to treat her. Afterward, they told her she had arrived just in time to save her life.

Dolly knew that she was being taken fairly regularly. It had been this way her whole life. For her it was a regular occurrence, an unremarkable event that was not worth recording or attaching any special importance to. For this reason, she admits that there are other encounters that have occurred to her which she hasn't shared, simply because she didn't feel it was necessary.

Some encounters, however, were big ones, and impossible to ignore.

In 2008, Dolly was employed by the U.S. government in a few different capacities. One important job she had was a security specialist at the Army Department of Defense. "I was in transportation, and I used to drive bombs and stuff like that," Dolly says. She learned to drive a wide variety of military vehicles. In fact, today, there are few types of vehicles that she cannot drive.

At that time, she was married to a man who was an ex-Navy intelligence officer. Unknown to her, her husband was apparently a dangerous sociopath. He had taken out a secret $500,000 life insurance policy on Dolly. Then he secretly began to poison her by putting small amounts of anti-freeze into her food. She later learned he had a long history of violence, and had (as a young man addicted to drugs) held his own mother at gunpoint.

At the time, she knew none of this. She only knew that she was feeling tired and sick all the time. Also, her husband recently seemed distant and aloof. "My husband was acting weirder and weirder all the time," she says.

Dolly worked at Fort Benning, which was about fifty miles from their home north of Columbus, Georgia. One evening, she had to be at the base at 11:30 p.m., so she headed south down Highway 27 in her Volkswagen bug. It was a warm, balmy night, and she had the sun roof open. She was on a lonely and remote section of road when she noticed a bank of extremely bright white lights through the rear-view mirror. Her first thought was that they were stadium lights. But she immediately discarded that theory as it was the middle of the night, and there were no structures in this area. Besides that, the object now showed itself to be in the sky, although low.

Whatever the object was, it was covered with lights, absolutely huge, and appeared to be coming closer. "There was no sound," Dolly says, "which alerted me instantly."

She slowed from sixty mph to about thirty. At that exact moment, the object headed straight for her car. In only a few seconds, it zoomed about 400 feet directly overhead.

"I couldn't believe what I was looking at," Dolly says. "I went into dead shock, it was coming that fast. It was coming for me. It buzzed me. I slammed on my brakes. As it went past me, I caught a glimpse of it. It was triangular-shaped, and ginormous. And it turned back, swung around, and hovered. I was stopped in the middle of the road, staring at this thing. And I got this overwhelming message in my

head: *Home is not a good place. Home is bad. Home is not a good place.* And it just took off, straight up and out of my sight."

Dolly was almost breathless with shock. Nobody was around to see this amazing event. The UFO had clearly come just for her, and with a special message. But what did it mean? Did it mean Earth? Was it talking about her own home?

She pulled off the road and pondered the experience. She searched the sky again, but the object was long gone. She finally got back on the road, but pulled over at the first gas station to calm down. "It was life altering to know that this ginormous craft had just buzzed me and singled me out."

Mostly it was the strange message. What could it mean? She wanted to stay there and think about it, but she had to get to work.

Once at work, she decided to do a little fishing and see if anybody knew anything about what she had seen. She normally kept quiet about such things as UFOs, but she needed answers.

She approached her captain and asked, "Got any interesting aircraft coming into the base tonight?"

He looked at her sharply. "Why do you want to know?"

"I'm just curious," she said. "I saw something flying in toward the base, and I wondered."

"No, nothing," he said.

During her break, Dolly pulled out her cellphone and called Columbus Airport to see if they had received any unusual reports, which they denied. She called two other local Air Force bases, neither of which was able to provide her with any useful information. It became clear to her that nobody else had seen the object, and that it had come only for her.

After her shift, she went home and went to bed. When she woke up, the message from the UFO was still echoing in her head. Only this time she heard her husband's name attached to it. The message was now more specific: something was bad at her home, and it involved her husband.

"So, I started paying attention to everything he did and said," Dolly says. "He came home with Chinese food that night. I took two bites of it…one hour later I was puking my guts out."

She went to the doctor the next day. They suspected she might have gotten food poisoning. They gave her fluids and sent her home.

A short time later, Dolly was driving near her home with her step-daughter when she began to experience bad chest pain, sweating, nausea, and vertigo. Her heart raced and she felt herself beginning to pass out. "I think I'm having a heart attack!" she said.

Luckily, she was near a hospital, and was rushed to the emergency room. Her blood pressure was extremely high. The doctors were convinced she was having a

heart-attack, and treated her with glycerin patches on her chest.

Her condition was so severe that doctors weren't sure she would survive the night.

Somehow, she did survive. And as her condition seemed to improve, the doctors released her from the hospital. They didn't want to, but Dolly's step-daughter was about to get married, and she didn't want to miss the wedding.

Unfortunately, while Dolly's blood-pressure and heart rate stabilized, she still remained extremely weak. Also, her kidneys began to fail. It was clear that there was still something seriously wrong.

Three days following the wedding, Dolly's husband continued to exhibit bizarre behavior. He left for work at 5:00 a.m., far earlier than normal.

It was payday and Dolly was monitoring their mutual bank account so that she could pay the bills. When the money never arrived, she called her husband to see what was wrong.

He had shocking news. He announced that since Dolly was suffering from ill health, he would now control all the finances and make all the decisions.

Dolly remained calm and told him, "No, that's not the way it's going to be."

It was the last straw. It was clear her husband did not love her. When he didn't come home that night, she packed up all his stuff, put it on the porch and waited for him to come home.

When he finally came home, he tried to apologize and make amends. By then, Dolly had made her decision. It was over. A long messy separation followed. Dolly eventually had to get a restraining order and move to another location.

Now living in Virginia, and still feeling extremely ill, she sought medical attention. The doctor was puzzled by her symptoms and suspected she may have been poisoned. He ordered a battery of blood tests.

The doctor called her shortly later. The tests showed that there was anti-freeze in her blood. Her ex-husband had poisoned her, Dolly realized. The doctor told her she needed immediate dialysis treatment or she would die.

Dolly went forward with dialysis. Although she was alive, her already significant health problems would become much worse.

Dolly was in shock. Her ex-husband had tried to murder her. And if not for the UFO intervening when it had, he probably would have succeeded. It was not the first time the ETs had intervened to help her, and it wouldn't be the last.

The ET incidents that she found most memorable were those that involved this type of guidance or help. The next such event proved to be one of the most remarkable of her life.

In 2012, Dolly's brother fell down a flight of stairs and received multiple severe injuries. Dolly went to his home in Atlanta, Georgia to take care of him. In a weird streak of bad luck, Dolly slipped on some ice outside the house, receiving multiple injuries, including a broken arm. She had to be rushed to the hospital. Later that

evening, all bandaged up and with a temporary cast, she was sent back home to take care of her injured brother.

That night, she woke up in the middle of the night. She went to the kitchen to see if there was some juice or milk. "I looked to the doorway," Dolly says, "and they were standing there, a very tall white, and a short gray. I had seen this pair before."

Several thoughts rushed through her mind. *Why are you here? I'm wide awake! Why are you standing there?* "I started to get excited," Dolly says. "I couldn't believe I was standing there looking at them."

The taller being began to speak telepathically and calmly, expressing concern about her injuries.

Dolly explained that she had gone to the hospital and that the doctors assured her she would be fine. She looked at the tall white and wondered, *Why are you so familiar to me?*

"You know who I am," the being replied, with a quirky half-smile on his thin lips. His large expressive eyes seemed to dance with subtle merriment.

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you do," he said. "You might not be able to recall completely, but you know who I am."

"Okay, who are you?"

"I am your child," he said. "You are my biological mother."

Dolly stared at her son in fascination. "I was stunned silent," she says. "I didn't know how to react. I started searching his face, and I realized, that he looked like he was my kid, but a mixed-race child. And it stunned me, and I asked him, 'How old are you?'"

"I am close to twenty or twenty-five of your years, but I am much more in mine." He explained to Dolly that he spent much time traveling between dimensions, back and forth between time, and that aging didn't occur during this time. "He tried to explain it to me," Dolly says. "I sort of understand it."

Dolly was amazed that her hybrid son cared enough to visit her when she was injured. She told him that she wasn't aware that ETs cared so much about humans.

"Of course, we do," her ET son replied. He explained that there were good ETs, and malevolent ones.

Suddenly the white being and the gray began to glow with light and they disappeared. "I didn't sleep the rest of that night at all," Dolly says.

In 2016, due to the damage to her kidneys from being poisoned, Dolly had a kidney transplant. It turned out that one of her friends was a near-perfect match. Following this, they became even closer. One evening they went out for dinner and stayed out too late. Dolly was so tired driving home, she didn't even know she was lost. That's when a strange object appeared ahead of them in the sky.

"We had a craft come down," Dolly says.

It hovered there ahead of them. It was the only thing visible in the sky.

"Is it trying to tell us something?" Dolly's friend asked.

"I don't know."

At this point, they realized that they were lost. "So, I turned around," Dolly says, "and it followed me. It turned around with us and followed us for a little while longer and then shot off. I'm convinced now that they were really worried about where I was going and how tired I was."

Dolly continues to have UFO experiences. Sightings occur somewhat regularly. She has tried to photograph the craft, but hasn't been very successful. "They will not let me film them," she says. "They're pretty bad about that."

Having had so many encounters, Dolly has learned a lot about the ETs and their craft. "They're enough like us," she says, "that they must breathe air. They must eat and drink."

Their ships, Dolly says, are powered mainly through magnetics. They are also able to harness the power of lightning in order to recharge their craft. Sometimes they use the sun itself. The ships themselves, are piloted by telepathically linking up with the craft itself. "I learned how to fly one," Dolly says. "I've flown one. You need to have the ability to link with the controls, and that takes an empath to do that. You have to be psychically empathic to do this. They start employing that when they're born, so it's nothing to them. It's something we have to work on. It has to be taught."

She wonders if perhaps very large numbers of people are being visited and closely monitored by ETs, but most aren't aware of it. She feels fairly certain that humanity is going to face some serious widespread disasters in the future that could cause massive loss of life on a scale never before seen in history. A tilt of the Earth's axis, massive earthquakes, the eruption of a super-volcano. She's doing what she can to get people to wake up to the truth of UFOs, and the necessity of preparing for upcoming Earth changes.

Dolly says that the ETs are trying to help us as best as they can, but people become frightened. This, she says, is a "huge issue" for the ETs because "they really mean to do no harm."

Meanwhile, the sightings continue. Dolly is part of a CEV group that has been able to call down UFOs. During one of their recent meetings, more than 60 people observed strange lights. Photos were taken. Additional witnesses outside the area also saw the UFOs.

Dolly has accepted that UFOs are a part of her life. She has come out of the "UFO closet" and is ready to take the bull by the horns. And with her track record, the chances are good that her encounters will continue.

Chapter Thirteen: How to Fly a UFO

It was around 1972. Timothy (he requested that his last name not be used) was seven years old, perhaps six. He lived in New Iberia, Louisiana on a small dead-end street. It was around dusk. Timothy was about to have his first UFO experience.

At that age, his mother allowed him to venture outside, but he was not allowed to leave the property. He could go to the edge of the yard, but not beyond it. It was a warm night and everyone had their doors and windows open. Suddenly he saw an object floating about ten feet above the road with nothing underneath it.

"I was standing at the very edge of the driveway," Tim says. "and I could hear the TV in my house, and in other people's homes…and I saw something that looked like -- not a blimp -- but a long cigar-shape with little windows on the downside of it… they were like little square portholes, and you could see light coming from the inside through these portholes…they were just lined down the side. It had so many in one section, and then there was a space with none, and then there was so many in another section. This thing was at least as long as a football field. It was just solid. It was barely floating above the road, and was just, very, very slow, like one mile per hour, moving forward."

That's a train , was his first thought. "But it wasn't a train," Tim says. "Because then I realized, it was floating. It was above the road, behind the tree-line, at the top of the hill. And I couldn't hear a sound from this thing, maybe a slight hum, but that's it…It was floating, but it was barely moving forward."

Tim watched in shock. He knew he was seeing something unusual. But what? Finally, he saw the end of the object disappearing down the street. "Well," says Tim, "I did something that I would never have done…I crossed the road to see this thing and to keep watching it."

Tim ran to the end of the street just in time to still see it moving down the street. He ran after it until he reached the trees at the top of the hill. "At this point," says Tim, "it started to rise and go above the tree-line. It hesitated, stopped for about ten seconds, and all of a sudden it just shot off so fast that the only way I knew what direction it went was because it left a streak of light. At that time, the only thing I knew that moved that fast were jets. I always said it jetted out of sight. Now I know a jet can't move that fast. There's nothing that can move that fast."

That was Tim's first experience. Tim was born with a heart murmur. At age seven, he had open heart surgery to correct the problem, and he knows that the UFO experience occurred shortly before that.

Tim wondered what he had seen, but as time passed, he didn't think much about it. Then, as a young teen-ager, he had another experience which made him begin to question exactly what was happening to him.

He was staying at his stepfather's ranch in Indian Bayou, Louisiana. He was about fifteen years old. "I remember going to bed that night," says Tim, "and the next thing I remember, I'm shivering and I'm cold, and it feels like I'm wet. I open my eyes, and everything was dark. I'm looking down at something shiny, and I realized it was water. But I didn't know where I was. I didn't understand what was happening."

Fear swept through him as Timothy realized he was no longer in his bedroom; he was somewhere outside. Looking around, he slipped, landed on his back and slid down a short hill. Only then did he realize that he was down in the field next to the levy where the cattle are normally kept.

The question was, how had he gotten there? The field was guarded by both barbed wire and an electric fence, not to mention the closed gate. "The whole time that I was standing there," says Tim, "I felt like somebody was watching me. I was so scared that I was almost like paralyzed, like I was too afraid to move."

Timothy forced himself to move toward the gate. It had been raining all day and he was making deep footprints in the mud. When he reached the gate, which was the only way into the field, he saw no footprints but the ones he was making. It made no sense. "That scared me," Tim says, "so I took off running. I ran through the gate, across the front yard to the house. When I got to the house, I went to the front door. It was locked. I went around the back to the sliding door right in front of the swimming pool, and the sliding door was locked."

There was no way Tim was going to knock and ask for help. His parents were strict and would not have understood why Tim was outside in the middle of the night, covered with mud.

Tim ran to the tool shed, grabbed a tool, and pried the sliding glass door open, a trick he had learned. Then he cleaned himself off in the pool. Still terrified, he crept back inside to his bedroom that he shared with his sister and two brothers.

The next morning, everyone wondered about the mud in the pool and the strange footprints leading out from the cattle pasture. Tim remained silent.

Shortly after the weird missing-time incident, Tim saw another UFO. His brothers and sister were swimming, and Tim (the oldest) was relaxing, lying on the ground and looking at the sky. Suddenly a strange circular cloud caught his attention. It was a "perfect circle," Tim said. To his amazement, the circular cloud dissipated, "Now there was a round circular disc there," Tim says. "I remember looking at it, and I couldn't hear any noise. So, I sat up and looked. When I sat up, that thing took off. I mean, it shot off in the sky so fast."

Tim looked to the left and saw that it was now a tiny glimmer in the sky, several miles away, at which point, it shot off again and disappeared. "The excitement that you feel when you see that," Tim says, "the wonder and the awe, to see that thing

take off and go across the sky. That's thrilling to see something like that…it's a big rush."

Tim didn't tell anyone what he saw, he's not sure why. So far, he had kept all his strange experiences to himself. If he didn't understand them, how could he expect anyone else to understand?

Then, something happened which was impossible to keep secret. Again, it occurred around the same time as the missing time incident and the sighting of the disc.

His mom and stepfather were out shopping. Tim was at home with his younger sister, two brothers and one of their friends. Despite the fact that it was a bright, sunny day, they were all inside listening to a hit-song countdown on the radio and dancing along with the music.

Suddenly, a loud boom echoed from outside, followed by a blinding flash of light. Looking outside, Tim and the others saw that it was now raining. They immediately assumed that the telephone pole in front of the house had been struck by lightning. They stood there stunned, trying to figure out what happened. But events weren't over yet.

"A big electrical ball of energy came through the window into our living room, and sat there," Tim says, "this bluish, silver, sparkling orb. It came through the window and floated right in front of the stereo. It didn't make any sound. And then all of a sudden, it just dispersed, right in front of us, like it just melted away."

The five children stood there, utterly stunned. All of them had seen the flash of light, heard and felt the explosion, and saw the ball of light move through the closed window.

Within moments after the ball of light disappeared, their parents pulled up in the driveway. They all ran outside to tell them what happened, only to find that it was no longer raining. In fact, it was bright and sunny and the ground wasn't even wet.

All of them were confused. They told their parents about the lightning strike, but their parents did not believe them. They all went to examine the telephone pole, which showed no damage.

The kids talked excitedly among themselves, sharing what they remembered. Tim, however, started to remember something else. In fact, he had two very different memories of the incident, one which matched up with what the others remembered, and a second version that only he recalled.

In his other memory, he and the others were dancing along to the music when suddenly the music stopped. Tim turned toward the stereo to see what was wrong and got the shock of his young life. "I looked to see why the music stopped," Tim says, "and I remember, everything just froze, like time stopped. Everybody stopped moving. We were all dancing around, and everybody just all of a sudden stopped."

To Tim's utter amazement, three short, grayish figures came floating through the window and the walls. "I saw them coming through the walls," Tim says, "small, tiny figures coming through the wall. One came through the side, and two came through the window. And they looked like they were gray ghosts, like a gray, shadowy figure. I just remember they were small, and they were like a gray, darkish color, but not black. It's hard to explain. It looked like their molecular make-up and they themselves were vibrating extremely fast and hard. And as they came through the wall, they started to rematerialize. They were out of focus, and then they started to rematerialize…And I remember them taking me. And that's the last thing I remember…The next thing I remember is hearing the boom. We heard a boom and saw a big flash, and the next thing we know, this shiny, glowing orb, blue and silvery, kind of sparkly and staticky, came through the window."

As the other kids talked about what they had seen, it was clear that none of them recalled seeing any figures. "I have two separate memories of the same incident," Tim says. "I'm the only one who has two separate memories. Now, why do I have two separate memories of the same incident?"

At the time, Tim knew nothing about UFOs and had never heard of gray aliens, missing time or screen memories. He now speculates that the lightning strike was a screen memory and that he may have been abducted.

At that age, Tim's chores included bailing hay for the ranch foreman. One morning, Tim and his younger brother arrived at the wagons shortly after 6:00 a.m., and began to get everything ready.

Tim saw that his little brother's hands were bare. "Did you get your gloves?" he asked.

"Oh, no! I forgot them!" His brother jumped up and ran into the house to get his gloves from the bedroom.

"I remember sitting there, waiting for him to come out. The next thing I know, my stepdad comes out and starts fussing with me."

"Where have you been?" he asked. "It's almost 7:00 o'clock. We're going to be late."

"I've been sitting right here," Tim said.

"No, you ain't been sitting out here," his father said. "I came out here several times looking for you. I couldn't find you nowhere! We've been looking all over for you. Where were you?"

"I never got off the wagon," Tim insisted.

Suddenly Tim cried out as an "intense, searing pain" emanated from the back of his right calf. He was wearing blue jeans. He jumped up and saw a bright red bloodstain on his pants, exactly at the source of the pain.

Tim and the others rushed inside. "I pulled my jeans down and looked, and there were two perfect little holes, side by side, maybe an inch apart on my calf. It looked

like somebody took a little scoop and scooped a little chunk out in two sections."

They cleaned and bandaged his wound.

"You must've hit a nail or something on the wagon," his dad said.

They went outside to check. As Tim suspected, there were no stray nails or anything that might've punctured his leg. Besides, his pants showed no mark where the wound was. If it had been a nail, his pants would've had a hole in them.

"Maybe a snake bit you," his dad said.

The only snakes they had in that area were water moccasins. Besides, the wound didn't look like a snake-bite. It wasn't just two puncture wounds; portions of his skin and flesh were actually missing.

They never did figure out what happened. "Where was I for an hour when they couldn't find me?" Tim wonders. "I have no memory of leaving the wagon, but they couldn't find me for an hour, and they said I wasn't on the wagon. And the wagon was sitting right outside the front door."

It was becoming increasingly difficult for him to pretend that his life was normal. Still, he managed to rationalize each incident. The time he woke up outside, he must've walked in his sleep, and never mind that he was locked out of the house behind a fence, and that there were no footprints. The time he was about to bail hay and his dad couldn't find him? Well, his dad must be crazy is all. Regarding the two holes in his leg, he couldn't explain them. But UFOs? Yeah, he had seen one, but the idea of having contact, it couldn't be.

Yes, he had seen what appears to be gray ETs coming into his home, but he had never even heard of grays. "I didn't know what was going on," Tim says. "At that time, that wasn't mainstream stuff. I knew something weird was going on."

Then, a few years later, more incidents occurred which proved to Tim that the aliens were very interested in him.

Tim was seventeen years old. It was a Friday afternoon, and he and his friends decided to go to the beach at Lake Arthur, where there was a small boating event. They had a few beers and watched the regatta. After a few hours, the crowd broke up and people were starting to go home. Tim was still lying on the beach, enjoying the view of the ocean and all the pretty girls passing by.

In the blink of an eye, Tim found himself waking up. He was no longer at the beach. He was now back in his bed at his cousin's house, where he had been staying. When he exited the bedroom, he received an incredible shock. It was now Sunday afternoon. He was missing an entire day.

His friends were there at the house. "My friends told me that they couldn't find me for a day…On Saturday night, they found me lying on the beach, and they couldn't wake me up. They brought me back to the hotel room. They thought I was drunk. When they got up Sunday morning, they still couldn't wake me up. So, they

put me in the car, and they brought me back home. My cousins let me in the house, and they brought me and put me in my bed. And I woke up later that afternoon."

Tim was mystified. Yes, he had been drinking, but he was not drunk. Furthermore, if he had passed out, why couldn't his friends find him? "I would've been on the beach," he says. "I mean, where did I go?"

It was around this time that he began having flashbacks and dreams of UFOs. "I see them flying all around," Tim says, "they converge together, and it's like they're playing tag or something. There are many of them. And at one point, it looks like they're even having a war, fighting against each other."

He had a series of these dreams. Sometimes he chases after them. In a few of the dreams, he finds himself being pulled up inside the UFOs. "It's always an exciting, thrilling, rush-filled experience. I don't wake up with fear, except for one time."

One dream was particularly vivid. In the dream, he found himself flying in the air above his home in New Iberia. Looking down, he saw a strange creature on the ground. Suddenly, the creature started to float up toward him. Tim flew away, and rushed to the barn where he tried to hide. "I'm hiding in the barn," he says, "and I see this creature coming toward me. And I hear the door open, and I see this shadow coming in, and there's this bright light behind it. I could see it had long skinny legs and long skinny arms, and then I can see the rest of the body. And I see this little tiny creature standing there. It looks just like an alien, with big black eyes and a big head. And he lifts his hand and points at me."

Tim instantly woke up.

Around age twenty, he had another alien dream. Only on this occasion, he had proof that it wasn't a dream at all. It was real. This was his one truly fearful experience.

"I had what I thought was a dream, where the aliens had taken me up into the spaceship, and they had restrained me on a table, and they left the room. I got loose somehow; they hadn't restrained me fully, and I got loose. And I got up and I started walking around. And when they noticed I was walking around, well, one of them came at me. And I punched him in the head. His head was soft, like a beanbag almost. When I punched him in the head, he went down. I think it killed him. Suddenly, I was fighting several of them. I was fighting them, and I was beating them, physically hitting them. I remember one of them jumping toward me, and he had like three or four fingers on each hand. I remember him jumping toward me. And then I remember seeing like seven or eight other ones right behind him, all coming at me at the same time. And I remember seeing his eyes, his big black eyes right in front of my face. And I remember going backwards, and that's the last thing I remember."

When he woke up, Tim instantly remembered the "dream." Then looking down at his arm, he saw that he was hurt. "I had a cut on my arm, like a scratch or a scrape.

It took a long time to heal, but it finally did heal up."

He wanted to believe that he had hurt himself while sleeping, but he knew it couldn't be true. He couldn't have cut himself that badly.

Following this incident, he began to have other flashbacks of his time onboard the UFOs.

One memory that kept surfacing was what the UFOs look like on the inside. "I can tell you that the walls on the inside of this thing, from what I can recall, are absolutely smooth, like no texture to it whatsoever, like you were rubbing -- not even glass -- it was smoother than glass. Not really shiny, just silvery metallic-looking. It was absolutely smooth. There were no creases, no joints like you would see in a normal wall, like where the walls meet together. It seemed like it was all just one piece, like it was all one."

Another strong memory that surfaced with vivid clarity was "the waiting room."

"Well, I'll tell you," Tim says, "It's really weird. This one thing on there that I remember was they had a room where they put you, and there were always several people in there. And it's funny, when you're there, you always know these people, humans. I don't recall any aliens being in that room…I have recollections of being in that room with several people that I knew very well. And it's a room where you can walk on the floor if you wanted to, or you can just float in the air. You can fly around. You can just float. It was like an anti-gravity room, but it wasn't because if you wanted to walk on the floor, you could, just like you normally walked. But if you wanted to float in the air, you could. If you wanted to just fly across you could. You could stop in the air, turn around, and fly back the other way…I think what they did is have like a waiting room, and they would put you in there, and it was just so weird and strange and fun, that you didn't think about being on a spaceship, or having aliens out there. You were just enjoying the fact that you could float and fly around. What they would do is put you in there while they were running tests on someone else."

Tim remembers being in the waiting room multiple times. Each time, he recognizes the people, but afterward, amnesia kicks in. "As soon as it's over," Tim says, "you can't even remember these people's faces."

Another strange and exciting memory that Tim recalled was being taken to the control room while the ETs are flying the craft. "I'll tell you, it's really weird," he says. "A bunch of UFOs dancing around the sky and playing tag -- I mean, being inside the UFO when that was going on. I'm watching through the main view-window as this was going on. There were two little aliens, little grays, sitting at the controls controlling this thing. And I understood what they were saying. I could understand, and to me it was like they were laughing, like they were playing a game. It was like a training exercise, but they were playing a game and having a good time. They were talking about that one over there and what that ship did, and what this

one did over here, and what they needed to do to get it. It was like they were on teams and they were scoring points. The two aliens that were flying the ship at that time seemed like they were young and not very experienced, because they were debating over what maneuver to do, what sector to go into, how to come around on this side, whether to go up or down and around, or whether to go straight across and then come around on this side."

The control room itself was a marvel of technology. Tim did his best to describe it. "The main view-window came up and back like it was on a slanted wall. It's not really a window; it's more like a projected screen on the wall that just pops up so they can see everything that's going on outside. They can put that view-window on any part of the wall, and see through any portion of the wall. Or they could make the whole thing transparent, where you could see what was going on outside. At one point I remember I was on there, and we were out in space. We were moving away from the Earth, and I remember this thing going transparent. I was looking down, and it was like there was nothing under my feet. I felt like I was being hung by a thread and just hanging there, and I was out in the middle of space. I remember I started hyperventilating, just freaking out."

The control room itself was not very large. It was hard to tell because the walls would often become transparent. "I could see the control panel," Tim says, "and the two seats and them sitting there. Now there was also this center portion…I'm trying to think of what they called it on the ship, the control room? The pilot room? It's kind of a round room, and right in the center, there's a big column that's maybe ten to twelve feet in diameter, and it's right in the center of that room. Now, whenever this thing goes transparent, that thing doesn't go transparent. It stays where you see it, but it's on the inside of the ship. Just the outer walls of the UFO went transparent."

When it wasn't transparent, the interior of the control room was "a metallic-looking gray color." Tim has several memories of being in the control room while the grays maneuvered the craft. "I was always standing behind them," he says, "kind of like I was standing at a station. Sometimes they would show me things to do. Now, I would never operate anything; they would just show me how it worked, or explained things to me. Now, ask me today, I can't tell you anything about it. Actually, I couldn't tell you anything about it, as soon as it was over."

Tim's memories all seem to come from the missing time incidents when he was a young man. He's had a number of jobs. He was a sheriff's deputy, a security officer at a casino, a sports instructor, a water safety instructor and more. He got married and had kids. Except for his strange alien memories, he lives a normal life. There have been a few occasions when he's spotted a strange light hovering high in the sky, not moving away like the other stars. He does occasionally see the grays, but the missing time and "alien dreams" have mostly stopped.

He still carries the memories, some of which continue to surface, particularly about the UFOs and how they fly. “I don’t know if you would call them memories, or ideas and thoughts about quantum physics and electromagnetic propulsion type things. I have no education or training in those types of fields. Yet I have an understanding about it that I can’t explain, and I have ideas about it. I just recently found out that one of the pictures that I would constantly get in my head was a cylindrical-looking metal object with a bunch of holes drilled all over the place in it. In my mind, that is the outer core. The inner core is a solid rod of pure magnetism which floats in the center of this cylindrical metal object. And this thing spins extremely fast on the inside of a drum and produces enormous amounts of electricity.”

Tim is convinced these strange ideas are memories of his UFO experiences. “I can’t tell you when they showed me or how they explained it,” he says. “but I know I have these ideas in my head. And when I hear people talking about things, I think, no, that’s wrong, that’s not going to work, they got that wrong. Or I’m thinking, they’re on the right track.”

He’s had several other strange experiences. He’s had a number of OBEs, where he’s flown around his neighborhood. Looking back, he could see a silver cord leading back to his body.

On a few occasions, he and other family members have seen the apparition of a little girl in an “old-time” dress. Objects will sometimes move by themselves.

Tim doesn’t talk much about his experiences, not even among his family. And yet, he’s okay with them. “I’m pretty much to myself,” he says. He is considering hypnosis, but as of yet has not pursued it.

Chapter Fourteen: Ann's Communion

While Ann Witherspoon had known for years that something very strange was going on in her life, she refused to think about it. As she says, "I was deep in denial at that time."

In mid-1988, at age 27, Ann's denial of her "secret life" was delivered a crushing blow. She and her new husband, Harry, were in a bookstore in St. Louis, Missouri. A book display caught her eye. Dozens of the same paperback book faced her, each portraying a striking image of a pale-skinned humanoid face with large, glistening almond eyes. The book's title was *Communion.*

Ann did a double-take. She turned to Harry and said, "That looks familiar."

Harry looked at the book, and was also taken aback. "Yeah, it sure does."

Ann didn't want to think about it, but the image of the face haunted her. It was supposed to be an alien, she knew, an extraterrestrial. Not only did it look familiar, she could remember seeing beings that looked almost exactly like that. Could she be an abductee?

Around this time, stories of UFO abductions, and the UFO crash at Roswell, New Mexico were starting to bleed into the mainstream media. UFOs, she thought. She had seen a few of those. Maybe she was crazy? She didn't think so. She was a nurse. People relied on her. She knew she wasn't crazy. But in contact with aliens?

She started to think of all the strange things in her life, the times she remembered short figures coming into her bedroom when she was five years old, the time a UFO landed near her home and she was approached by the figures that emerged from it, the strange missing time incident she had at age thirteen, the weird marks that appeared on her body.

She tried not to think about these things, but the subject of UFOs kept coming up on TV. Her husband also admitted that he had strange memories. He said that as a child, he saw two glowing people at the foot of his bed.

Ann became increasingly curious and concerned. What was happening?

She asked her mother about it. Her mother was equally disturbed and had her own story to tell. As a child, she recalled a strange-looking little man coming up to her window and talking to her. She doesn't remember what the being looked like or what he said. She does remember running to tell her mother (Ann's grandmother) who told her, "Don't tell your dad."

Ann's grandmother refused to discuss the subject, but Ann's mother had the impression that the subject was familiar to her. After researching the subject, Ann remembered the many times her mother would say, "If I didn't know better, I'd think I was pregnant."

Following the sight of the gray alien on the cover of *Communion* , Ann's denial not only weakened, she started to have a flood of memories. Some came in the form

of vivid dreams, others came in powerful flashbacks, some of which left her breathless with amazement.

There were so many events that she had denied, or refused to think about, or had completely forgotten. Bit by bit, she began to piece her childhood together. As more memories surfaced, she decided to write them all down. “I began to look into it, and well, it kind of snowballed from there.”

It was around this time that she began to make sense of her weird night episodes when she would wake up paralyzed, certain that somebody was in the room. Her experiences had never stopped, she realized. They had been going on all her life, and were still happening. Not only had she been abducted as a kid, it was still going on.

It was when she began having fully conscious episodes that Ann finally accepted that she was a UFO abductee.

Ann Witherspoon was only four years old when she had her first UFO experience. She lived in the small town of Potosi, about 65 miles south of St. Louis, Missouri with her two parents. One summer evening in 1965, Ann was woken up in the middle of the night by a strange noise. Wearing only her nightie, she crept toward her door.

“I could see this beautiful blue light from the kitchen,” Ann says. “But as I got to my bedroom door, here comes these two little guys. One was coming from the kitchen. The other was coming from my parents’ room. They were sort of pasty off-white. They did have big black eyes, but they were perfectly round, like Teddy bear eyes. They looked like toys in a way. I liked that and thought that was pretty cool. I was not at all upset to see them. In fact, I was thrilled, I was absolutely delighted, because that meant if they were in the house, it was time to play and have fun. Who cares what time of night it was? Who cared what they looked like, or how they got in the house? None of this was important to me.”

Ann remembers playing with the ETs. At one point, she wanted to see her mom, who she believed was in the kitchen where the blue light was. One of the grays told her telepathically, “Go into the living room and wait for your mom.”

“They were very nice about it,” Ann says. “They didn’t try to restrain me.” She did what they said, and waited for her mom.

This sort of incident happened several times, and Ann always looked forward to the impromptu play-sessions. It must have happened prior to this occasion, because she remembers being excited to see them. And it would happen again.

She remembers one incident: “I woke up late at night, and a female gray was sitting at a small desk in my room, talking to me, speaking softly and calmly, although not with her mouth. There were several others to her right. They appeared to be huddling together, and seemed interested in the wall behind them. To the best of my recall, they disappeared through the back wall.”

On one occasion, also in the summer of 1965, something much stranger happened. Ann woke up to find herself walking down the sidewalk near her home with a tall gray. “He’s holding my left hand in his right hand,” Ann says, “and he’s walking me along with bare feet on the sidewalk. And he stops catty-corner across the street from our house. Then he bends down, puts his hands on his thighs, and he said, ‘Your turn is over. You can go home now.’”

“Okay,” Ann said. The tall gray began to walk away, and Ann walked back to her house, almost. “Instead of just going into the house,” she says, “I turned around to see where he went. Well, he disappeared at the end of the street. I could see this really bright light. It was low to the ground. It may have even been on the ground. You couldn’t see anything in the light. But further away, I could see this long line of people standing there, mostly kids in PJs, but a few adults too.”

Ann estimates there were at least twenty kids. She didn’t recognize any of them. “They were just standing there,” she says. A few adults were with them. She still remembers one man vividly, he appeared to be about thirty years old. He wore a faded yellow bathrobe.

Ann turned away and entered into her house. She doesn’t remember anything after that.

However, she does believe that she may have been taken onboard a UFO. She has a memory of being onboard a craft. She was about five or six years old. She was sitting in a craft. “I was in a room,” she says. “The walls are kind of dull off-white. Lights were coming from somewhere but you can’t really tell from where. And there was a group of the smaller grays by the door. There was a box on the floor and they were looking at it. It wasn’t open or anything. I don’t know what they were doing.”

Ann’s attention was drawn to the porthole in front of her. To her shock, she saw that they were underwater. “I’m pretty sure we were underwater,” she says. “The porthole was rectangular. I was looking out. You can’t really see much because it’s pretty dark, but there was a glow coming from the vehicle we were in. And this thing goes by, and it sort of looks like a submarine. It’s got that sort of oblong shape, with a little nose in front of it. It was going the opposite direction we were. I didn’t see any windows or anything, but it had the same kind of glow.”

On the bottom of the craft was a strange propulsion device. “It was fascinating to watch,” Ann says, “for whatever length of time it took this thing to go by.”

Ann couldn’t remember anything else. But there was another incident from that time that she always remembered, but never understood. “I was in the backyard playing,” says Ann, “and these two little men came up to me from the backyard of one of the other houses. They had on whitish one-piece suits, like astronauts, but no insignia. They weren’t wearing any gloves or helmets. They did look almost Italian. They had lots of thick, jet-black hair, poofed up in front and slicked straight in the back. They looked like they had adult heads on child-sized bodies. They were fat

and pudgy and they had bushy black eyebrows, long straight noses, and these big enormous smiles. They just smiled and smiled, and they seemed so sweet. But they didn't say anything, and they didn't communicate telepathically. One little man was further away, and the other one was nearer to me."

Suddenly, the man approached Ann, extended his hand, making a peace-sign-type gesture with his fingers. Ann returned the gesture, touching the being's finger-tips with her own finger-tips.

Then suddenly she heard a whirring sound behind her. She spun around and was shocked to see what appeared to be a "spaceship" landed in the backyard.

"I would say it was about ten feet wide," Ann says, "hexagonal, flat on the top, tapering sides -- the middle part was the widest. And it was just a very pale yellow. I didn't see any windows, just this scalloping on the bottom half."

The memory ended there, but soon more memories were forthcoming. Ann traced another powerful flashback of being onboard a UFO to 1969, when she was about eight years old. "This man [a gray] was with me," Ann says. "He had an angular face. We were sitting in there by ourselves. They have these little benches. They're not very comfortable; they are very low to the ground and not very wide, maybe five inches wide at the most, not for people like us. There's light in the room, but you can't really tell where it's coming from. There was a control panel, or a monitor panel. It was kind of angled, like an artist table. There wasn't much on there. The only thing I could see was a circular piece maybe eight inches in diameter."

On top of the circle was a little oval mark. Ann was wondering what the oval mark meant when the gray said, "When this gets to a certain place, we're home, where we want to be, at our destination."

"Oh," she told him. She began to feel sleepy.

"Lay down and put your head on my lap," the gray said.

"And that's what I did," Ann says. "I remember him stroking my hair as I fell asleep."

Ann's not sure how she was taken, but she admits that she had a very close up UFO sighting around that same time. It was a warm summer evening in 1969. She was playing with her friend, Del (pseudonym) and two other kids. "At about treetop level, out of nowhere," Ann says, "comes this flat orange disc or tube-shaped thing. We're thinking, what the heck is this? We all stop. We all get quiet. We're looking at it. I don't see any windows."

The object hung there for about a minute, then suddenly moved backward, exactly in the manner it had arrived. After it moved off over the trees, one of the children ran after it. He returned shortly later and said he saw no sign of the craft. "That's something I've always remembered," Ann says. "And the really odd thing about it was, it came straight up to us and went straight back. We don't have anything that can do that."

The next major encounter that she spontaneously recalled occurred when she was about ten years old, in 1971. She was onboard a craft. She doesn't remember being taken or returned, just being there. She found herself surrounded by five or six grays, inside a strange dimly lit room. One side of the room was lined with a panel of large, curved windows. Ann could see the darkness of space outside. A gray stood in front of the windows, leaning over some type of control panel, and looking out.

Ann had the impression that this was the control room. She saw no chairs or equipment, just the grays standing around. The room was fairly large, about fifty feet wide. "The walls were white," says Ann. "The floors were white. Everything was white."

The ship was apparently moving, because suddenly the sun came into view. Ann was amazed. Although it was very bright, flaring and flickering, it didn't hurt her eyes.

A gray stood next to her. "I'm guessing he was the one responsible for me," she says. She turned to the gray and asked, "Is that our sun?"

"No, it's not," the gray promptly replied.

"Oh," Ann said. "I was just wondering because we're studying the sun now in school."

The memory stops there. But there were many others. One evening, feeling frightened, she crawled into her mom's bed. At some point, she woke up and saw four or five grays standing in front of an oval-shaped hole in the bedroom wall. "They went through one at a time, and then this hole in the wall just kind of disappeared."

At age thirteen, in 1974, Ann reached puberty and began having regular menstrual cycles. It was around then that her experiences escalated. "A lot of things happened around age thirteen," Ann says.

She woke up one Saturday morning. It was 9:00 a.m., and her favorite cartoons were about to begin. She had her bowl of cereal ready and sat down to watch. At that time, she was alone in the house. Her parents had recently divorced, and her mother was at the bank where she worked.

Suddenly Ann realized she couldn't hear the TV. She was about to get up and check it when she discovered she couldn't move. There was a strange sound of rushing wind. And then it was over.

Ann felt strangely disoriented but otherwise fine. The TV was now working fine. Perhaps she had imagined the whole thing.

Then she looked down at her cereal. It was a disgusting soggy mess. And looking at the television, her cartoon show was no longer playing. Somehow, she had missed almost all of it.

Confused, she looked at the clock. It was 9:20 a.m. Somehow there were twenty minutes that she couldn't remember. She ate her soggy cereal and wondered what

happened. She had no idea how to explain it. “It was just one of those things. I had no idea what had happened at that time.”

One day shortly after the cereal incident, Ann was riding her bike home from school. She approached a grove of trees at the top of a small hill when a giant, flat, glowing, white disc appeared hovering right above the tree-line. “It just sort of crept up and then all of a sudden, there it was, this thing. I thought, *well, that’s unusual* . So, I’m sitting there looking at it, and it looks at me for a second or two, and then it starts coming toward me. And I thought, ‘I don’t like the look of that!’”

The object, whatever it was, had a very strange appearance. “I’ve always likened it to a poker chip, because it was white and flat,” Ann says. “It seemed to get bigger as it came closer, but it was pretty big to start with…It didn’t look like a ship. I didn’t see any windows or lights. I just saw this weird-looking thing coming toward me. It scared the life out of me. I turned around on my bike and rode home.”

It was around that time that Ann noticed a strange mark on her body. It was on the backside of her thigh: six or seven red raised bumps in a perfect circle. “Maybe it’s a bug bite,” her mother offered. Though it clearly wasn’t.

Like all the other events, Ann didn’t think much about it. She went on with her life. After school, she studied to become a nurse. She graduated in 1982 and began working at the local hospital. The years passed. She met Harry and in April of 1988, they became married.

And then came that fateful day when she and Harry walked into a bookstore, and there, on full display, was that haunting alien face with the dark almond eyes.

As her denial crumbled and the memories rushed forth, Ann began to remember things as they happened.

In 1988, at age 28, Ann woke up in bed to find herself unable to move. She was lying on her right side, which is how she normally slept. Although she was recently married to her husband, Harry, he worked the nightshift, so she was alone in the house. Paralyzed, she could only see what was directly in front of her line of sight. It was a strange alien instrument next to her head. “It was maybe five inches long,” Ann says, “a kind of rectangular box-looking thing, with this kind of a triangle coming out the top of it, and there were these four oval-shaped areas on top. I don’t know if these were buttons, or what.”

Her memory ended there. However, more memories came forth. She would often wake up paralyzed, unable to move. Later, the memories would come. The old fear from her childhood encounters came rushing back. “The way they look,” she says. “And they sneak around in your room at night. I still have this thing where I don’t like to see the closet door open, and I really don’t like to see it open at night.”

The experiences went on and on, for years. Usually, her memory was limited to waking up paralyzed, and knowing they were there. “Most of the time,” says Ann, “I

really don't know what they're doing…They mostly just seem to be interested in my reproductive system and DNA, and all that…It's pretty bizarre and frightening."

Sometimes she was left with nightmarish screen memories of vampires or burglars. Sometimes she was left with brief snippets of being onboard a craft. On one occasion, she remembered meeting another abductee aboard a craft and holding a brief conversation. "Me and this lady were sitting there. She was a tall lady with long brownish hair. We were sitting there on this little low bench."

The lady told Ann that the ETs said they were tracking the genetics of her family.

"Yeah," Ann replied. "They are following the female line in my family too."

Ann was amazed by the memory. "Apparently we don't know each other, but we were talking shop."

On another occasion, Ann showed her mother a mysterious bruise that had appeared on her left arm overnight. Her mother looked and then showed Ann her own left arm. Both of their left arms were bruised. "These were pretty big, ugly-looking bruises, and my mom was looking at them knowingly."

Ann's friend Sue, who also had a history of experiences, woke up that morning with bruises on her right arm.

Sometimes, memories of recent UFO sightings would come rushing back. It was as though this part of her life was shrouded in amnesia. She suddenly had a memory of a drive she had taken with Harry in their new Ford Taurus. In her memory they pulled over to look at a large object hanging low in the sky. Two other objects hovered further away. Ann remembers waving at one of the craft and shouting at them. "At that moment," Ann says, "the ship tilted first to the left, and then to the right. And then it straightened itself and flew away."

In 1992, Ann woke up one evening to see the dark outline of two grays standing next to her bed. They told her that they needed to do an operation on her eye. "What they wanted to do was stick this thing in my right eye. This thing had a long, thin tube or rod. They stuck it in my right eye, and it hurt like hell. It was dead center, in the center of the eye. Fortunately, it was quick. But I got a real good look at the handle, and of course the hand that was holding it."

Of all her experiences, Ann counts this one as among the most frightening. At the time, she remembers trying to scream, but she could only scream in her head. Her denial of events had long ago been destroyed, but still, she was not quite ready to embrace them.

In January of 1998, Ann and Harry decided to take a vacation out west. By the end of the trip, they were a little short on funds. Since they were close to home, they decided to skip the hotel and continue the drive home. Everything seemed to be normal, except when they arrived home, they were shocked to see how late it was. It was almost as if they had missing time, but neither could remember anything strange.

It wasn't until years later, that Ann had a dream about that night. In the dream, she remembered that they had pulled over into a small town to get gas, and came upon several large dark objects, hovering about forty feet overhead. "We were seeing these things," Ann says. "They were black, so the only way we could see them was because they were really low. They were sort of oval, black, about thirty feet in diameter, and had a little tower on top."

One evening in 1999, Ann woke up to find the grays surrounding her bed. For the first time, she was fully conscious in their presence. She was lying on her side and was unable to move, but could see a gray (who she somehow knew was female) standing by the nightstand. Another gray stood by the window. "These were the same pasty off-white people that I've always seen," Ann says. "I don't know why they call them grays, because they don't look gray. I didn't see any clothing, unless it's the same color as their skin, and very tight. They had big, black, wrap-around eyes, very similar to the cover of Strieber's book."

The female gray, Ann realized with a shock, was holding onto Ann's arm. "I was kind of startled," Ann says, "kind of surprised to see them. And I guess she sensed that."

"Don't turn over to Harry for comfort right now," the gray said.

"Oh, okay," Ann replied. Ann had the impression that the female gray was overseeing the visitation, and that she was annoyed that the other grays were taking so long to complete the purpose of the visit. She had the impression that the ETs were placing some sort of object inside Harry's sinus cavity.

The next thing Ann knew, it was morning, and there was a quarter-sized spot of dried blood on her husband's pillow.

Harry admitted that he felt some soreness, but was otherwise fine.

One year later, in December 2000, Ann had another visitation. It was fully conscious, and easily the most profound visitation she had experienced so far. Her husband was away working a night shift, and Ann was alone in bed, watching the news and dozing.

Suddenly, a gray walked through the closed bedroom door and stood in front of her bed. He looked like all others she had seen, but his face was slightly rounder, without the sharp angles.

"This is kind of hard to say because it's really very personal," Ann explains. "He spread out his arms."

"I love you," the gray said.

Ann was amazed. "That got my attention," she says.

The gray first showed her what looked like two coins or sculpted pieces of metal.

Says Ann, "He said, this was the home world, that he came from a twin star system, not a binary star. He said there were four planets around one sun, and five around the other. And he was from the fourth planet on the one side. So, he just kind

of held these little discs in his hand and showed them to me. They had a soft bronze color, and they had these little spikes coming out that represented where the planets were.

"And he started talking about things that I was curious about, things like DNA. And I'm guessing he didn't really have these items with him, because he didn't appear to have anything with him when he came into the room. But he had this little plastic-looking tray about eight inches by four inches, and there were these four little bars across it. And he said it was DNA, and two of the bars belong to us, and two belong to them."

"If this whole process of genetic encounters was not vitally necessary," the gray said, "we would not do it."

The gray showed her images of Del, her childhood friend, now an adult, married with children. The first image showed Del suspended in the air, apparently nude and unconscious inside a large room lit by soft, blue light.

The second image showed Del sitting with his family on the couch in his home. The gray explained that they were also following the genetics of his family like they followed Ann's.

There were other things the gray told her, something about how they had been following genetic lines since the times of David and Solomon.

Ann was stunned at what the gray did next. "He showed me a copy of Strieber's book, *Communion* . Now you want to talk about something weird, him holding a book with him on the cover? Picture that! This was weird. And he said that everything in the book that relates to them was true."

The last thing the gray said was that this visit would be the final time they would contact her for many years.

Ann can't remember much else. The next thing she knew, it was morning and she was waking up.

She did find something strange. She had been wearing a long gold necklace. She now found the necklace in the kitchen, on the microwave cart. "This was a long pretty chain," Ann says, "and it was in these loops. There were four loops and then at the end, in cursive, an *'a'* and a *'u.'* So I thought that was interesting. I think this was another way of him showing me what his home world was like."

She did not find the experience frightening. "It was really neat," she says. "There was no medical stuff going on. There wasn't anything else going on, it was just me and him chatting. It was neat, and I felt kind of special."

It had been a long journey, without many answers. This visit answered many of the questions about who the ETs were and why she was being contacted. Ultimately, it had a powerful impact on how she viewed ETs.

Ann says of her experiences, "It's an incredible thing to think about. I think, 'My gosh, I've been a part of this all my life. Some of it was scary, but I've gotten over

that. I think it's kind of a neat thing now."

Her last experience with the grays was in December 2000. As the gray had told her, she would not be contacted for a long time. For the next fifteen years, she had no contacts. Her husband, Harry, died suddenly of a heart-attack. Then, in 2015, Ann contracted the flu and was found dead in her home. She was 54 years old.

Chapter Fifteen: Gary Versus the Grays

Gary (pseudonym) was born in 1969 in Cumbria, England. It's among the most sparsely populated areas of England, and has been called the most beautiful scenery in the British Isles. It is filled with small rolling mountains, lakes and streams, and a profusion of greenery and flowers. It was a great place to grow up. Unfortunately, looks can be deceiving. Gary lived in a very abusive home. His mother, Susan, (pseudonym) was unkind and unloving. When Gary was just a young boy, she made it clear that he was unwanted and a burden to her.

"My mother resented me before I was even born," Gary says. "I was hated from the moment I was born. My mother used to tell me how much I ruined her life by being born. She used to tell me all the ways she tried to miscarry or abort me, like throwing herself down the stairs, punching herself in the stomach. Such were my bedtime stories. '*But you hung in there, you little bastard* .' Her words, not mine."

Gary's only memories of his biological father was seeing him sitting in his van with his girlfriend while shouting at his mother. Following that, Gary's father disappeared from his life forever.

Gary grew up in his grandparents' home. He soon learned where his mother had learned her behavior. Gary's grandparents were extremely strict and showed no love to him. "I wasn't wanted there either," Gary says. "My first memory ever was my granddad holding me up hanging by the wrist."

Gary's grandfather held him this way so that Gary wouldn't fall down or run away while his grandfather kicked and beat him.

Somehow, Gary managed to survive. He was an inquisitive child, ready to experience anything, and "a little chatterbox." He developed a strong sense of humor, and a dislike of greed, evil and wrong-doings of any kind. The horrendous behavior of the adults around him instilled him with a powerful desire to live life differently.

One evening when he was about five or six years old, he looked outside his bedroom window and saw a "large white object" hovering not far away. Gary called out to his grandmother, and they both watched it move across the sky and disappear.

"What was that?" Gary asked.

"Probably the moon," his grandmother said, immediately dismissing the incident.

Gary was confused. He knew it wasn't the moon, but it was clear his grandmother didn't want to discuss it. And asking his mother was not an option.

One day, a strange lump appeared on the roof of Gary's mouth. It was underneath the tissue, but Gary could feel it with his tongue. It remained for a few months, and then suddenly disappeared. By coincidence, Gary went to the dentist the next day and told him about it. "I remember he was totally fascinated by it," Gary says. "He

examined the roof of my mouth thoroughly and told me if it ever came back, I was to come in straight away so he could have a look."

It was strange, Gary thought, but he quickly forgot about it. He had other things to worry about.

Gary's mother was dating a new man, David, (pseudonym) who would soon become Gary's step-father. One day, when Gary was still a young child, Susan decided it was time for them all to take a vacation. They left for a long drive to the other side of England. It was late evening and they were still driving when a strange glowing object appeared along the highway.

Gary didn't notice it until he heard his mom cry out, "Oh, my God! It's following us! What are we going to do?"

Gary looked and was amazed to see the glowing object on the left side of the car, just over a line of hedges alongside the road.

"Calm down and just ignore it," David said.

"It's still following us!" Susan said, beginning to panic.

"Ignore it," David said. "Don't look at it."

"What is it?" Gary asked.

"Don't look," David said. "Just ignore it and go to sleep."

Gary, however, was unable to sleep. He watched the object for about an hour as it paced their car down the highway. Finally, it moved away.

Following the short vacation, they returned home. It was then that the visitations began.

"I started having trouble going to bed," Gary says. He never had problems before, but now, for some unknown reason, he began to dread bedtimes. Soon, he knew exactly why; he began to see strange-looking creatures, which he now recognizes as grays, coming into his room.

"I wouldn't be in bed long," Gary says, "when I used to see these little creatures come into my bedroom. I used to scream and panic, and leg it out of the room, much to the amusement of my mother and step-father. They looked like grays, but I never remember them taking me."

Much to Gary's disappointment, his mother married David, and they moved out. His mother became even more abusive. His step-father was even worse, and subjected him to constant verbal abuse and frequent physical beatings. "He was a drunk with an addiction to slot machines," Gary says. "He just thought of me as baggage, and he resented me."

It was a painful childhood. Gary found solace by spending time away from home. He loved to visit the zoo and he became very familiar with a wide variety of animals.

There was another unusual thing in Gary's life. "I don't sleep much," he says, "Never have. I get a few hours when I first go to bed. Then I just snooze at best, or

lie there bored, daydreaming. To some, this may be a problem, but it doesn't bother me at all. It's just the way it is. I think I'm a person who doesn't need that much sleep."

There was one other thing: the out-of-body experiences. While lying awake in bed at night, Gary discovered that he had the ability to leave his body at will. He would shoot out of his body, hover above the house, or much higher up and look down on the planet from space. Or he would just fly around the house or the neighborhood. Later, he would expand his astral explorations to much more distant locations.

In addition to surviving the abuse, Gary struggled with school. He enjoyed learning, but as far as academics, his heart just wasn't in it.

As soon as he was out of school and of legal age, his parents kicked him out of the house. It turned out to be good news. With no more abuse, Gary began to thrive. He got a job, found a place to live, started making friends.

Gary's first onboard UFO experience occurred around 1988. He was about nineteen or twenty. He had gone to sleep as normal. UFOs were the farthest thing from his mind.

"I remember the first time vividly, like it was yesterday," Gary says. "I woke up a little disoriented. It was dark. My eyes adjusted to the light overhead, and as I started to get my bearings, I realized something wasn't right. I was lying on an operating table. The surface was cold and hard, and I was in real pain."

Oh, my God , Gary thought. *I've been in an accident.* At the time, he was an avid biker. He had been in accidents before and knew what it was like to wake up in the hospital.

The pain was getting worse. In fact, it was the pain that had woken him up in the first place. What was happening? He focused and looked up, expecting to see a doctor.

"To my horror," Gary says, "it wasn't a doctor working on me. It was a very tall gray creature. I couldn't move, but I could shout. And shout I did."

"Why are you doing this?" Gary screamed.

There was no answer. The pain got worse.

"Why are you doing this?" he shouted again, and then one more time. The being still did not respond.

"It did not acknowledge me at all," Gary says. "The next thing I remember was a large needle being inserted into my left temple. The pain was terrible…These things don't believe in anesthetic."

"What are you doing?" he screamed. "You're going to *fucking* kill me! You're going to *fucking* kill me! Leave me alone!"

The gray showed no hint of compassion. Says Gary, "Like a vet ignoring a yelping dog, it carried on regardless, never acknowledging me once. It had a job to do, and that's what it was doing. As it continued to insert the needle deep into my

temple, I passed out, and that is all I remember. The next morning, I woke up a little tired and disoriented, with a bad headache. I got up, went to the toilet, and looked in the mirror. To my horror, there was a red mark, a wound, on my left temple. I didn't know what to think. I was horrified, terrified."

What the fuck do I do now? he wondered. He had heard of UFOs and aliens, but he knew nothing about them. Could that have been what happened to him? He wasn't certain, but he knew one thing for sure. Says Gary, "I couldn't tell anyone. Who'd believe me anyway? I didn't believe in shit like this! Back then, no one did. So, I simply kept it to myself."

Gary did his best to push the incident out of his mind. Soon, life returned to normal. He met a girl, Grace (pseudonym.) They fell deeply in love and got married. They moved to the small town of Distington, which had a population of only a few thousand people. His wife became pregnant, and nine months later, Gary and Grace had a new baby boy.

Time passed quickly, and a few years later, their son was already a toddler, wreaking havoc on the household. Gary was happy. His life had returned to normal. Any thoughts of aliens or UFO abductions were gone from his mind. He had told nobody, and gave the matter no thought.

It was 1993, and Gary was now 24 years old. Due to an accident as a teen-ager, Gary usually woke up each night with the need to urinate. Unfortunately, the bathroom was on the extreme far end of the house, forcing him to leave his bedroom, descend the stairs to the first level, go across the living room and through the kitchen.

On this particular night, he had already made his nightly bathroom trip once when he woke up needing to relieve himself again. It wasn't long before dawn and he lay there, unable to sleep, wondering if he could avoid another hike to the bathroom. Finally, he decided to just go.

"I had no choice and got up," Gary says. "I walked down the stairs, opened the living room door, stepped through, and shut the door. I took two steps, and standing there I see a small, dark gray-looking creature, no more than three feet tall. It's standing there with its head bowed, and its hands were together in front, like it was a scolded schoolboy.

"I recoiled back. I was shocked. I had no clue what the hell it was, or what it was doing there. You have to remember, I lived in a very rural part of the country. Things like this don't happen to people like me in places like this.

"And that is all I remember about that, as I passed out. I barely had time to take a breath. I truly have no idea what happened to me, or where it took me after I passed out. When I woke up, I was back in bed."

Upon awakening, Gary remembered the event vividly. It wasn't a dream, he knew. He had been awake. But an *alien* ? His wife showed no signs of knowing about the

incident. His son, who slept in the other room, was also fine. So, Gary decided he would just forget about it. Once again, he made the decision to keep his experience secret from everyone, including his wife.

Looking back, he remembers that incident as the one that really began it all. It was only a few weeks later when there was another uninvited visitor into their home.

It was around 9:30 p.m., and as neither of them were feeling particularly amorous, Gary and Grace just lay in bed and talked. After about a half hour, they decided to call it a night.

They rolled around a few times. Soon they were laying back to back. Grace was facing the wall, while he faced the room.

"I put the covers over my head and curled into a ball," Gary says. "I've always slept like a hamster. Five or ten minutes passed, and I still wasn't tired. I decided to stick my face out of the blanket. To my utter shock and horror, no more than about six or eight inches from my face, was another face staring intently back at me. It was a blond-haired woman dressed in gray, on her hands and knees, staring through the covers at me. For a moment I thought it was my wife. I was about to say, 'What the hell are you doing?' when I realized she was still lying with her back to me.

"The reality of the situation hit me. This was a complete stranger. I shot up in bed. I truly thought I was going to be robbed or murdered. I shot up, shouting. Surprisingly, the woman jumped as much as I did. She stood back and quickly floated up and through the roof."

By this time, Grace was awake, out of bed and staring at him in confusion. "What's the matter?" she asked. "What's wrong?"

Gary pointed to the ceiling, which had become blurred and unfocused as the woman shot through it. He could still see a strange swirling effect even now. "Look!" he shouted. "You can see it! She just went through there!"

Grace looked up, but by that time, the ceiling was back to normal.

"Who went through there?" she asked.

"I think I saw a ghost," Gary said, shaken, and they went downstairs to have a cup of tea to help them both calm down. Gary told her what happened. She agreed that it sounded like it might be a ghost.

It was strange though. Who was she? And why was she staring so intently at him, only inches from his face? And that strange gray suit. It looked so clean and new.

Neither of them had any answers, so Gary just forgot about it and moved on.

Then, two weeks later, it happened again. He went to bed as normal. At some point in the middle of the night, he woke up to find himself curled into a ball at the very foot of the bed. Opening his eyes, he saw the same woman, down on her hands and knees, staring not at him, but at Grace.

"I jumped so hard, I literally landed on the edge of the bed. My heart was pounding, and all I wanted to do was leg it."

Calm down, he told himself. To his amazement, the strange woman was so intent on staring at Grace, that she didn't notice that Gary had woken up.

He reached out, put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Hello, what's your name?"

The woman reacted violently. "She nearly shit herself," Gary explains. "She jumped higher than I did, and with both hands, shoved me forcefully backwards."

Gary screamed and jumped back up. His wife woke up, but by then, the woman was gone.

It was the ghost, Gary told his wife. Again, they were baffled. *It had to be a ghost* , he thought. What other explanation was there? But the figure had physically shoved him. He had put his hand on her shoulder. She felt real. However, it wasn't long after that, Gary and his wife were watching the news. Suddenly, his interest was caught by a particular story about UFO abductions. The newscaster was saying that people were being abducted by aliens that were Pamela Anderson lookalikes. Gary laughed, but then remembered the ghost he had just seen. The ghost was young, blond and very attractive, looking much like Pamela Anderson.

Perhaps it wasn't a ghost at all, he wondered. The woman had appeared to be perfectly solid. She had physically pushed him. She had flown through the ceiling, altering the ceiling itself. Could she have been an alien? A human-looking alien? Was there even such a thing?

Gary didn't know. At that time, he still had read nothing about UFOs and never looked into the subject. And he wasn't about to start. Instead, he used the same method he had adopted earlier to deal with his unexplained experiences. Don't think about it.

One year later, maybe two, he had an experience which made him realize for sure that he was being abducted by aliens.

"I went to bed as normal," Gary says, "fell asleep, no problem. The next thing I know, I'm just sitting up and swinging my legs down over the side of a table. It was cold and hard and appeared to be an operating table, or an examination table, that type of thing. And there, standing in front of me, was a very tall gray alien creature. And for some reason, I was quite calm. It was just like sitting with my own doctor. I felt calm, relaxed and at home. The creature then asked me a question."

"What do you want to do with your life?" the gray asked.

Gary was caught off guard by the question. "Bear in mind I could have said anything," he explains. "A doctor, a famous actor, more intelligent, a bigger dick… any damn thing. But no, wow, my answer was so stupid, so ridiculous, so humiliating, I simply can't bring myself to tell you. They must have thought I was a complete and utter moron. They must also have no sense of humor. If I were them, I'd have been in fits of laughter. That's all I remember until the next morning."

It was a strange experience, and for the first time, was actually pleasant for a change. Or at least not painful or scary. But it raised a lot of questions. Why was a tall gray extraterrestrial asking him questions about what he chose to do with his life? Why was he being abducted by aliens? Was his family involved?

He had no answers. And then, not long after the experience, he again woke up to find himself onboard a UFO. Only this time, his wife was with him, and she was not happy.

"I went to bed," Gary says. "It was an average day, an average night. The next thing I know, I'm somewhere else. I didn't have a clue where I was, or what was going on."

Gary had woken up spontaneously and was very disoriented. He struggled to wake up and reach full consciousness. And when he did, he could hardly believe his eyes. He was with *them* , the aliens.

"I can't put into words how I felt. I realized my wife was with me. We were both naked and huddled together, like two trapped animals in the corner of a cage. She was awake also, and terrified. We were in some sort of clear liquid, as clear as water, but we could breathe in it. There was nothing around us, and it was a very large tank, several feet deep with clear sides all around.

"As we looked up, we could see gray aliens on a walkway to the right, about five feet above us, just staring down and observing us. There were three tall ones and two short ones."

Gary recognized the tall gray. It was the same kind of gray who had painfully injected his head with a needle almost ten years earlier. "The tall ones are the intelligent ones," Gary learned. "They are the bosses. The little ones just do the donkey work, fetching and carrying. Any experimenting and questioning is by the tall ones."

Grace was terrified and screaming. The liquid that they were in was not only breathable, they were able to talk to each other.

"Gary! What's happening? What are we going to do?"

Gary tried to calm her down. "It's okay," he said. "They're not going to hurt us."

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

But he wasn't sure. "Truthfully," explains Gary, "I didn't have a clue. But there was probably nothing I could do anyway. They saw that we had come around and observed us a little longer. Behind them, nearly out of sight, I saw a man, possibly two, also observing."

The men appeared to be normal humans, and were dressed in black suits and dark boots. Each held something like a tablet or clipboard as though monitoring Gary and Grace, and taking notes about what they observed. To Gary, they looked more like CIA agents than aliens.

“That’s it,” Gary says. “I have no idea how they do it, but we were out cold until the next morning.”

Gary instantly remembered the experience when he woke up. After some gentle and discreet questioning, it was clear that Grace had no memory of the event. And he certainly was *not* about to tell her.

One evening in late 1994, Gary experienced the single most dramatic UFO sighting of his life. It was a solid-looking object, cigar-shaped and very low. “It went slowly over our house,” Gary says. “It was only a few hundred feet up, and is the biggest movable object I have ever seen in my life. It blotted out the winter sky and never made a sound.”

After that, the experiences stopped. For whatever reason, they were done with him. Gary’s wife and son still had no idea about his experiences, and now that they were over, there was no reason to tell them.

Life moved on. Gary found a job in a warehouse. It was hard work, but satisfying, and it paid the bills.

While the aliens appeared to be gone from his life, Gary continued to have dramatic out-of-body experiences. He would travel to the moon, to other galaxies, to other dimensions and universes, much of which defies language to describe them.

He also continued to experience occasional premonitions, usually of tragedies of some sort, some personal, and others involving world events. It was Grace, however, whose psychic gifts were even more pronounced. She regularly experienced visions and premonitions, and often just seemed to know events beforehand.

But overall, Gary and Grace lived a quiet, normal life.

Then, in 2016, after more than twenty years of no activity, the aliens came back with a vengeance.

A few years earlier, they decided to move. They liked the city of Carlisle. It’s a large picturesque city, with a strong military presence and a rich cultural history. They found a house in a small village some distance outside the city and made the move. It was still a very rural area. The house was on a cul-de-sac. It was perfect for their little family.

It took many months to fully unpack. They had just begun to really settle in to their new home when it happened. It was just an average evening. Gary had already slept a few hours that night. He was now awake, but lay in bed relaxing, with his eyes closed.

“To my sudden shock,” Gary says, “I feel the covers on my bed being pulled back. My eyes shoot open. I wasn’t sure whether I had imagined it, or dreamed it, or what. I knew it wasn’t Grace. I put it down to my imagination, and started to relax again. But in no more than a few moments, it happened again. This time I knew it wasn’t my imagination. My heart was pounding like a steam train. I decided to just lay there. The next thing I know, the covers are completely off me, and I’m being

floated out of my bed, and out my window, and up. And that's all I remember. What happened to me after that, where they took me, what they did to me, I have no idea. The next thing I know, it's morning and I'm back in bed."

Gary was stunned. He felt normal, and saw no unusual marks on his body. But it was clear to him what happened. He had been taken. The grays were back.

It was only a few months later when it happened again. Same as before, Gary was lying in bed, relaxing when he felt the covers slide smoothly off the bed. He rose into the air and sailed out the window, into the sky and promptly lost consciousness.

Again, he had no memory of what happened during the missing time. And when it happened again a few months later, he still remembered nothing.

He did notice something new. He started to feel a strange sensation before they would arrive. He could feel them coming.

But not always. One normal evening, he went to bed and woke up in a very strange place.

"I'm slowly waking up and feeling very sexually aroused," Gary says. "Now fully awake, to my surprise a young lady was on top of me having sex with me. Seeing that I was awake, she quickly got off of me and sat beside me. To say I was shocked and alarmed was an understatement."

"Shush!" the woman whispered urgently. "It's okay. Keep calm. You're okay." She was a pretty girl, dark-haired, petite, maybe nineteen or twenty years old.

Gary felt immediately reassured by the strange woman. He was naked, and sitting on the floor in a strange place next to a complete stranger, and he was still aroused. He was facing the wall, beyond which was a large arched doorway leading to a strangely curved, narrow and dimly lit corridor. Wondering where he was, he turned around to look behind him.

"No, please!" the woman said, her voice rising in panic. "Stay facing this way. Here, look at me!"

"But it was too late," Gary explains. "And though I only saw behind me for a few moments, I remember what I saw vividly. The place we were in was enormous, more a small warehouse than a large room, and everywhere you looked, the floor was filled with bodies, some laying still, others writhing about in pleasure. Both men and women. The feeling I got was, I really, *really* wasn't supposed to see this."

Gary estimates there were at least fifty people, maybe a hundred. Most lay there unconscious and by themselves. A smaller percentage were coupled together, apparently having intercourse. "Look at me!" the woman commanded.

Gary looked back at the woman. "As I sat there," says Gary, "having just turned back around, and staring out into the corridor, to my utter shock, walking past side by side, were two small alien grays. I got the distinct feeling they were deep in conversation."

He reeled back in shock and panic, and shouted out an expletive.

The girl reached out and grabbed him. “Just ignore them, and they won’t bother you,” she said.

The two grays walked past the opening and were gone.

The woman stood up, put out her hand. “Quickly! Come with me.”

He took the woman’s hand as she led him out the room through a smaller arched doorway that he hadn’t even noticed.

“Quickly,” she said. “In here it will be safe.”

Gary found himself strangely calm. “I followed her in. This room was relatively small, more long than wide, and seemed to be some sort of wash-room, with a work surface with sinks on the opposite wall. She went over and leaned against it. I followed her over, picked her up and put her on the counter. We kissed a little.”

Gary found himself speaking with the girl, flirting. “You’re really nice,” he said. “I really like you.”

“I really like you too.”

“You want to do it again?” he asked.

Gary doesn’t quite remember what happened next, but he believes she ultimately declined.

Amazed that all of this was happening to him, he began to ask questions. “Why are you doing this?” he asked. “Why are *they* doing this?”

“I’m not allowed to tell you,” the woman replied.

Gary asked a few other questions, but he can’t remember what they were. All he remembers is that the woman evaded answering every single question he asked.

The woman had been enjoying interacting with him. He got the feeling that this was an unusual experience for her, a rare opportunity to talk with someone else. He had the impression that she worked and lived with the grays, and although she appeared fully human, did not live on Earth.

Unfortunately, Gary’s constant questioning was clearly making the woman nervous, and the next thing he knew, it was morning and he was back in bed.

The experience convinced him that the grays have a strong agenda involving human reproduction, and that abductions are far more widespread than most people realize. He speculated that perhaps *everyone* is being abducted. But only a very few remember.

More strange experiences followed. Periodically, Gary began to see what he calls “shadow people.” He first saw them one evening while lying in bed. He opened his eyes and saw a figure standing by the TV. “It was the shape of a person,” says Gary, “like a black silhouette, like a three-dimensional shadow figure. It seemed quite tall.”

The figure suddenly darted through the curtain and a closed window, and was gone. Following this incident, he began to see the figures regularly, while watching TV, while waking up in the middle of the night to use the restroom, or whenever.

Other strange things happened. One day Grace screamed loudly. Gary came running, and Grace explained that she had just seen the ghost of a woman. On another occasion, they woke up to find all the stove burners had been switched on. Ghostly footsteps and other strange noises also plagued the household.

While they have two dogs (and a pet tarantula) both of them saw what appeared to be a ghost dog walking through the house. This happened enough times that they joked about having a new pet in the house.

Gary saw other even stranger apparitions. Once he saw a dark, round creature, about the size of a grapefruit, scuttle across the floor on spider-like legs. One evening he was lying in bed when he saw a four-legged lizard-like creature about four feet long and with a face like a crocodile, moving up the bedroom wall. It turned and hissed at him. Gary had always loved animals of all kinds, especially reptiles and spiders, but this thing reminded him of a demon. He would see it several times over a period of months, always in the bedroom.

While most of his abductions occur in the middle of the night, Gary recalls one incident from 2016 that occurred in the morning. Gary walked downstairs, and to his shock, there was a gray standing in the living room, next to the base of the stairs.

He instantly remembered the earlier incident when he had come upon a gray in the living room, standing like a scolded schoolboy. On that occasion, Gary had passed out before he had a chance to react.

This time, events unfolded very differently. Gary lunged forward, wrapped his hands around the gray's neck, and began choking it. "This time it wasn't as quick," Gary says, "but I was. I grabbed it by the throat. In a single moment, a thousand thoughts went through my head. I remember thinking, *how surreal! I've got some creature from another world by the throat. What the hell do I do now?* Its skin felt cold, firm and leathery. It was a split-second, because then its spindly little arms were spinning around like windmills, desperately trying to get rid of me. It was screaming in my head, 'Get off me! Get off me, now!'"

Without warning, something rushed at Gary from behind. He instantly lost consciousness. "That's all I remember," Gary says. "I have no idea what happened after that, where I went, or for how long. I have no idea. But looking back, it's nice to make those bastards panic for a change."

In 2017, Gary woke up to find himself laid out on a cold hard table. To his dismay, a familiar-looking tall gray proceeded to painfully pierce his temple with a large needle. It was a repeat of his first experience when he was just a young man of nineteen or twenty.

There were more experiences of waking up and being pulled from his bed, floated through the window and upward. As usual, he remembered nothing.

It wasn't long before the grays were back. Only this time, they were coming for Grace.

“Sometime in the middle of the night, I started to wake up,” Gary says. “I kind of knew something wasn’t right. It’s a really odd feeling. I’m struggling to put it into words honestly. But it kind of felt like I was being forced back to sleep when I noticed something move toward the left of me, by the bed. I tried to sit up.”

“Just sleep,” a hypnotic voice said. “Just sleep.”

“It nearly worked,” Gary says, “and I went very groggy, but managed to sit back up, only to feel a hand gently pushing me down.”

“It’s okay,” the voice said. “Just sleep. It’s not you we need this time.”

Says Gary, “As I went back down, I managed to look to the right of me and saw a couple of grays getting my wife out of bed.”

Gary felt a wave of anger. *How insulting* , he thought. The grays were supposed to come for him, not his wife.

One evening in September 2018, Gary went to bed. Sometime in the middle of the night he started to wake up. There was a bright light in his eyes. Disoriented, he became fully awake to realize that he was in a standing position, inside what appeared to be the control room of a small alien craft.

“I stood there motionless and silent,” Gary says. “Straight in front of me, no more than eight feet away, were two small grays, sitting there with their backs to me, flying the small craft we were in. I was standing against the wall. The whole craft seemed to be circular. It was like being in a ball, or a bubble. Apart from the floor, every direction I looked was clear, just totally transparent, like there was no glass there.”

Gary knew that he wasn’t meant to wake up. And excited about what he was seeing outside, he saw no reason to let the grays know that he was awake.

“I decided to just continue standing there and take in the view. We were only several feet off the ground, picking up speed all the time, but still at the same height. The view all around me was desert. To me, it appeared to be a North American desert, more like scrub-land. Strangely, for a few moments, I just got lost in the beautiful view. A few minutes passed, and I finally decided to say something, but wasn’t quite sure what to say.”

Finally, Gary just blurted out, “All right, lads!”

Their reaction was priceless. “The shock it caused them was instant and amazing,” Gary says. “It’s the only time I’ve ever seen one lose their cool in any way at all. They literally freaked, one of them in particular, the one sitting to the right. I got the distinct feeling it was very young or immature. It got out of its seat and proceeded to run wildly back and forth, from left to right, in the small space between us. It just wanted out of there, to get away. I stood there, watching this thing and thinking, *talk about role reversal!* This thing was still seriously freaking out, and I couldn’t help myself. I started to laugh.”

“It’s okay!” Gary said loudly. “I’m not going to hurt you!”

The one gray continued to freak out, and the other remained silent and unmoving.

"It's okay," he said again. "I'm not going to hurt you."

The gray that was sitting down and presumably flying the craft replied nervously, "Okay, but please just stay where you are. Stay where you are."

Gary stopped laughing, but he was still smiling. "I will, I will," he told them. "Don't worry."

Finally, the young gray stopped panicking, calmed down and went back to his seat. The next thing Gary knew, the ship appeared to have stopped, and both the grays approached him.

They had a brief telepathic conversation. They gave him a strong impression that this was the first time a human had become conscious while they were returning someone to their home.

"Why do you do this to people?" he asked.

"We are not allowed to tell you," they replied. Gary had the distinct impression of sadness.

"Can you let me remember being taken?" he asked.

Again, Gary felt a wave of sadness. "No, we're not allowed," they said.

"Who am I going to tell?" he asked. "Who'd believe me anyway?"

The grays made no response, and the next thing Gary knew, he was waking up in bed.

At first, he assumed it had been a normal night, and didn't actually remember the incident. It wasn't until later in the day when his memory of the experience suddenly came rushing back to him. The memories were shocking and vivid. Remembering what happened, he began laughing.

"I honestly get the impression, and I truly believe, that they let me remember this as a little thank you for staying calm, and not causing trouble, or a crash."

Three days after the experience, Gary remembered one other detail. "It suddenly hit me like a ton of bricks," he says. "I'd actually come out of some sort of opening or door in the side of a mountain or mound in the desert. So, I had literally come out of some sort of underground base or facility. I always thought I was taken up into some large spacecraft. But now I'm not really sure. The craft I was in was no more than a small shuttle craft, I presume ferrying people back and forth to this facility."

The idea of underground alien bases had never occurred to him. But he couldn't deny what he remembered. He was finished with denial. He was ready to face his experiences head on.

A few months later, during late December 2018, Gary was lying in bed when he suddenly began to sense the grays coming. "Sometimes there's an energy that precedes them, just before they enter the room," Gary says. "I don't know if it's to make it easier for them to move, or to subdue me. It's kind of a heaviness. It's hard to explain."

The heaviness was strong. If it was meant to paralyze him, it wasn't working on him. But it did let him know that the grays were actually in the room. This time, he was ready for them.

Says Gary, "I waited until it had pulled the covers right back, and I punched it in the face. And I can tell you now, they may look small and cute to some people sometimes, but this thing suddenly changed. It was furious. It hissed loudly and lunged for me. Its face changed. Suddenly it looked nothing like a gray. It looked like something completely different. Its small narrow mouth went from a tiny slit to a wide gaping thing with spiky teeth. It was something that in all intent and purposes seems to try to come across as innocent, frail and harmless, but in fact has the teeth of a predator for gripping, shredding and ripping. And when I punched it, it was like its mask slipped for a moment, revealing its true identity. I shot up in bed. I thought I was going to die. I threw my fist right back. I was going to punch it through the wall. I thought I was fighting for my life."

The experience abruptly ended. Upon awakening, Gary remembered the confrontation, the leathery feel of the gray's skin, the way it had opened its mouth to reveal small pointed teeth. He was about to punch it again, when he passed out.

He was amazed at how he had been able to fight back against the grays. They were no longer able to paralyze him with their energy. Next time, he vowed to fight back again.

Only a few months later, he was lying in bed when he felt their energy fill the room. They were here. He thought to himself, this time he wouldn't punch them, he would kick them with more power. "As soon as I thought that," says Gary, "I was out cold."

"I think I'm now in their bad books," he says.

One evening in early 2019, Gary woke up to relieve his bladder. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a group of ten to twenty orbs of light about the size of ping-pong balls appeared right next to his head and began to swirl around at high speed. Gary stared at them for several moments, then fled the bathroom and returned to bed.

A few months later, in the spring of 2019, Gary had one of his most recent experiences. He had just climbed into bed, and was still sitting up. Suddenly a bright light filled the room. He assumed it must be a car, though even that was unusual.

"But it got brighter and brighter," Gary says, "and I sat there and stared at it. Then to my utter surprise, an orange ball the size of a grapefruit silently came through the closed window and curtains, and just hovered in the room. I sat there in bed and said aloud, 'Well, this is new.' There was a blinding flash and that's the last thing I remember."

Gary woke up the next morning with no memory of what happened after the flash, but he speculates that the purpose of the visit was about his recent violent reactions toward the grays.

Gary's most recent UFO experience occurred in early December 2019. "I was up early one morning as usual. I was looking out the back window staring into the thick mist covering my garden and field when a wind blew and to my utter surprise pushed the mist around an outline of a UFO. This thing was completely invisible, and if it wasn't for the wind, it would have remained so."

The invisible object hovered in place about fifty feet above Gary's backyard. It was oval-shaped and perfectly defined. Finally, the mist cleared, and the object was no longer detectable.

Currently, Gary continues to experience abductions. Usually he remembers nothing but being pulled from his bed. Unable to do anything about it, he devotes little thought to it. He did finally decide to tell his wife, though as he says, "I had to get drunk to do it. It was like confessing to some dirty secret…It would be easier confessing to being a serial killer, I think."

Grace was shocked, but knowing that Gary would never lie about such things, she had no choice but to believe him. It certainly helped explain some of the many strange things in their home. Emboldened by his wife's supportive reaction, he also told his best friend. To Gary's relief, his friend also believed him and was very supportive. "It was such a relief," Gary says, "like a massive weight being lifted from my shoulders. I can't even begin to explain. It's strange. Now that the weight has been lifted, I want people to know."

While Gary does believe that his incredible abilities with out-of-body travel are related to his abductions, he has little sympathy for the ETs. "I honestly think nearly everybody is abducted," he says. "It's like a cattle market. The difference is, most people simply have no idea, don't remember and never will. It's just the odd unlucky person (or lucky, I suppose, depending on your outlook) like myself that occasionally does, for whatever reason. We are simply no more than lab rats to these things…I've spent most of my life trying to block all this out. I think that's what they want you to do, the tossers! But now, I've gotten through that mental block. The genie is out of the bottle."

Conclusions

We have now explored fifteen firsthand cases of people who have experienced an onboard UFO encounter, and for many of them, a lifetime of contact. We have the information. It's now time to try and make sense of what is going on.

Tony (Chapter One: Star Daughter) reached out to me after hearing me on the radio. While all of the witnesses in this book eventually begin a quest to understand their experiences, Tony is the only one who used hypnosis. Ironically, however, his case involves more fully conscious encounters than some of the other witnesses. He had at least three instances of fully conscious face-to-face contact.

During our interviews, Tony told me that he was elderly, and he wanted to get these events recorded before it was too late. These are words I've heard from other witnesses, and it shows not only their sincerity, but the importance witnesses place upon their experiences.

Despite wanting to share, Tony was also somewhat shy, and it took a while for him to fully reveal his encounters. At one point, as he spoke about the probability that he had a daughter somewhere "out there" being raised by ETs, he openly wept. He tried, but was unable to contain his emotion. He apologized and I, of course, comforted him as best as I could. I knew other witnesses who struggled with the same dilemma.

Tony's case illustrates one of the main ET agendas: reproduction. Tony also shows a remarkable gentleness of spirit and sensitivity that I've seen in other people who have had extensive contact. For him, the most impactful event was the long staring contest he had with the gray. While no words were exchanged, Tony felt a kinship to the gray. This theme of being related to the ETs in some way turns up in other cases.

Pat (Chapter Two: Pat's Gift) has a wonderfully forthright and unfiltered way of talking, and describes her encounters with obvious sincerity. As she shared her experiences, I could tell that she herself was amazed at them. Her account of helping rescue people from a volcanic explosion baffled her, and her shock at seeing the event played out on television was apparent. By coincidence, I happened to have a book which told the whole story of the eruption. To hear Pat's description along with those from other eyewitness survivors and see their shocking similarities, it's hard to escape any other explanation than that she was there.

Pat was eager to share her story. She felt it was important. She even submitted a report to MUFON. She often wonders what happened to all those people who she saw being rescued. She doesn't understand why she has these experiences, which she feels are generally positive. Like most people who have had onboard UFO experiences, she has many unanswered questions.

Pat's case does show that in at least some instances, ETs do apparently intervene in natural disasters, and are interested in helping humanity. Cases of UFOs rescuing humans in a variety of ways are fairly numerous. Cases involving the rescue of *thousands* of people are not. In that regard, Pat's case is unusual, but otherwise, fits well into the pattern of contact in other cases.

Pat's incredible psychic abilities also seem to be connected to all of this. As we have seen, many of the people who have extensive encounters seem to fit this pattern. I suspect that the "gift" the ETs refer to is her psychic ability, as this sort of thing has appeared in other cases.

Ramon (Chapter Three: The Experiment) has one of the more unusual and extensive cases in the book. We spent many hours talking trying to sort it all out. During our interviews, he would often become emotional as he described the strange events that had happened to him. I could see that it has not always been easy for him. He has spent his life looking for answers. Thankfully he has the support of a large family. He has worked hard to understand his experiences, and has connected with many prominent researchers. He has never been shy about speaking. He has submitted reports on his experience to UFO websites, and even agreed to a couple of appearances on the radio.

Like most witnesses in this book, Ramon's experiences began in childhood. Being abducted from a government housing complex at age six appears to be the beginning of a secret UFO and perhaps a government mind-control project that would affect his entire life. Ramon's experiences in the military raise all kinds of questions. Is our military compromised by reptilian humanoid ETs? Why was he taken to meet them on numerous occasions? Will his encounters ever end? He worries about his children, and his grandchildren, and will they have contact?

These and other questions remain unanswered. Ultimately, he does not feel like the UFOs he's in contact with are friendly. While there may be friendly ones, he doesn't get a good feeling. As a Christian, he believes some of them might be demonic. Whatever the explanation, he is not looking forward to any new encounters. His case is, to me, among them most disturbing in the book. The idea of reptilians working with our government conducting a mind control experiment on an innocent teen-age marine is more than concerning.

After his son saw a UFO hovering overhead while Ramon and I were doing a phone interview, he became protective about my safety. He was worried that by associating with him, I might attract the UFOs to me. Such things had happened before, but I assured him that I wasn't going to stop investigating. It was somewhat intriguing to wonder, was the UFO listening in on the interview? It was a curious coincidence at least.

I'm not sure what to make of the overtly religious elements of Ramon's account. I do know Ramon to be an honest man, somebody who has worked hard to help the

disadvantaged. For many years, he worked as a labor union organizer, and was able to more than double the wages earned by the Latino workers in the factories where he worked.

Ramon is not the first experiencer to see religious figures aboard UFOs. I am aware of a good number of other UFO accounts involving religious figures including Jesus, Mary and others, such as Michael. Still, I can't help but wonder what role, if any, Ramon's own religious beliefs have played in shaping his experience, and what his experiences might reveal about UFO origins.

Kim Kammann's case (Chapter Four: Marked by the Grays) is in many ways, a typical abduction by gray aliens, and one of the most common types of onboard accounts I have researched. For that reason alone, I thought it was important to include. However, it does have some remarkable features. Kim has a twin brother, Kevin, who also had a profound UFO encounter with praying mantis-type ETs (see my book: *Inside UFOs* .) Could this be the reason for his contact? There does seem to be a high incidence of twins in contactee accounts.

Kim's military background also provides an unusual perspective. The fact that a retired Air Force officer who worked with Special Services was abducted by grays and had a triangle scratched on his arm must mean something.

With a sense of humor and no apparent ill will, Kim describes what it's like to be abducted and marked by grays. He doesn't feel that the experience was particularly violating or negative. Nor did he get much benefit from it other than the sure knowledge that such things really do happen. It is also interesting that when Kim sought medical treatment, the military doctor showed little surprise. It makes one wonder, how many other cases are there?

Sadly, Kim Kammann died of heart issues in February 2019.

Lynnette (Chapter Five: Lynnette's Monsters) had connected with a number of researchers, including both Budd Hopkins and John Mack, before reaching out to me. I was delighted when she agreed to an interview. She was nervous, she said, because talking about them often precipitated another visit. And as we spoke, her fear and discomfort with the subject became apparent as she avoided having to recall certain memories or speak about events. Her experiences were unpleasant for her. Despite being fully conscious during many of them (or perhaps because of it!) they caused her great fear. Nor did she like the fact that her children were involved. During our interview, she often began crying and had to stop and collect herself. She just wanted her encounters to stop. She was tired of them, she explained.

And yet, Lynnette has been able to obtain considerable information from the ETs. They often provided her with spiritual information and healed her on two occasions. She does not think they're evil. But nor does she like being bossed around by them.

Ultimately, however, she feels violated and used. Her health has suffered, and she's unhappy about the lack of control involved with the experience.

The case involving Paul (Chapter Six: Where is Paul?) is perhaps one of the most mysterious in this book, and the only one I've personally investigated (though I know of others) in which a witness was never returned. I am convinced of the sincerity and the veracity of the account which came from a friend of my sisters. She met him at the Renaissance Faire, and I became friends with him prior to his discovering I was a UFO and paranormal investigator. When he found out, he couldn't have been more delighted and excited to tell me about what happened to his friend Paul. It's not something he could openly discuss with other people.

Unfortunately, due to the nature of the case, and the fact that the main witness was never returned, it remains at best, a brief glimpse into what actually happened. I'd like to think that Paul is still somewhere in space or upon another planet. There are a good number of other cases in the UFO literature involve people who have been abducted and not returned, but statistically, it's extremely rare. However, there are a lot of missing people in the world, and one can only wonder if cases like Paul's might provide an explanation.

The case of James Santiago (Chapter Seven: The Flying Saucer and the Atlantean Bracelet) is one of the strangest in this book. His account of a UFO and the Atlantean bracelet is surely unique. And yet, the many other details he describes testify to the authenticity of his encounter. The incredible feeling of "increased awareness" is one I've heard from other witnesses. Another familiar description was the odd "pressure" being exerted down upon them in the car.

James was local to my area, and we became very good friends up until his death by prostate cancer. He was hilariously witty, a talented singer and an incredible artist. We discussed his encounter many times, and he never ceased to get a look of amazement in his eyes as he described it.

James had a lot of other psychic experiences, and as I interviewed him, he seemed genuinely surprised to see how many of them involved UFOs. He had always thought of his encounter in the Canadian Rockies as an isolated event. After our interviews, he realized he fit the pattern of a typical experiencer, with experiences from early childhood and onward.

While he has no memory of being taken onboard a UFO, he does have all the markers, including early childhood humanoid sightings, strange marks on his body, close-up UFO sightings, missing time, dreams of UFOs and more. His case reveals a curious feature of the UFO phenomenon, which is the tendency to target one person and subject them to a series of visitations.

The Atlantean bracelet, James insists, was absolutely real, very heavy and indescribably beautiful. While he cannot vouch for its origin, he says that the artifact was clearly priceless. Whether it actually had the power to drive UFOs away, James can't say. However, he learned the hard way not to doubt Cleo.

I met Teresa (Chapter Eight: Examined by Extraterrestrials) while going to visit a medium by the name of Brian Hurst. It turned out that we both lived in the area and were interested in mediums. We began talking and when she learned I was a UFO investigator, she casually mentioned that she had been onboard a UFO. After a little persuading, she agreed to an interview.

Her experiences had occurred years earlier, and by the time of our interviews, had stopped. She had long ago accepted their validity and moved on with her life. Still, as she related parts of her encounter, her voice shook, and she shuddered a few times. An extremely kind and nurturing person, Teresa was eager to help me understand what her experiences were like. But like many witnesses, she seemed a bit bewildered by it all. She happily provided what information she could, but any real answers of the meaning behind her experiences seemed to elude her.

Her experiences were unpleasant, and like other abductees, she learned some measure of control in stopping the experience by exerting her own will power.

I still wonder about our chance meeting. How common is the abduction phenomenon? Likely, Teresa's case is just one of many more just like it.

Joe (Chapter Nine: The Bugman and the Spaceship House) is the kind of guy you like the second you meet. He is warm, friendly, and gentle, while still being energetic and enthusiastic. He is an extremely talented artist. Unlike many artists who sketch outlines, Joe often starts at one corner or spot on the page and works his way across, creating a finished masterpiece.

He has drawn or painted many of his experiences. Art remains his primary passion. The UFOs and the paranormal is something he has learned to live with. People have told him that they envy his many encounters. He suspects they would reconsider if they were in his shoes. Dealing with his UFO memories hasn't been easy.

Joe admits that UFOs have had a huge impact on his life. He has always been eager to tell people. Now, what exactly is the intelligence behind the phenomenon remains an open question.

As Ron related his experiences about being taken onboard a craft and meeting friendly human-looking ETs, (Chapter Ten: Three Hours Onboard a UFO) I was struck by his enthusiasm. It was clearly an event which had a huge impact on his life. Years later, he did officially report his sighting to a few UFO organizations. Like many witnesses, he recognizes the profundity of the event and the importance of having it recorded for posterity.

The fact that he had other sightings afterward shows that it was not an isolated incident. Still, the childhood incident remains the most profound. Like Ramon, Ron's experiences involve religious elements. Both have a strong faith and maintain that UFOs and religion are inextricably connected.

Andy (Chapter Eleven: Andy's Abduction) fits the profile of a typical abductee. He's a highly intelligent, quiet guy, sensitive and utterly baffled by the evil in the world. Like many other witnesses in this book, he has a special and strong connection with animals.

He attributes the suicide of his brother at least in part to their shared experience. Despite this, he feels strongly that the ETs are benevolent. Like some of the other witnesses, his onboard encounter played an influential role in his life. It remains a very memorable event, one that he often thinks about.

Dolly (Chapter Twelve: The UFO Guardians) contacted me after hearing me on a radio show. As we corresponded, I became increasingly impressed. She was an advanced martial artist. She was extremely knowledgeable in various fields of science. She had all kinds of psychic experiences. And of course, UFOs were following her around. She's come away from her experiences with a positive perspective. She still has questions, but she also knows that she has been guided many times, even to the point of her life being saved. Dolly has an unusual affinity with animals, and has worked for many years to improve the lives of a wide variety of species. She's a powerful person with a strong sense of right and wrong. She takes no crap from anyone.

She's also incredibly sweet. She took lots of time to describe her experiences in detail. At the same time, she admitted that for her, UFO experiences have become so normal that she doesn't pay special attention to them. There have simply been too many. She shared some of her more memorable encounters, but says that there have definitely been others.

Tim (Chapter Thirteen: How to Fly a UFO) was a delight to interview, and described his experiences with a great memory and attention to detail. UFO experiences are often so impressive, that witnesses remember them with unusual clarity. Like many witnesses, he had a long pathway to figuring out what was happening to him. And like many witnesses, he is accomplished in a number of different disciplines and areas, and works hard to improve the lives of others.

His experiences contain some features that are often seen (such as missing time, screen memories, unusual marks on his body) and others that are perhaps unique, such as the UFO "waiting room" where he was able to float around freely. His description of being inside the UFO control room is, as we have seen, fairly common.

Ann's experiences (Chapter Fourteen: Ann's Communion) were very numerous and took place over her entire lifetime. There were so many of them that I had to do several follow up interviews to get the events straight. She admitted that even she was unsure of some of the dates and orders of what happened. She remained in denial for so many years, reversing the process and trying to remember them wasn't always easy. Many of her encounters were recalled through flashbacks and dreams.

Ultimately, she did have face-to-face conscious encounters. Her untimely death by the flu was a tragic shock for all involved.

Ann's case involves many onboard experiences and face-to-face encounters with humanoids. It was her last conscious encounter with a gray that provided the most information. The image of a gray holding up Whitley Strieber's book, with an image of a gray on the cover, was something she'll never forget. She definitely saw the humor in it. For me, this event provides a clue that ETs might be not only watching abductees, but also researchers, and are apparently aware of and are reading the books that are written about them! If true, I hope they enjoy this book!

As we began to correspond, Gary (Chapter Fifteen: Gary Versus the Grays) was a bit wary at first. Sharing his experiences was still new to him. He had told only two people what was happening. He hadn't read anything about UFOs, and had no idea how I would receive his account. Once he realized I was interested, and would not use his real name, he opened up and revealed an incredible series of encounters. Gary has a fantastic sense of humor and was able to describe what happened to him with a wonderful clarity, including not only his experiences, but how he felt about them.

He had no idea that I had heard much of what he told me from other people. But he also described events that I've only heard a few times, such as getting in a fist-fight with a gray alien. He insisted upon anonymity, but also felt that it was important people know about UFOs. He's a humble unassuming person, and after interviewing him, I can't help but feel we've become friends. Such things tend to happen in the course of UFO research. I am deeply honored and thankful to have met all the witnesses in this book.

These fifteen cases (ten men and five women) each involve a person who was taken onboard a UFO. As we have seen, many of the cases show incredible similarities, and many of the witnesses react in ways that fit a familiar pattern.

Perhaps the most prominent pattern is that an onboard UFO experience is rarely an isolated event. It is usually preceded or followed by close-up UFO sightings and/or face-to-face contact. In most cases, witnesses describe a lifetime of unusual events. Often there are very early childhood encounters. In several cases, parents and grandparents report encounters. The witnesses' children also often have experiences.

For several of the witnesses, the encounters are ongoing. I contacted most of the witnesses shortly before sending in the final proofs for this book, and was able to add some new events. I know more are coming.

The types of ETs show again that most people see variations of grays. However, reptilians, mantids, human-looking ETs, and strange humanoids also make appearances. Despite relatively minor differences, witnesses universally describe humanoids of some form. Most witnesses believe they are dealing with ETs. Two

(Ramon and Ron) believe the ETs can be accurately described as angelic or demonic. One witness, Joe, remains undecided.

The descriptions of the insides of the UFOs also show a remarkable consistency of detail, with prominent themes such as smooth, rounded walls and unusual lighting. The witnesses provide very similar descriptions of UFO control rooms, control panels, viewing screens, transparent walls, low benches, operating tables, medical equipment, dentist-like chairs, and other details.

Three of the witnesses (Ramon, Tim and Gary) report physical altercations with the grays. Two of the witnesses (Pat and Gary) report being taken to underground bases. Three of the witnesses (Tony, Dolly and Lynnette) encountered their own full-grown hybrid children. Two of the witnesses (Joe and Tony) describe past-life memories of being an alien. Two (Lynnette and Pat) report being healed. At least four (Ramon, Kim, Dolly and Gary) have reason to believe they have been implanted. At least four (Pat, Lynnette, Dolly and Gary) report precognitive events.

Despite the extensive nature of their experiences, most witnesses are still left with more questions than answers. They don't understand why they've been "chosen." They still know little about the ETs, who they are and where they come from.

What their experiences do show, however, are the various alien agendas. We see an interest in reproduction and hybridization. There is a medical agenda that includes strange medical experiments, sometimes healing. The ETs seem to be particularly interested in people who have psychic experiences such as premonitions or out-of-body experiences. Or, as we have seen, they awaken and foster such abilities.

A number of the witnesses were career military officers, which might be connected to the fact that they're having encounters. Ramon had profound encounters while in the military. Dolly worked for the DOD and had one of her most profound encounters while on the way to an army base where she worked. Kim was a military vet with a lifetime of service. This could, of course, be purely coincidental.

The remarkable similarities between all the cases show that this is absolutely a real phenomenon. The differences show just how vast and complicated it really is.

For me, the takeaway is that a UFO encounter is ultimately still a human experience. It can cause fear and distress or excitement and joy. In can be healing or injurious, positive or negative, or anywhere in-between. If you ask fifteen people who have been taken onboard a UFO, what exactly happened to you? You will get fifteen different stories. But as you listen to their stories, you begin to get a glimpse into the alien agenda on our planet.

ETs have been here for a very long time. They're still here, and they're not going away. There does seem to be an agenda to show themselves to more and more

people. A day will likely come when there is open official contact with extraterrestrials.

The disclosure movement also continues to grow in strength. As our government and others move toward a more open and transparent policy with UFOs, as more UFO whistleblowers from within government reveal their own stories, a day of official disclosure will come.

While both these days still appear to be years away, one never knows. One simple sighting viewed by a million people could change everything. What happens then? One government whistle-blower could provide incontrovertible evidence of UFO reality. What then?

It is still my current assessment that we are dealing with extraterrestrials in the classic sense: people like us, but different, from other planets. This, however, is still a theory. The UFO mystery remains an open question. There is much we don't understand about these visitors. Where do they really come from? Why are they here in such large numbers? Why are they so interested in us? What are their future plans with us? Many questions remain.

One thing we do know for sure: people will continue to have onboard UFO encounters.

About the Author

Preston Dennett began investigating UFOs and the paranormal in 1986 when he discovered that his family, friends and co-workers were having dramatic unexplained encounters. Since then, he has interviewed hundreds of witnesses and investigated a wide variety of paranormal phenomena. He is a field investigator for the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), a ghost hunter, a paranormal researcher, and the author of twenty-six books and more than 100 articles on UFOs and the paranormal. His articles have appeared in numerous magazines including *Fate* , *Atlantis Rising* , *MUFON UFO Journal, Nexus, Paranormal Magazine, UFO Magazine, Mysteries Magazine, Ufologist* and others. His writing has been translated into several different languages including German, French, Portuguese, Russian, and Icelandic. Several of his books have been Amazon UFO bestsellers. He has appeared on numerous radio and television programs, including *Coast-to-Coast* and the History Channel's *Deep Sea UFOs* and *UFO Hunters* . His research has been presented in the *LA Times,* the *LA Daily News* , the *Dallas Morning News* and other newspapers. He has taught classes on various paranormal subjects and lectures across the United States. He currently resides in southern California.

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